

OCT. 20, 1945 10c

Liberty



Book: **WALKIN' PREACHER OF THE OZARKS** — Religion in the Backwoods

A Conquered Town Votes by **DOROTHY THOMPSON**

"Writes dry with wet ink!"



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Harvey Cook
Deming, New Mexico

these Goodyear synthetics have run approximately 16,000 miles and from appearances are about 30% worn--- the best service from any tires in this type of work which is tough.

R. H. Lerner
Stockton, California

Just replaced four Goodyear synthetic tires which have run 42,000 miles. Think you should be complimented on such trouble-free service.

Alabama Sand & Gravel Co.
by *Robert P. Jones, owner*
Trussville, Alabama

pleased to inform you my first Goodyear synthetic tire went 35,000 miles without any trouble, and since recapping has gone an additional 12,000 miles.

Genneth H. Faulkner
Hopkins, Minnesota

in two years have 40,000 miles on two Goodyear synthetics and 38,000 miles on the remaining two, driving over concrete, rock and rough dirt.

Armas Hall
Herrin, Illinois

turned my two Goodyear synthetic tires in for recapping after 33,460 miles. Carcasses are still sound as day installed.

Walter C. Sessler
Lancaster, Ohio

using Goodyear synthetic tires on my fleet of taxicabs. After carefully checking find they are delivering 20,000 miles on the average before needing recapping.

Elmer Schambach
Covington, Kentucky

One of our Goodyear synthetic tires ran 40,000 miles before being removed because of a puncture, no fault of the tire. They are superior tires in many respects.

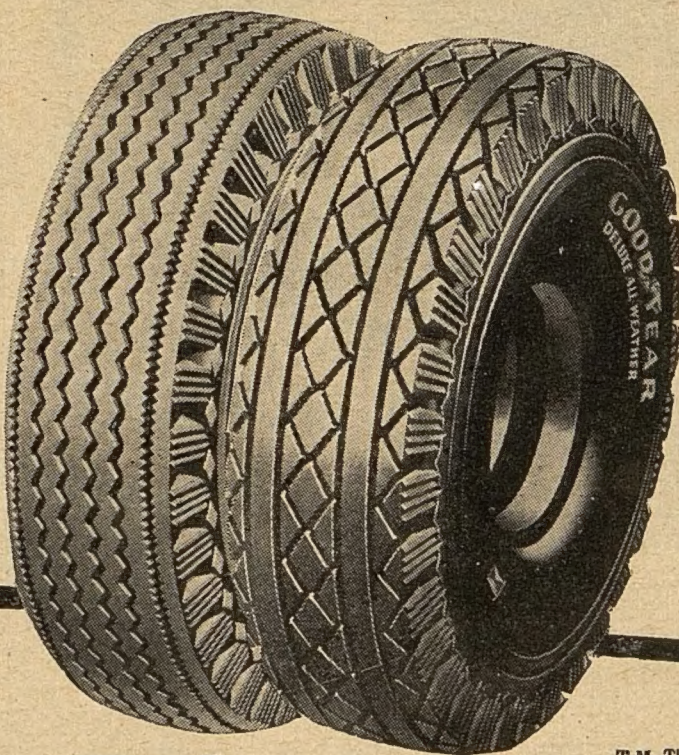
James Browney
Cambridge, Massachusetts

gave uninterrupted service up to 50,000 miles, at which time a reliner was placed in the tire and it delivered an additional 6,000 miles, making a total mileage of 56,000 miles on a Goodyear synthetic casing.

Phil Regan
Dallas, Texas

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GOODYEAR

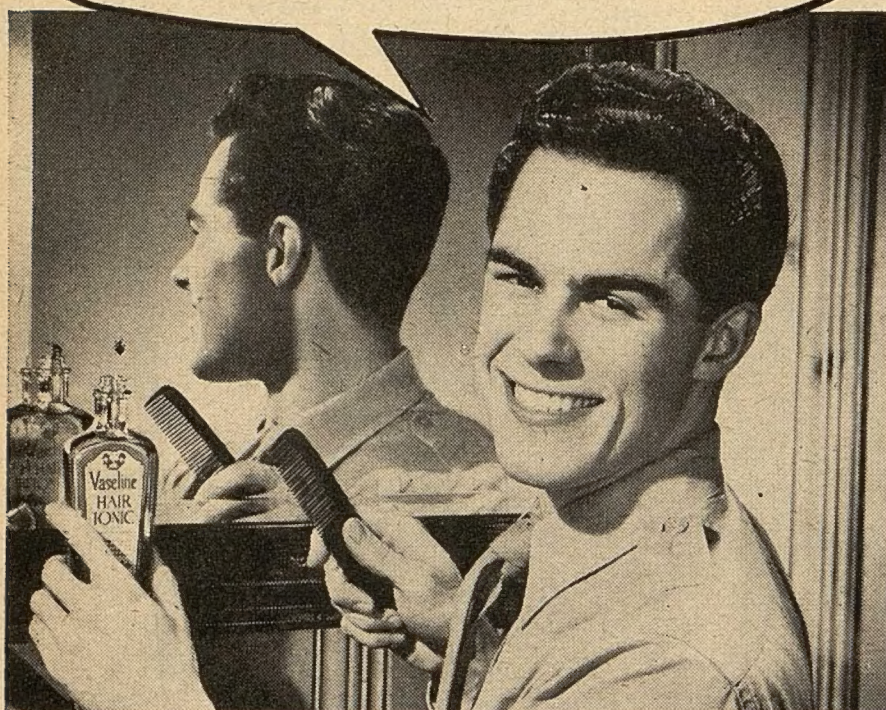
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*5 drops a day
keep Dry Scalp away*



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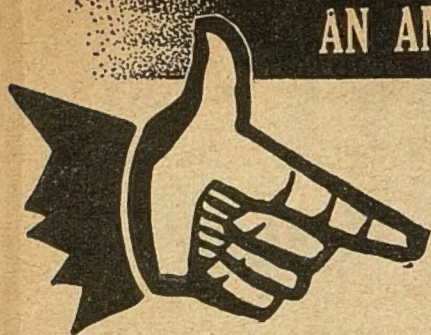
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TALES FROM THE DECAMERON

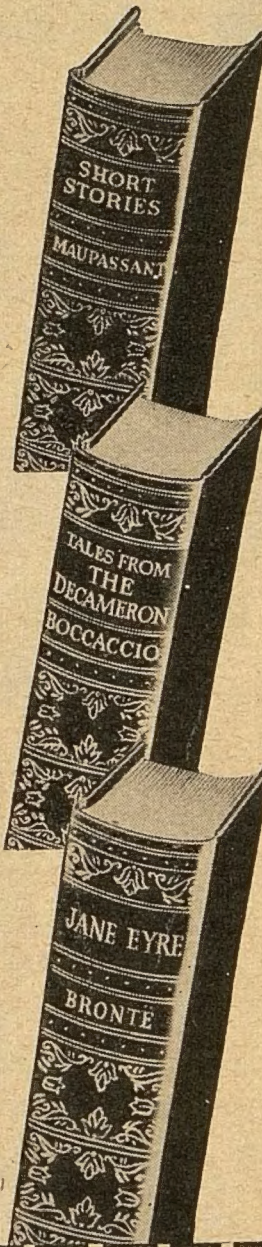
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By Charlotte Brontë

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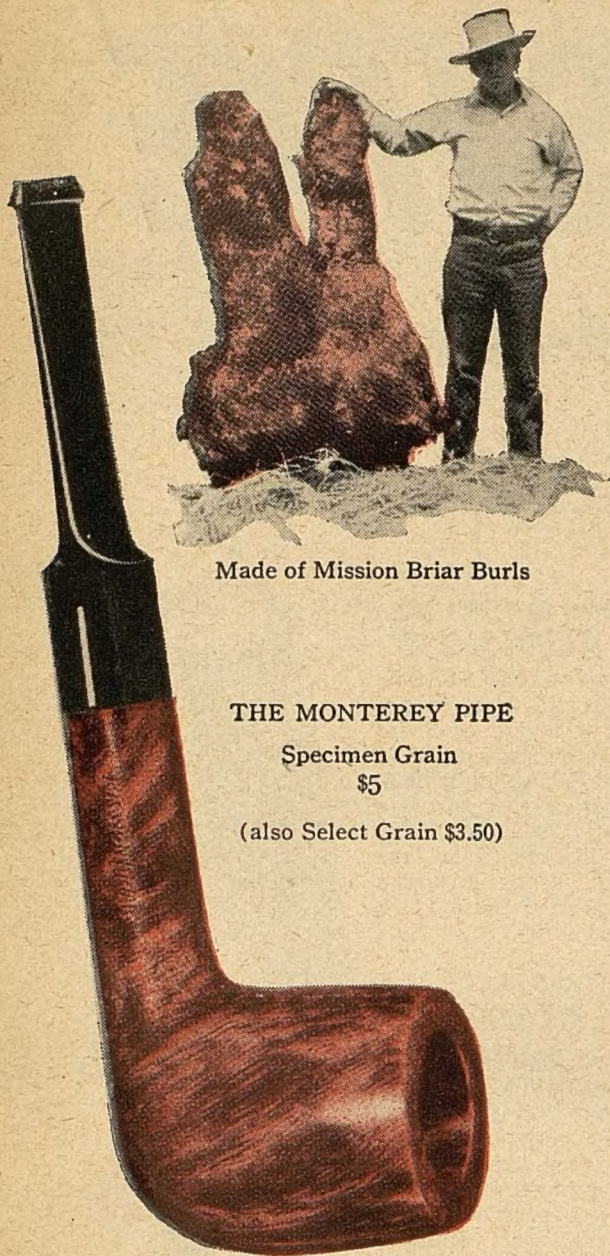
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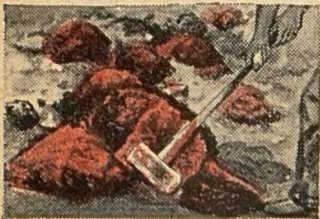
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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

NAVY YARD, S. C.—After reading Paul Hunter's editorial, Medical Care for the Average Family (September 8), it is my opinion that while you are not supporting socialized medicine, neither are you fighting it.

That there is a great need for better medical care in the United States is appreciated by all intelligent citizens, but government control will only make matters worse.

At present there are not nearly enough M. D.s for adequate care, and under socialized medicine we'll see fewer top-notch physicians in practice, for many will refuse to work under government control.—*Garnet L. Craw, R. N.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Paul Hunter states that in America the rich and the very poor people are the only ones who get adequate medical attention, while the great Amer-



ican middle class is the chief sufferer under the present medical system.

But I am sure 95 per cent of your readers know better than to believe that an absolute penniless person can get free treatment at a free hospital and get good care.

The truth of the medical situation in the U. S. A. is that only the rich people are able to get adequate medical treatment. The Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill, now before Congress, should be passed to help the poor people as well as the middle class get medical services fit for human beings.—*Harvey Engel.*

GATLINBURG, TENN.—The Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill means the dictation of one man—the Surgeon General. It means death to enterprise and incentive, and don't forget that doctors can never go on strike against their patients.

How's this as a substitute for socialized medicine? Since medical students give years for internship and house officerships, why not let them give, for a nominal government fee, another six months of the first year of personal practice? That would give them a living fee while rolling up their own private practice and in this way there would always be graduates.

If this bill is enacted, who would even try or wish to graduate? Doctors would soon become extinct.—*Polly McKibben.*

LIBERTY'S ALMANAC

BEAUMONT, TEXAS—That's an excellent cover you have on Liberty (September 1). The almanac idea is great. The moon's phases and age show well in color, which is a much better method than that used in

The Ladies' Birthday Almanac. The addition of a first-column day of year, as used in The Old Farmer's Almanac (e. g., February 15 would be the forty-sixth day of the year), would further enhance the value.

Why not a Liberty yearly almanac in color?—*Leo Ott, All-Wave Radio Service.*

COLLEGE PLACE, WASH.—What an interesting and instructive cover! I'm looking forward to seeing the next one.—*Mrs. E. K. Smith.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'm a fourteen-year-old junior in high school and I couldn't help but see your mistake on the September calendar cover of Liberty. Next to Tuesday, the 4th, you have "Back to school, kids!" Here in New York City the back-to-school date was Monday, September 10.—*Trevor Bain.*

Most schools throughout the country opened the day after Labor Day, September 4.—*Vox Pop Editor.*

A GREAT MAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please allow me to express thanks to Mr. Jonathan Daniels for his article on Roosevelt—Man and Statesman (September 8). It is a beautiful appraisal of and tribute to a great American. I could not help thinking, as I read it, of Beethoven's Eroica Symphony: To the memory of a great man.—*Maurice Buchbinder.*

PASS THE RED INK

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—So Albert Mitchell—The Man with All the Answers, by Mort Weisinger (September 8), slipped up on one question.

Here is another to mark down against



his record (red ink and a nice big X, please).

He announced on his program that in 1942, 29,600 nickelless five-cent pieces had been coined. Actually it was \$296,000 worth of nickels, or 5,920,000 coins—some difference!—*Robert L. Jones.*

VONNIE IS VEXED

GARDENA, CALIF.—It really made me burn when I read Liberty's movie review of Pride of the Marines (September 1). I saw the picture with some friends, and we all agreed that Dane Clark did a wonderful piece of acting as Lee Diamond. The person who wrote that he "punked" the role should see the picture again with his dark glasses off. Your reviewer says, "Talking through gritted teeth, indicates rugged—"
(Continued on page 8)

You wouldn't think it Possible!

It's something out of the ordinary
— that's what people say about Schlitz.

Its freedom from bitterness, its
smoothness and delicacy
of flavor, make a magic
combination for perfect
enjoyment.



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You can have the help of experts when you buy your next battery. Follow their example. They choose Auto-Lite for service in the million-mile ocean-spanning Clippers, for service with our fighting forces in jeeps, tanks and half-tracs.

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AUTO-LITE BATTERIES

(Continued from page 6)

ness, but it must be tough to eat that way, and Clark never relaxes." Well, as far as I could see, Dane didn't eat anywhere in the picture. He did a great job, and deserves a lot of credit. Why don't you give a swell guy a break?—*Vonnie Ellis.*

A LOT IN A NAME

CORAL GABLES, FLA.—With regard to the letter from Mr. Burt (Vox Pop, August 25), may I say, as a true Southerner, that the term Civil War grates on our nerves just as much, if not more, than the term War Between the States grates on the nerves of the Grand Army. We rebels don't give a hoot who says that Civil War is correct. Mr. Burt may recall that the Confederate States of America had their own capital and constitution. Regardless of whether we could make war or secede



under the Constitution, we did it and, as Mr. Burt also may recall, we came very close to winning it.

In conclusion, may I remind Mr. Burt and all the others of the Grand Army who were lucky enough to escape a rebel's rifle ball, that we, the South, did not lose the War Between the States. The "damnyankees" only cut our supply lines, and as soon as we got them working again!—*2d Lt. L. W.*

MORE ON SCIENCE

AUSTIN, MINN.—Three big cheers for Liberty for the numerous articles concerning the field of science! How about some more up-to-date articles on the order of Penicillin—Household Remedy? by Edward Adolphe (August 11), and Keep Your Eye on Streptomycin, by J. D. Ratcliff (June 30)? They're super!—*Edna Pell.*

HUNTER FOR CONGRESS?

NORTH KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Being a used-car dealer with nothing to sell, I have a lot of time to read, so I get the Liberty in the morning's mail and start in. I always glance first at the front cover and then turn to the index to see where the short story is located. Pretty good this week. They nearly always are, though.

I suppose the reason I don't have but one or two cars to sell is because I don't require trade-ins. At least one half of my sales are to returned soldiers from overseas and not one in twenty-five have a car to trade in. The last thing the fellows gave up were their cars, and that is one of the first things they want to buy when they get back.

I see on page 82 (Sept. 1) where Mr. Paul Hunter is worried about whether or not three men representing three nations are going to run the world. He's got a lot of good points to talk about, but he reminds me of a fan at a football game that has never played the game. He knows the rules and if he was only in there he would call such and such a play. He might not get into the football game, but THIS IS AMERICA and if he can convince enough voters in his state, he can go to Washing-

(Continued on page 10)

"Your America"



NEVADA

... Harnessed by mighty Boulder Dam, the rushing Colorado River provides irrigation for agriculture, power for industry. From Nevada's farms and ranches come food for the nation's fighters and workers. From its mines come gold, silver, copper, magnesium, tungsten and other minerals of high industrial value.

The distribution of these products calls for dependable rail transportation. Union Pacific provides that transportation over the Strategic Middle Route, uniting Nevada with the East and the Pacific Coast.

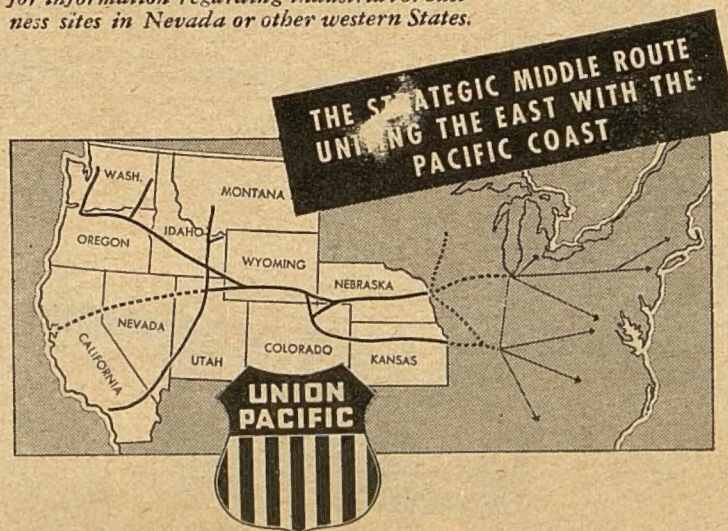
A great era lies on the peacetime horizon for this pro-

gressive western state. Vast quantities of ores and minerals are yet to be mined. There are the facilities—and the space—for industrial expansion.

Opportunity looms large in Nevada. All that is required to convert the state's resources into prosperity for a business or an individual is the same driving spirit of enterprise and initiative that helped to develop Nevada and to build this great nation—*your America*.

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in Nevada or other western States.

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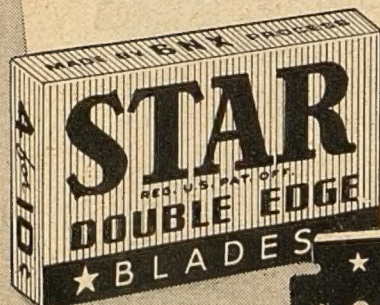


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STAR DIVISION
American Safety Razor Corp., B'klyn, N. Y.

For
**DOUBLE EDGE
RAZORS**

(Continued from page 8)

ton and help run the show. I suppose Liberty could get out the magazine without him. After all, Roosevelt died and the government continues to operate.—Josh Ellington.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

CRANSTON, R. I.—Replying to Albert J. McElfresh (Vox Pop, September 1) who criticizes Eleanor Roosevelt for suggesting the mixing of races in *From the Melting Pot—An American Race* (July 14), I would like to say that there are no real Ameri-



cans outside of the Indians, unless they do have more than one race's blood in their veins.

You will find, too, that these real Americans are the most liberal in their views when it comes to tolerance for others, both as to religion and the rights of citizenship.

Americans who have the blood of generations of immigrants in their veins live and let live.—Mrs. A. W.

SHAPE OF DANGER

FPO, SAN FRANCISCO—The cover on your June 23 issue, which first landed out here, caught my attention right away, what with the title of your book condensation, *Shape of Danger*, printed right next to the picture of a model in a bathing suit. You certainly hit the nail on the head. If she were stranded on some lonely Pacific island with a hundred marines, ninety-nine of them would probably have to die.—Cpl. William J. E. Haley.

CUT OUT THE WHITEWASH

c/o PM, MIAMI, FLA.—In regard to your article, *Will Peace Be with Us?* (August 25 and September 1), I suggest that the author, Mr. John Gunther, use more brains and less ink.

Whitewash, even in lavish doses, will never take the place of sandpaper.—Capt. Bailey Smith, A. C.

RECORD BREAKERS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In the box describing your August 25 cover, you stated that Major Robert S. Johnson was the first American ace to break Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's record of twenty-six victories in World War I.

I believe you will find that there were four aces before him who broke the record of twenty-six planes destroyed.

The late Major Bong had forty planes to his credit, twenty-seven of which were shot down in aerial combat, while Johnson can claim only twenty-two in aerial combat.

Also, Captain Don Gentile beat him to the record with thirty planes, although seven were destroyed on the ground.

Major J. Foss and Major Boyington previously equaled the record of twenty-six planes destroyed.—Ray Sullivan.

Liberty's information, which came straight from the Air Corps, still reveals the fact that Major Johnson was the first American Ace to break Rickenbacker's record.—Vox Pop Editor.

WHY EVERY ONE WANTS "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

With "Prestone" anti-freeze in your car, you forget cold snaps and thaws alike. It prevents freeze-up, won't boil away, evaporate or foam off. It protects your cooling system against rust and corrosion. And one shot lasts all winter—with "Prestone" anti-freeze you're safe and you know it!

why there won't be enough for ALL

The Armed Forces still require large quantities of "one-shot" anti-freeze for vehicles and equipment. As a result the supply of "Prestone" anti-freeze available to civilians is even more limited than last year. Your best chance of getting yours is to see your dealer immediately.

How anti-freeze is being distributed this year

To assure anti-freeze protection of the nation's motor vehicles, the War Production Board, with the cooperation of the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, set up a state allocation plan for the distribution of all anti-freezes. This plan is intended to assure motorists of some kind of anti-freeze protection. Some "Prestone" brand anti-freeze will be available in all communities.

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WHY OUR ARMED FORCES STILL NEED ONE-SHOT ANTI-FREEZE

Vast numbers of our tanks, trucks, planes, warships, etc., remain at various points throughout the world. This tremendous investment of the American people must be protected—and protected properly. That is why our armed forces still require quantities of one-shot anti-freeze.

Time Too Short

Even though the requirements of the services have been reduced, not enough "Prestone" anti-freeze can be made to meet both military and civilian needs this Winter.

**you're safe . . .
and you know it!**



O.P.A.
Retail Ceiling Price
\$2.65
per gallon
SAME PRODUCT
SAME PRICE



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—here's a *Perfect Match!*

The gardenia . . . and PM DE LUXE.

Both exactly right.

PM is so superlatively flavored,
smooth and mellow, that just suggesting,
"Have a PM with me?"

pays the friendliest sort of compliment.

You're always sure the *Pleasure's Mutual.*



IF IT ISN'T

PM

IT ISN'T AN EVENING

Copr. 1945. National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. Blended Whiskey.

86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.



AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

As this flight dispatcher at LaGuardia Field would agree, operating a big airport's control tower is no soft job. The plane on the ground is a DC-3.

ON THE BEAM

Postwar air-traffic problems are knotty, and will be until radar simplifies them . . . How soon can we fly overseas just for pleasure?

BY WAYNE PARRISH

ONE sure-fire headache in aviation these days is air-traffic control. Only if you are flying your own airplane into a crowded airport, or if you are in the cockpit of a transport plane listening with earphones to the control tower at an airport, do you realize the traffic problems that are arising as flying increases.

As a passenger on an air line you may wonder why, after you have boarded your plane and the plane has taxied out for the take-off, it must wait at the edge of the runway for as long, sometimes, as twenty minutes. The answer is simply that the runway is being kept clear for arriving planes, and during instrument-landing conditions the landings and take-offs are often delayed for many minutes.

A few weeks ago I flew to Washington from Farmingdale, Long Island, in the twin-engined executive Beech transport owned by Republic Aviation Corporation. The pilot was able Pete Collins, who has about 6,000 hours of flying to his credit and is one of the best in the business. We arrived over Washington National Airport about noon, and although there were broken clouds, most of the transport planes arriving were doing so on instruments.

Listening in with earphones on the conversation in the air is always a fascinating experience, but on this particular day it was bedlam. Several transports were on the ground awaiting clearance for take-off and in the air all around, for twenty-five miles in every direction, were any number of aircraft of all types, all trying to get clearance for landing. For twenty minutes Collins circled around before he got an O. K. to land. Following us was an Air

Transport Command C-54 just arriving from Paris. Several other Army transports were somewhere in the neighborhood coming in on instruments. Then there were the usual number of commercial air liners arriving from Miami, Chicago, the West Coast, and New York.

On clear days, with perfect visibility, traffic jams are momentary. But with overcast necessitating instrument landing procedures, it's no picnic to get in and out of a busy terminal. Aviation experts have done much to set up procedures, but not until an adaptation of radar makes possible instrument landings in just a few minutes instead of the present ten or fifteen minutes will the air-traffic problem be solved. And operating a control tower is no soft job, either, for the control-tower man must know where each airplane is, direct it to specific levels and specific approaches and runways, and keep the whole circus going without mishap.

If you are delayed on take-off in a commercial plane, just remember the air above may be filled with planes awaiting their turns to land.

Global Air-Service Prospects

After several years of debate and discussion, the United States now has a firmly established foreign air policy. In July the Civil Aeronautics Board, the government agency charged with determining what air line shall be permitted to fly to various points, handed down a long-awaited decision designed to squelch any attempts to create a monopoly of our foreign air commerce.

Within a very short time our international air services will be expanding eastward. Survey flights are in progress.

Until July, there were two air lines certificated for the North Atlantic, but of these two only one, Pan American World Airways, had a permanent license. The other, American Export Airlines, was operating on a temporary certificate. Both lines flew to Europe, with Foynes, Ireland, as their terminal, and Pan American also served Lisbon, Portugal.

But now the line-up is quite different. Pan American will continue its present routes, but will also fly eastward through

(Continued on page 15)

THE BLEND OF A PERFECT DAY

Mildness alone doesn't make a pipe happy . . . The contents of the bowl need character, too . . . Sportsman Pipe Mixture is mild as a summer's day, but its flavor is articulate . . . It has a story to tell . . . A story of the finest aged domestic and imported tobaccos so intelligently blended that, under its benevolent influence, the most fretful pipes are restored to peace again . . .

Sportsman
PIPE MIXTURE
The Champion of Blends

In two pocket sizes: 1 oz. at 20¢ and 1 1/4 oz. at 35¢, as well as two glass humidor jars: 8 oz. at \$1.50 and 16 oz. at \$2.85. Only at Better Stores.



John Hudson Moore, Inc., 663 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22
Distributors also of Custombuilt Pipes . . . Sasiemi Fine English Pipes and Sportsman Toiletries for Men.

*A happy child
is a popular one...*

There's an undeniable magnetism in the smile of a happy child. A charming attraction that wins friends among youngsters and adults alike. That's why a gay, carefree child is the first to be invited to every party.



"Fresh up" - keep smiling!

A grand way to keep youngsters' dispositions on the sunny side is to keep plenty of 7-Up in the refrigerator. For pouts and quarrels are soon forgotten in the smiling satisfaction that comes from this happy, good-natured drink. Children love its fresh, clean flavor, just as grown-ups do. That's why 7-Up is a favorite family drink from coast-to-coast.

As a result, you will find people of every age in any community who will back up the saying that "You like it . . . it likes you". And, in every community, you'll find a nearby store ready to supply you with a "fresh up" with 7-Up. Just look for the 7-Up signs.

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*You like it...
it likes you*



LAUGH with The "Fresh Up"
Show. Mutual Network . .
Every Wednesday Evening.
8:30 EWT—7:30 CWT—6:30
MWT—8:30 PWT.

(Continued from page 13)

the Balkans to the Middle East and to Calcutta, India.

A newcomer in the international field is Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., which for many years has flown a straight New York-Los Angeles route. TWA will expand across the Atlantic to Paris, and also through the Mediterranean, the two segments joining at Cairo, Egypt, with an extension to Bombay, India.

American Export Airlines will continue to fly to Ireland, but control of the company has been acquired by American Airlines, Inc., the largest U. S. domestic air line, and the whole enterprise is to be known as the American Airlines System. The route is now extended to England, to Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and northern Germany, and on to Moscow.

Thus the United States embarks on peacetime expansion with three major air lines operating to Europe and beyond. Each company has its own field of activity, although there will be competition in operation to Great Britain, where traffic is heavy.

The CAB will soon be announcing its decisions about air-line services in the Pacific and in Latin America. Pan American will remain the big operator in both areas, but it is bound to have competition, direct or indirect, in some of those areas where it has competed heretofore only with foreign air lines.

It is a safe assumption that you will have all the air service you will want in the Caribbean, which is destined to become America's winter playground.

It is also a safe assumption that within a reasonable time Americans will be able to fly around the world by American air services. There will be foreign air lines operating into the United States, and our big competitors will be the Swedish air line, the Dutch air line known as K. L. M., and the extensive British services which will cover the world.

TOURIST travel to Europe will be impossible for some time. Perhaps next summer you will be able to buy a pleasure trip to Scandinavia, but Europe has a long way to go before recovering sufficiently to entertain visitors from the United States. The first air-passenger traffic to Europe will consist primarily of business and diplomatic people and of those who are going for other than mere pleasure-seeking purposes—going, for example, to visit relatives or to take care of personal business on the other side.

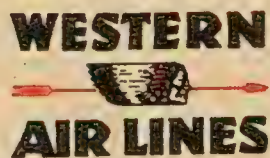
The best outlook is for the summer of 1947, when Americans will be able to fly to Europe and stand a chance of finding hotels available, food, and ground transportation. At present food is acutely scarce in many areas, there is little ground transport available anywhere, and even if there are hotels available, there may not be sheets on the beds. A dinner in Paris is likely to cost about thirty dollars, and the only thing to drink at the sidewalk cafés is a very unsatisfactory synthetic orangeade. And don't expect to visit bombed cities of Germany very soon. I saw exactly one hotel in operation in a German city, although in some of the resort towns there are plenty of them. But there is no food to be obtained except through military channels and no possible way of moving about the country except on a bicycle, if you could find one.

In a few years, provided that military controls are relaxed and that hotel and food facilities are available, it may be possible for Americans to see at first hand what air power did to destroy German cities. Since it will take twenty years to rebuild such cities as Berlin and Hamburg, there will be plenty of bombed areas to see for a long time.

Because of their dependability

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

serve these leading airlines



The American people always give an overwhelming vote of confidence to that which they know they can depend upon. Champion Spark Plugs have won this vote of confidence and are preferred by users on land, sea and in the air.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO



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Come! Walk through our plants. Here, eager machines and earnest men expertly compound carefully selected materials. Precision, powerful machines and personal attention synchronize to build products that give you efficient, economic service.

Our scientific fabrication of Republic Rubber conveyor and power belts, steam, air and fire hose, increases your profits with trouble-free performance. Your comfort and protection are assured in the processing of LEE DeLuxe tires made with compounds which provide the safety of sure traction, the

saving of slow-wear and the security of reliable construction.

One element in these compounds you do not see but sense it in the attitude of the workers . . . an element that begins where these products are designed; continues through the specification of materials and follows as an integral part of construction, production and distribution . . . is integrity.

The quality and reliability of REPUBLIC RUBBER products and LEE DELUXE tires present and represent our integrity. We call it fairness to our customers and our employees.

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TIRES • TUBES • SUNDRIES & RUBBER ACCESSORIES

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

"SHE SPEAKS HER MIND"



HEWYWOOD BROWN said of Dorothy Thompson. "She not only crosses the ice, but she breaks it as she goes. What's more, she's her own bloodhound." As a syndicated columnist and radio commentator (and nonprofessionally as well),

Miss Thompson is always outspoken in her beliefs—whether she's campaigning for woman suffrage (1915-17) or giving the Bund the Bronx cheer in Madison Square Garden (shortly before World War II). Married now for the third time to Maxim Kopf, a Czech artist, she spends her summers far from the madding crowd on her chicken farm in Vermont and writes her column from there. She began her career in 1917 as a social worker. In 1920 she became a foreign correspondent; served eight years in Vienna and Berlin. Overseas again last winter, she toured the Near East and most of Europe. And in **THE PEOPLE MAKE THEIR CHOICE** (in this week's issue) she tells of an AMG experiment in a German town.

NEXT WEEK



WHICH is the better road to low prices and full employment? Is it paved by free competition or by price control? Here at last is the answer you've been waiting for—a discussion pro and con by Chester Bowles, head of the OPA, and Ira Mosher, president of the NAM.

... For the first time in history, an entire state has compelled every citizen to undergo a blood test for venereal disease. That's how **ALABAMA WARS ON VD**. Kathryn Tucker tallies the startling results. . . . **THEY WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD** are now grist for the mill of the gods. Erika Mann, the first woman to tour the prison for Nazi war criminals in the Duchy of Luxemburg, describes what she saw there and gives a preview of the fate that lies in store for the guilty. . . . What's Claudette Colbert got that keeps her No. 1 in the listings of exhibitors' reports—and in the top ten since 1935? Read Elizabeth Wilson's gimlet-eyed analysis of Hollywood's perennial star, **COLBERT THE CONSISTENT**. . . . Back home, anglers may haggle over the dry fly vs. the plug, but "**POOR FISH**" IS RIGHT! says M. E. Stowe, out in the Pacific, where our men go after their prey with everything from drugs to dynamite. . . . The Old South comes to life again in Alfred Leland Crabb's refreshingly real romance, **BREAKFAST AT THE HERMITAGE**, Liberty's Book Condensation.

OCTOBER 20, 1945

made for the folks who like Homemade Soups



all the flavor
of "Aristocrat"
tomatoes and
rich cream
..... spiced
just
right!

HEINZ
Condensed

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

*Add a wealth of flavor to meat loaf
and extra richness to spaghetti by
using Heinz Condensed Cream of
Tomato Soup as a Sauce!*

One tin of soup plus one tin
of milk or water makes four
bowls of delicious soup



FALLING OUT OF THE PICTURE ... *your car too?*

FALLING . . . and *fast* . . . nearly three cars a minute! Losers in the grim battle against wartime wear . . .

Can *your* car stand the gaff of another winter's wear and tear? Your Texaco Dealer can help pull it through . . . if you act quickly! Drive in *now* for a complete check-up and winter change-over.

Have your Texaco Dealer make a systematic inspection of vital body and chassis points. He'll check battery, gears, spark plugs, tires, radiator. He'll put in the correct winter grade of HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL or TEXACO MOTOR OIL . . .

both insulated against excessive engine heat. He'll protect moving chassis parts with long-lasting MARFAK lubrication.

Phfffft! Three more gone . . . *since you began reading this ad.* Better make that date with your Texaco Dealer *now!*

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN: . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.



REGISTERED
REST ROOMS



ALL NIGHT SERVICE
FROM COAST-TO-COAST
AS CONDITIONS PERMIT



FIRE-CHIEF
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GASOLINE



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MARFAK
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THE
TEXAS
COMPANY

A GREAT TEXACO DEALER LINE-UP



HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

Government department heads who will play a big part in reconversion plans: Left to right, WPB Chairman Krug; OPA Director Chester Bowles; WMC Deputy Director Frank L. McNamee; OFES Director William Davis; OWMR Director John Snyder.

John Snyder on the Reconversion Hot Seat

BY STACY V. JONES



To everyone who's looking for a new job, a new car, or a new pair of nylons, John

Snyder is Very Important People. Here's the Missourian who stepped into America's toughest job, and who detests bureaucracy

JOHN WESLEY SNYDER, director of war mobilization and reconversion, has the hot seat in the Truman administration. It was warm enough when he took it, but by mid-August it had been treated to a whiff of atomic energy. And it's not likely to cool off appreciably in the near future.

With the sudden end of the Japanese war, he faced the job of changing the American economy from war to peace, and getting the change under way literally overnight.

President Truman announced at the White House early one evening that the war was over. This was John Snyder's personal call to general quarters; his battle was on. For Congress had said flatly that when peace came, no war contract should be continued and no soldier or sailor kept in uniform merely to provide jobs. That meant, particularly to Snyder, that the billions in war contracts must be canceled forthwith, that millions of war workers would be out of jobs soon, and that the Army and Navy would start at once demobilizing at least part of their 11,000,000 men and women.

By the morning after President Truman's announcement, Snyder had the

transition under way—had issued orders canceling all military contracts not absolutely necessary to maintain the Army and Navy, and abolishing many wartime controls over production, distribution, prices, and wages. That evening, while the country was still celebrating, he was ready to go on the air for a bonfireside chat. He told the American public that although momentary unemployment was inevitable, the government had set out to ensure a chance for a job to everyone willing and able to work.

Snyder had to move fast when Japanese surrender offers began to trickle in by radio. He had only the few days' leeway before peace was officially announced in which to pull emergency plans out of his desk and rush the changes necessary to bring those plans up to date.

The country had been moving along as if the Asiatic war were going to last forever. Some war contracts had been cut back after V-E Day, and more were planned, but published government charts showed war manufacture and war jobs tapering off only gradually toward the middle of 1946. As August, 1945, arrived, the public was still thinking of V-J Day as

somewhere vaguely in the future. Part of Snyder's task was to change a national attitude.

His is also the responsibility for settling contracts, disposing of an estimated 100 billion dollars in surplus property, and for retraining and re-employing millions. He can, and does, give orders to the Army and Navy and other departments and agencies. Sometimes he has to knock the heads of the OPA and the WPB together. When a stronger arm is needed, he asks President Truman for an executive order or asks Congress for legislation. As director of OWMR he has become the President's right-hand man—which seems perfectly natural: he has known Harry S. Truman for a quarter of a century and is probably his closest friend.

Both were artillery officers in World War I. Snyder, after two years at Vanderbilt University, was commissioned in 1917 and assigned to the Fifty-seventh Field Artillery Brigade, Thirty-second Division. He served at the front, and in Germany with the army of occupation, earning a captain's bars. He met Truman at Coetquidan, and the acquaintance became
(Continued on page 80)

WHISKY RUIN



Rodgers was looking for trouble when he took the job driving a truck, and he found plenty of it—but murder was more than he'd bargained for. A thrilling story of mystery and adventure among the men who drive the highways by night

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THE hickory shirt was hot under the beefy young man's coat. He wore it because it made him look like Honest John the Workingman and was loose and heavy enough to hide the gun in his shoulder holster, but it was warm for summer wear. He loosened his necktie as he came down the street toward the warehouse.

The warehouse had a loading dock large enough for eight or ten trucks at a time to back up to the freight platform. One truck was in the dock, a big cab-over-motor job with a high closed body painted solid red except for ASSOCIATED JOBBERS in huge white letters on either side. A couple of roustabouts with hand trucks were loading the truck with cases of canned stuff.

On the far side of the dock there was a small office. The only person inside was a middle-aged man with a worried expression, frowning at a mess of papers on his desk. He lifted his head as the door opened.

The beefy young man said, "I'm looking for a job."

The man at the desk said, "You came to the right place. I'm Wallace, warehouse manager. Have a chair."

"My name is Tom Rodgers."

They shook hands. The beefy young man sat down.

Wallace said, "Ever drive a truck?"

"Yes, sir. Diesels, semi-trailers, dump trucks, fast freight, and refrigerators. The Army had me skinning bulldozers for the last two years."

"How long have you been out of uniform?"

"About three months. I stopped a couple of pieces of shrapnel." Tom Rodgers gestured at his shoulder. "I'm in good shape now."

"You look pretty husky. Can you start tomorrow?"

"Why, I guess so." The young man was clearly surprised that no more questions had been asked. "What about getting me bonded, and all that business?"

"It can wait. I'm short of men, and I want you to haul a load in the morning." Wallace was watching Tom Rodgers' face.

"To Riverview."

"Where's that?"

"A hundred and fifty miles south, in the mountains. You must be a stranger around here."

"That's right."

"Well, it isn't a bad run." Wallace seemed relieved about something. "You'll dead-head the first trip, and after that you can take over. You'll have to stay in Riverview overnight, but there's no loading and we pay the union scale. How does it sound?"

"Good."

"O. K., then. You'll find the dispatcher out in the warehouse. Tell her you're riding with Novack in the morning, and she'll put your name on the payroll." Wallace

held out his hand. "Hope you like the job, Rodgers."

"Thanks." Tom Rodgers shook the manager's hand and left the office. He knew Wallace had no real conviction that his hope would be realized.

The dispatcher was checking freight with the roustabouts when Tom Rodgers found her. She looked up from her check sheet and smiled at him. He liked the smile and the face that went with it. Her lipstick was on right, her nose didn't shine, and she had a red ribbon in her hair that just matched the lipstick.

"My name is Tom Rodgers. I just got a job here, driving truck."

"I'm Frances Carroll. Pleased to meet you, Tom."

"Wallace said I was to deadhead the Riverview run tomorrow with somebody. I forget the guy's name."

"Charley Novack. He's our relief man." The girl's expression had changed at the mention of Riverview. "Did Mr. Wallace explain anything about the run?"

"He said I'd have to stay overnight at the other end."

"I meant about—the kind of a haul it is." She didn't give him a chance to answer. "It's not important. You pull out at eight A. M., sharp. You'd better be here a little ahead of time."

"I'll be here."

He grinned at her and left the warehouse thinking that the job was going to have its attractions after all—even if she had lied about the unimportance of the peculiar features of the Riverview run.

He took a streetcar and went downtown to see a friend by the name of MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald was a big shot in the Midwest-Central Casualty and Indemnity Co., and his receptionist frequently shooed away more impressive people than a heavy young man in a hickory shirt, but she let Tom Rodgers in without an argument. He dropped his hat on MacDonald's desk and asked how things were going.

MacDonald said, "Same as ever. Did you put it over?"

"I'm breaking in on the Riverview run tomorrow."

"Make any contacts?"

"One, so far. There's a female dispatcher at the warehouse who's the best-looking doll I've seen since I got out of the Army."

MacDonald said irritably, "You're a sucker for skirts, Tom."

"This one wears pants."

"I don't care if she wears a breechclout. Every load of whisky Associated loses costs us around twenty thousand dollars, and I'm getting tired of paying their losses. You're there to catch hijackers, not to play around with female dispatchers."

"I'm not playing around with her; I just said she was good-looking. And she can give me a lot of valuable information."

MacDonald snorted.

"Just be sure she isn't smarter than you are. Somebody is crooked at that warehouse, and it could be the dispatcher. When a company loses five loads of liquor on a freight run where nine out of ten trucks are loaded with canned beans, something is fishy."

"Maybe the drivers are pinching the stuff."

"If they are, they're whacking themselves over the head to make it look good, because we've paid hospital benefits to three of them. I'm getting tired of that, too."

Tom said, "What about the trucks?"

"They've been turning up by the side of the road. It's the whisky losses that cost us money. You've got a free hand, so get going. I want results."

"That's the kind of orders I like," Tom said cheerfully. He picked up his hat. "Be seeing you."

MacDonald looked up quickly.

"A free hand doesn't mean you're supposed to get trigger-happy and bump a lot of guys off, Tom. Even hijackers carry life insurance."

"I'll bear it in mind," Tom said.

FIVE of the big red trucks were in the warehouse loading dock when the new driver reported for work the next morning. The good-looking dispatcher was on the freight platform talking to a group of men. She beckoned to Tom as he approached, and he jumped up on the platform and was introduced.

Two of the truckers were young sprouts, not more than seventeen or eighteen. Their names were Pete and Willie. Of the others, Moose Henshaw was the biggest, Harry Dempsey was a lanky man with a bass voice, and Sully was a bantam in a sailor's peacoat. He seemed to be mildly soured on life. Charley Novack was about Tom's age and general fighting weight, although he was streamlined better and had curly blond hair. There was an ugly inch-long scar over his right eyebrow, not very old.

The men shook hands with Tom and said they were glad to meet him. They were all drivers except Harry Dempsey, who held down the graveyard watch at the warehouse, acting as combination dispatcher, checker, and roustabout for the loads that moved during the night.

Frances explained that much of the set-up for Tom's benefit. She didn't explain why Dempsey, who had been off watch since six o'clock, still hung around when he could be on his way home to bed, but Tom guessed that a lot of the men hung around unnecessarily when Frances was there. Even at 8 A. M. she was easier on the eyes than anything he had seen for a long time.

The men stood around, smoked cigarettes, and kidded the dispatcher, but the conversation died abruptly when Frances announced that the new man was breaking in with Sully and Novack on the Riverview run, and it was time they got started. One or two of the men gave Tom a quick guarded glance, but nobody said anything. Sully examined his dispatch papers carefully before he got into his truck. Novack barely glanced at the waybills as he led Tom to the truck next to Sully's.

"Know how to handle these five-speed jobs?" he asked.

"Sure."

"You drive, then."

(Continued on page 84)

The masked man was on the running board covering him with a gun before he could straighten up.



Accommodations on a Windjammer Cruiser are comfortable, but plain. Lashed on deck are two water barrels for washing.

Down to the Sea in Slacks

By Sigmund Sameth

NEWSPAPER readers a few summers back puzzled vainly over the whereabouts of the President of the United States who happened to be closeted in the secret conference which later produced the Atlantic Charter. But the location of the historic meeting was no mystery to two stenographers from Brooklyn, a registered nurse, a New Jersey state policeman, and a Schenectady engineer.

With nine others, they were shipmates on a Windjammer Cruiser, the Lois M. Candage, and the Lois, beating into Maine's lonely Blue Hill Bay, had blundered within hailing distance of the Presidential flotilla. Since sailing vessels have the right of way over power craft, Coast Guardsmen could do no more than address a few uncouth remarks in the schooner's direction. President Roosevelt was more gracious. He waved cheerfully while the amateur sailors and sailorettes wore out their foghorn.

Such unscheduled adventures are part of the fun of dude cruising, a depression-born vacation originated

The lure of deep water and swelling sails is a siren song for many a land-lubber. To cash in on this longing, a down-East skipper invented a new kind of vacation and has just completed his most successful season



by Frank Swift of Camden, Maine. For ten years Swift's schooners have been giving landlubbers of both sexes and all ages their first taste of blue water. Cruise "dudes" get a chance to haul at halyard and sheet, to stand a trick at the wheel, or just to loaf on deck in the salt air and sunshine and feel the living ship scud before the wind at a brisk six knots. So popular are the trips that hundreds of cruise applications with checks enclosed must be returned, regretfully, each season.

Windjammer Cruises had their real beginning back in the 1930s when Frank Swift, who had quit college in 1924 to go to sea, spent a summer as a deck hand on one of the few remaining down-East coasting schooners—a vessel carrying lumber from Bucksport. The experience was so enjoyable that he thought others might pay for the privilege. A trim sixty-footer was idle in Belfast harbor. Swift borrowed enough money to charter her for a year and bought lumber on credit to build makeshift accommodations in her cargo hold. For six

weeks he worked, readying the vessel for sea with oakum and calking iron, marlin-spike, sailors' palm, paint, and plenty of salt sweat. The gross loss at the end of the year was \$210.

"That wasn't anything to squawk at," Swift says. "My wife and I were living aboard, so we saved on rent. And lots of folks pay twice what we did for a summer vacation without having half the fun."

Today he operates nine tall-sparred schooners and would buy ten more tomorrow if he could locate them. He also owns some of the most desirable wharf properties in Camden harbor, with slips where the largest schooners may be beached on a tide for scraping or repairs. As proof of the success of his cruises, other operators confess frankly that they are copying his methods. Near-by Rockland, Maine, has a dude windjammer which sails all summer, and there are others in Chesapeake Bay and Long Island Sound as well as on the west coast. However, Camden, with its ten-year-old schooner fleet, is the uncontested dude cruising capital of the U. S. A.

HOW Swift's business grew is that old American success story which begins with a new idea and a frayed shoestring.

When the idea of cruises on ex-cargo schooners was first broached to travel agencies in 1934, they refused to take bookings. Who'd pay to sleep on a straw pallet in a hard bunk and work on the ship besides? Undismayed, Swift placed a few tiny newspaper advertisements in key cities in the early summer when folks were still debating how to spend their vacations. Before long he had more applicants for two-week cruises than he could take aboard his chartered schooner. He ended up by buying another old-time ship and then a third. The fleet now includes the Eva S. Cullison, the Hattie Loring, the Enterprise, and the Lillian, all doughty Maine vessels which have weathered hard times as well as bad blows.

Swift's first potential customers were two genteel maiden ladies who had themselves chauffeured up from Boston. They fled in disdain when they found that the

The genial cook invites all to "eat hearty." Lobster suppers are served.

Below: Some enjoy spelling the helmsman—or just being sociable with him.



During the war the Windjammer Cruisers' passenger lists were mostly feminine.

cruise ship was a rough-sided schooner with cargo-scarred decks. This experience taught the cap'n to make his advertising considerably more explicit. The windjammers are definitely *not* yachts, he boasts. They have no brightly polished brass fittings. In fact, they're "just old-time Yankee coasting schooners with clipper bows and hempen rigging." Applicants who request "an outside cabin with bath" are politely referred to another outfit across the harbor, run by yachtsmen for yachtsmen, which carries charter parties on two famous racing schooners in a style considerably more sumptuous.

Dude cruisers have included a congressman, a best-selling author and his wife, and a well-known magazine illustrator. Father and teen-age son make a favorite cruise combination. But the typical passenger is a city-jaded vacationist seeking a respite from civilization—at bargain-counter prices.

YACHTING has never been an inexpensive sport, but you can go dude cruising almost as cheaply as you can stay at home. The fare, a modest fifty dollars weekly, plus federal tax, includes meals, cabin, and the general accommodations of the vessels. There are no extra charges. Passengers who wish to economize still further may use the schooner as their hotel the night before sailing date and again the night after the cruise ends. Although no honeymooners have shown up to date, a woman's magazine included Windjammer Cruises among its Twenty Budget Honeymoons of 1941.

Inquiries represent a cross section of cruise patronage. "Will I be seasick?" is the commonest question. Timid souls are reassured—for the schooners never venture far to sea and the inlets of Penobscot, Blue Hill, Jericho, and Frenchman's Bay provide an inland salt waterway of hundreds of square miles of steady breezes and some of the finest sailing in the world.

"Do you permit consumption of spirituous beverages?" "Will there be a mixed
(Continued on page 72)

Never a Champ

As he lay struggling for consciousness, Johnny knew he lacked whatever quality it is that makes champions, but there were others who knew better

BY WALTER C. BROWN

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD DOWNS

JOHNNY MELLODY felt himself falling—falling forward. This was a bad one—a real kayo punch. A guy could be knocked halfway across the ring and still come up fighting, but when you stopped one that hoisted you right up on tiptoes and then pitched you forward on hands and knees—well, ninety-nine times out of a hundred it meant curtains.

Sprawled out and gasping for breath, Johnny shook his head, trying to disperse the fog from his half-closed eyes, trying to shake out the roaring of the crowd so that he could hear the referee's count.

The voice of Hap Waddell, his manager, seemed to be a thin ghostly whisper at his ear: "Take it easy, Johnny—don't get rattled. Stay down—stay down till you hear him count nine."

Good advice, Hap. In the tight spots, Hap always knew the answers. But what if you were knocked so groggy you couldn't hear the referee for the roaring of the crowd? And if you did get up, how could you keep Stan O'Mara from slipping over the old one-two as a finisher, when you couldn't even see him out there?

Johnny found he was doing his own counting, numbering each racking, wheezing breath. And as he counted he pulled himself from a sprawl into a crouch, ready to lurch upward at "nine," ready to lash out with one more punch.

That was it—always throw one more punch. Get up on your feet and keep fighting—keep going forward. Never let the other fellow know how badly you're hurt. Never quit. One more punch—

Johnny blinked, crouched, gathered his frayed and shredded strength. This fog—this damned fog! Where was the referee? Where was O'Mara? And how long—how long to the bell? In his mouth salt sweat and blood mingled with the bitter taste of defeat.

Defeat! Yes, Johnny had known it was inevitable almost from the moment he'd started trading leather with O'Mara. That flurry at the close of the first round, when they'd finished with feeling each other out, when they'd stood toe to toe, slugging—Johnny had known then that he couldn't win, that he was not only outmatched, but outclassed. That he'd never be a champ—

And O'Mara had known, too. He'd shown it in the wide cocky grin that split his square unshaven jowls as they broke at the bell. In that swift grin, half pity, half contempt, Johnny saw himself for what he was—just another local kid trying to crash the big time.

Funny, how thoughts race through your mind while you're taking a count. In the short space between "One!" and "Ten!" you fight your whole career again. You remember the long string of victories that followed. You remember the first time you fought a wind-up, and the proud thrill of seeing your name in big red letters on the posters.

You think of the money—the fifteen dollars you got for your first preliminary. You think of the first time you got a thousand dollars—a thousand for just an hour's work in the floodlighted ring, and how you went out the next day and bought Fran her diamond—

Fran! Johnny thought of her out there now, in the front row. He could see the small face under the brim of her little round hat, the smooth gold hair that fell so softly to her shoulders. She'd be sitting there with her slim fingers desperately clenched, eyes squeezed shut as she breathed a frantic prayer for Johnny not to be hurt—not to be hurt—

What a sweet kid, Fran. Sweet and tender and loyal. No other girl in the world had eyes as deep blue as Fran's, or a smile as warm as hers. And Fran knew what this particular fight meant to him—knew that it wasn't just another bout. This fight with Stan O'Mara was the pay-off, the acid test of his long-cherished ambition to make the big time, to rate a shot at the title.

Johnny remembered Fran's last words to him before the fight. "Oh, Johnny darling! Good luck—good luck! I'll be praying for you to win. But please—please don't take any foolish chances. You don't have to be champion, Johnny—not for me—"

And looking into those dark blue eyes, Johnny knew that Fran meant every word she said. He didn't have to be a champ, he didn't have to bring her the title. All he had to be was a guy named Johnny Melody. Well, it looked like that was all he ever would be—

"Get up, fella—get goin'!" Johnny whispered, and swaying to his feet, he shuffled forward, blinking at the shifting swirl before his eyes, hearing the roar of the crowd, louder now and louder still, wave upon wave of thundering sound.

Johnny didn't know what round it was. He'd lost track of the rounds, just as he'd lost track of the number of times he'd been knocked down. He remembered Stan O'Mara's contemptuous "Don't be a chump, kid. Take a dive! You're out of your class tonight—" as they had tied up in a clinch.

Johnny's answer to that had been a stinging chop to O'Mara's jaw. The big Irishman's eyes had angered. "O.K., kid—if you want to take it—"

So Johnny kept taking it, but after each knockdown he was a little slower getting up. Each time it required a greater goading of will power, for he knew then he'd never be a champ. There was something he lacked—some indefinable quality of championship that neither courage nor ambition could supply.

Yes, he was licked. Johnny knew it, Stan O'Mara knew it—even Hap Waddell conceded it, as early as the third round.

"Listen, Johnny—don't slug with him," Hap had pleaded, working hurriedly over him in the corner between rounds. "Box

him! Hold him off with that left hand. Give him your left, Johnny!"

Sure, Hap knew what was coming. Hap was trying to save him from a bad beating. Give O'Mara the left hand, box him, ride a bicycle, turn it into a waltz, stand off and play for points like it was a game of cards—

The hell with that! Johnny's contract said fifteen rounds to a decision—it was going to be to a decision, clean cut and final. That roaring mob out there had paid to see a fight—well, they were seeing one, and a damned good one!

But Johnny felt sorry for Hap Waddell. This wasn't only Johnny's dream of a title going up in smoke; it was Hap's dream, too, to see Johnny a champ. They'd come a long way together, he and Hap—up the long hard trail from the cheap club fights to main bouts at the big Arena—

A real guy, Hap. Just a little guy with a bald head and a heart as big as a bass drum. Hap was always broke, a perpetual sucker for the racing forms, but he saw to it that Johnny saved his money.

Yes, Hap was going to take this hard, all right. And Fran—out there, too, watching O'Mara chop down a dream like he was chopping down a tree. It must be tough for Fran—

Johnny was down again. Flat on his face this time—dazed and numb from the swift and merciless impact. This is it! his thoughts wobbled. This is the kayo! Now the roar of the crowd filled the whole sky with boiling waves of sound that made his ears ache.

Johnny moved his arms and legs in spasmodic jerks, intent with a terrible intentness to regain his feet, to throw one more punch. Just one more punch—

What is this quality that makes a man stand up and fight on against hopeless odds, in the face of definite defeat? A simple matter of stubborn pride? A sort of physical ego? An atavistic impulse from those dark eons when all physical combat was a battle to the death?

Whatever it might be, Johnny somehow managed to get back on his feet, and by some miracle of linked nerve and muscle he hoisted himself upright. Dazed into blindness, he swayed forward for several steps before bone and sinew finally revolted. Then he went down, swiftly, almost vertically, as if he had come unjointed.

It seemed only a moment before his eyes were open again. I've been kayoed! Johnny thought. I'm washed up—

People were bending over him. There was Hap Waddell—good old Hap. And Fran—No, it wasn't Fran. Just a girl with blue eyes and a nice smile. And it wasn't Hap, either—just a man with a bald head like Hap's.

Johnny's eyes slued around. He felt light, as though his body had no substance. This wasn't the dressing room



"Oh, Johnny, darling! Good luck. But please don't take any foolish chances. You don't have to be a champion, Johnny—not for me."

under the Arena. No, this was an open-sided tent on a stony hill; what he had taken for the roaring of the mob was the ceaseless pounding of surf on rock.

Then Johnny knew where he was. He was back on Iwo Jima. This was a field hospital—the blue-eyed girl was a nurse; and the bald-headed man a doctor.

"O.K., son—take it easy," the doctor said in a surprisingly gentle voice. "You're all right. Not a thing to worry about now." And the blue-eyed girl who looked a little like Fran smiled at Johnny as the needle went into his arm.

Johnny saw others in the big tent. There was Lieutenant Bradley, talking to the

gray-haired C. O. They were talking about some guy who had waded singlehanded into a Jap machine-gun nest, and kept getting knocked down by Nip bullets, but getting up again somehow, and still plowing on, tossing hand grenades.

Then they turned and looked at Johnny. And slowly Johnny gathered that this talk had been about him.

But even then it was hard to get it straightened out in his mind. He could remember the beginning of it—that wild charge up the hill—but after the first Nip bullet hit him, the whole thing had become all mixed up with that Stan O'Mara fight, his last bout before enlistment.

He was drowsy now. The needle was taking effect. The C. O. and Lieutenant Bradley were still talking about him. They were going to give him a medal, a very fine medal—the kind they don't hand out every week, even on bloody Iwo Jima. And they were going to send him home.

Johnny relaxed, drawing deep even breaths.

Going home—that would be swell! He'd soon see Fran again—and Hap.

And then the medal. It would be nice to show Hap that medal. And Fran—it might even sort of make up to Fran for his not having what it takes to be a champ.

THE END



On Strobl's election day 70 per cent of its qualified citizens came to vote. Staff Sgt. Mike Rellik (in doorway) guarded the ballot box.

The People Make Their Choice

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

Captain Green, of AMG, had orders to install a government in the conquered town, but nothing was said as to how. So he adopted a unique method—unique, that is, for Naziland—and got surprising results

WHAT would you do if you were a young American Army captain suddenly set down as military governor of a German county, or *Kreis*, containing, perhaps, a small town and a scattered population on outlying farms?

You are, let's say, between twenty-seven and thirty-five years old. Five years ago you may have been a year out of Dartmouth, or Leland Stanford, or the University of Wisconsin, and taking military training. Or maybe you are a little older, and have had a job. Maybe you were interested in politics—and maybe you never cared a hoot about politics.

Probably—but not certainly—you have had an orientation course in military government at Charlottesville, Virginia. There you have learned about a territory which you have been "pin-pointed" to govern after victory. You have learned something about German history, culture, and man-

ners; German economics; quite a lot about the rise and life of Nazism. Since then you have been in the war, commanding Americans, taking your risks with shot and shell, sloughing through mud along with the others. And you've known the great moment when you marched into Germany.

But now you are sitting in Ebenhausen, or Rosenheim, or Seefeld, or any other one of the hundreds of *Kreise* and towns governed by American officers. This place you will govern—for how long, you don't know.

You will be constantly tempted. You're the most important person in the community. You probably live in the finest villa in the place, either individually or as a member of an officers' corps, for the U. S. Army has the power of requisition and wants its officials to live well. You have servants, good furniture, and all the amenities the community can afford. You will be offered hunting on the best estates. And you also have power, and you are young. The most beautiful women will seek you out, some to gain influence and security, others for political reasons. You will be lonely for women and self-discipline is going to be hard to keep.

You've got an office—probably in the local *Landrat*, or town hall. Your telephone will reach the higher-ups who govern the province and those above who govern a whole German state—and no one else. You've got a lot of other American officers in your neighborhood who are not attached to your office, nor under your command. There is the Counter-Intelligence Corps which is busy trying to track down

Nazis and get information which eventually will be at your disposal. There's the Psychological Warfare Board, which is under Brigadier General Robert A. McClure, but is largely a civilian corps with the duty of furnishing information to the German people. It comes into your area in the form of radio programs and sometimes German-language newspapers dropped by plane.

The roads are being patrolled and traffic on the town streets managed by Corps headquarters, which is strictly military.

But for the German people living in your district you are the legislature, the information bureau, the court of last appeal, the whole government show.

Ten to one you don't know a word of German, or, if you do, it's not the kind your new subjects talk. They speak German German, and a lot of them speak local dialect which even a German from another province has difficulty in understanding.

These Germans are completely disorganized. If the local Nazi *Bürgermeister*, *Gauleiter*, and what not haven't left before you arrive, it's your duty to oust them. Your first job is to create a new government, by appointment, purged of all Nazi Party members and ardent Nazi spirits, and to put real anti-Nazis into all important offices.

Right away you must find a translator—and he is going to be the most important factor in your relative success or certain failure. He sits in the outer office and admits or bars all the Germans who will come a-running the moment the Military Government sign appears on the building, under the American flag. They are going

to crowd in to see you with every conceivable kind of problem, request, advice, and demand, personal and political. The translator holds the power of life and death over all these problems and wants. He can let in his friends and keep out his enemies. If he has strong prejudices about people, he can wreck their cases by the way he translates what they say.

The translator has to be found in the community, and the number of persons who speak accurate English won't afford you much choice.

When you have opened and staffed your office, you next have to appoint a German local government. Here your directives are explicit, but only in a negative way. To all offices you must appoint Germans who never have been Nazi Party members or ardent Nazi sympathizers, or you must accept or veto names recommended to you by the German head of the new anti-Nazi government.

THE government you appoint is not a real government anyway. It's a German administration for the policies you must promote, according to directives laid down at "higher levels." Its members have no power except by your consent and signature. You can remove them from office. And you, of course, make no policies either. Your power in your town is only delegated power. The Allied Control Council, however, has power as absolute as Hitler ever held, and you are its agent.

You must immediately sort out Nazis from anti-Nazis or non-Nazis. But how?

If you just start out looking for self-admitted Nazis, you will find there aren't any! If anyone ever joined the party, he did it only because "if I didn't, I couldn't keep my job in any administrative office, and so, of course, what can a man do who has to support a wife and children?" After all, he never concerned himself, he will assure you, with politics. He just did his duty in the role for which he had been trained. He was a statistician wearing a party button, not a party member in the alpaca coat of a statistician. You'll probably look tolerantly on a number of such persons for small positions.

But in a short time that outer office is going to be full of people come to tell you that the harmless statistician is a wolf in sheep's clothing; that when he was working for Gauleiter X, he threatened his neighbors with Dachau or Mauthausen or other murder camps if they did this or that harmless thing. And others, some even with concentration-camp records, will tell you that the clerk in question is all right, and that, on the contrary, the denouncers are the same people who used to denounce anti-Nazis to the Gauleiter.

If you are lucky, you will find somewhere in your area, in some overlooked party file, a fairly up-to-date list of party members. But the likelihood is that you won't, for party files were destroyed more thoroughly than military files. You will therefore probably start by picking the old local mayor, *Landrat*, and other top officials, who were ousted when the Nazis came in in 1933. You can at least accept the Nazi judgment on them.

This is what most military governors have done. They have dug up the old officials out of concentration camps or out of retirement. The difficulty with most of them is that they are old. The German Republic did not encourage youth in office, which may be one reason why it failed, and the then fifty- or sixty-year-old officials are now graybeards.

Many of them, furthermore, don't want the jobs. Some feel themselves too old and tired; others—though they won't tell you so—doubt the possibility of governing efficiently without responsibility for policies,

and don't want to risk the criticism that poor administration would bring. Some, too, are recalcitrant democrats who don't believe in military government of any kind. But it doesn't matter, really, whether they want the job or not, for your word is law. You can order anybody into any position within your jurisdiction. If he refuses, you can cut off his ration card or take even more drastic action.

When you have your top men, you will probably set out taking a census, consisting of asking all residents over the age of twenty-one to register and fill out a questionnaire.

If you are governing a small town with surrounding country, you will soon find out that "residents" is no synonym for "inhabitants." For the German city dwellers have poured into the country to escape bombings, and every small town is packed full of Berliners, Munichers, or Frankfurters. You aren't going to pick your German administration from people who may leave when they get the chance, but you want those who do stay to have some voice in the way the administration functions.

In the questionnaire you will ask whether the person registering has ever been a member of the Nazi Party. If he's a native citizen, he will probably tell the truth, because his neighbors will know.

But when you finally have a German

administration it's still going to drop all the hot potatoes into your lap. It has no real authority, anyhow. Its tenure of office doesn't depend on pleasing the people it governs, but on pleasing you. It doesn't know you very well, nor can it guess your reactions. Eventually, in all probability, you will go away, but its members will stay in the community. Therefore they will make no decisions that might exceed their authority or prejudice them in the eyes of their neighbors.

And so you get right back around the circle, to certain principles of democracy, namely, that just government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, that even a military governor can govern well only through popular instruments, and that any other form of government becomes either do-nothing or abusive.

So, at least, it seemed to young Captain James Green of Chatham, Virginia, who found himself sitting in the little town of Strobl, in the Austrian Salzkammergut, facing problems like these. He happened to be in Austria, but his directives were identical with those for American zones of Germany.

Captain Green took the usual steps to get himself a German administration. He had two advantages: the Nazis had fled, leaving behind a party list which fell into

(Continued on page 60)



On the same day all citizens, young and old, took part in a religious procession.

Count Ten, Harrigan!

Always count ten, was Kate Harrigan's motto—then leave 'em have all you've got. But she never got past four the morning she found the soldier sleeping in her parlor—the man she'd been trying to hate for a whole year

BY EDWIN RUTT

I AM the first to agree that in these stormy days it is nice to have our armed forces ubiquitous, as Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls might put it. I mean, ordinarily I can whip up the winsome smile for soldier or sailor, marine, flier, or paratrooper wherever I run across him. But even the patriotism of a Harrigan gets a bit wan when she finds herself paying rent on a foxhole at 11 A. M. of a Saturday.

Incidentally, it's Kate Harrigan of Brooklyn, N. Y. And omission of cracks about that being practically in the United States will be appreciated by same.

But re this Saturday—Morpheus has me in fond embrace on account my boss at the defense plant passes a remark the night before.

"You look like the fag end of a bad dream, Kate," the boss says. "You need a day off. Show up here tomorrow and you're fired."

Tactful, huh! But it's true. All year we've gone all out, Sundays and holidays included, to the confusion of Hitler, Hirohito, & Associates. And the sheen of the ashen-and-gold Harrigan hair has become tarnished. Likewise the blue Harrigan eyes. In brief, this colleen is lackluster. Wherefore I take the boss at his word.

And I am ten to one to pound the downy come Michaelmas until the city starts drilling for a new subway just north of my bedroom.

At least, before my eyes open, I blame the racket on the borough fathers. But then I really come to. Right there I arise.

It is a snore, that's what. A plain old-fashioned snore. And proceeding from my living room.

At the threshold I skid to a stop.

The first thing out of order is a pair of G. I. shoes basking on the floor at the end of my couch. The second, and waving graciously over the portside arm of said couch, are two sock-clad feet.

Well, we Harrigans like to get the whole story before soaring into hysterics. I step smartly forward.

And there is the whole G. I. He is vaguely familiar.

My first impulse is to lay hold of a uni-

formed arm and yank. But I check it. "Count ten, Harrigan!" I says.

That is because I am instructed since childhood by my cousin Dinny, who is now on the force.

"Always count ten, Kate," Dinny says, "then leave 'em have all you got."

"One, two, three, four—" I begins.

But maybe I'm too loud. For the G. I. rolls over, yawns, and opens his eyes. Then a grin spreads over his face.

"Hiya, Harrigan," he says.

I emit a shriek. "Lester Potts!" I manage, on the crescendo.

"That's right," says Lester. "Long time no see, Kate."

I draw myself up. This Potts is practically the only representative of the United Nations to whom I do not open heart and hospitality.

"What are you doing here, Lester Potts?" I inquires icily.

"That," Lester says, "is the two-dollar question. I am sleeping. At least, I was, till you charged in like a barefooted jeep."

"Well," I barks, "you get out of here! How did you get in, anyway?"

Lester stretches luxuriously. "I'm out, I'm in," he says. "But I came via the fire escape. I know the location of your apartment very well, Kate. Many's the night—"

"Skip that!" I cuts in dangerously.

"Sure," says Lester with equanimity. "Well, knowing that you would probably not admit me, I found the fire escape."

"Lester Potts," I says, "you put your shoes on and scram. You've got a crust like the Ward Baking Company."

He surveys me placidly. "Don't you think," he says, "we could confer better if you put some clothes on. I seen—"

"Saw," I interrupts.

"O.K.," says Lester. "But I seen pictures of the Yalta Conference not nobody—not Roosevelt or Churchill or Joe Stalin—is trying to put over a big deal in his nightgown. What is more—"

"Eeek!" I says, aware of my condition for the first time. I depart like a jinn.

When I return I am decent in dark blue silk and slippers. I am also decided. I want no reopening of negotiations with Lester



Potts, because I know that slow smile of his and the way his gray eyes sort of warm up when he looks at me are just blinds for a nature as fickle as quicksilver.

"I mean it, Lester," I says. "Kindly pass out by the nearest exit. You and I are washed up."

"You condemn me unheard," he says.

"There is nothing," I says frostily, "for me to hear. I simply remember that I suffered public humiliation at your hands."

"Precisely," Lester says, *à la* Falstaff Openshaw, "why I am here. I called you that same night, Kate, to explain. And you wouldn't answer. Subsequently you hung up on me twenty-two times. I counted 'em." He shifts on the couch. "Then the Army moved me to another base. This saved me dough in phone calls. But I wrote you. Seventeen letters. They all came back—unopened."

Well, that needs clarification.

A year ago I meet this Potts in a canteen. And just what Potts has got to shake me clear to the heels I wouldn't know.

He seems to have the heart touch, that get-under-the-skin business which always stretches us Irish on the canvas.

Like the nice but completely unsentimental way he refers to his mother and father. Mom and Dad, Lester says in the canteen, the swellest people in Jamaica, Long Island, where he comes from. Going to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary soon. And will I help him buy a present for Mom? And Dad likewise? Though he knows what Dad would want. Something for fishing. Alongside of Dad, Lester informs me, Izaak Walton is a paper hanger.

There's much more, too, after Lester and I start going together. Like flipping the greasy-faced shoeshine kid an extra dime when the shine itself only costs a nickel. And buying me bunches of pansies off an old woman outside a certain subway entrance.

Pansies, no less! But until The Night, Lester Potts' pansies mean more to me than any orchid.

The Night, however, tears everything to bits.

On this ill-fated eve he takes me to a place called the Crystal Club. We scarcely seat ourselves when I become aware of a flock of people at two long tables which have been shoved together. And then, suddenly, a streamline in blondes detaches herself from this uproarious delegation and falls on my escort like he is a loose ball.

"Why, Lester Potts!" she exclaims. "Am I dreaming? I haven't seen you for six—no, seven years."

"It's a lot of years all right, Clara." Lester gets the slow smile working. "Meet Kate Harrigan, Clara."

"We've just come from a wedding, Lester," states the blonde. "Mickey McGivney's. You remember her?"

Sure, Lester remembers. He and Clara remember a lot of other things too. But I am not in it. I can be something posted there by the management.

(Continued on page 92)



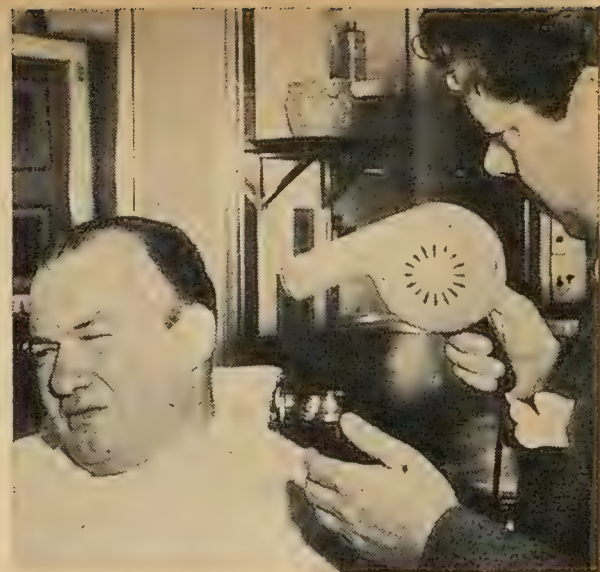
"What are you doing here, Lester Potts?" I inquires icily. "That," Lester says, "is the two-dollar question."



"Sailor" Vincent waits for his make-up—



till Perc Westmore gives him an earful.



Fancy touches make it a cauliflower ear.

They're a queer cult, the Hollywood stunt men. They scare movie audiences out of their wits, yet rarely get hurt, and when they're wounded they bleed chocolate. It's all a matter of technique

EVER hear of the hardpans of Hollywood? They are the stunt men, those tough cookies who are called in whenever a brawl is to be staged for the movies. These are the descendants of the Keystone Cops who once faced death and dismemberment for three dollars a day. But these men get a minimum of thirty-five dollars a day. Stunt men on B pictures often make more than the actors.

Hollywood stunt men are a law unto themselves. With no union and no agents, they have no union dues or agents' fees

to pay. Years ago, the three top stunt men set the basic prices which still hold, although bargaining is always in order. For a straight fight where he can fake blows and pull punches, a stunt man gets the minimum thirty-five dollars a day; but if there is anything fancy, like toppling off a balcony, the price goes higher. Allan Pomeroy, one of the leading stunt men, got \$800 for one day's fight scenes in Warner Brothers' *Manpower* when he did his fighting on high-tension-wire towers. Jack Parker and Eddie Parker, who doubled for

Randolph Scott and John Wayne in the famous fight sequence in *The Spoilers*, got \$150 a day. Car skidding and speeding draw a minimum seventy-five dollars. Car turn-overs are priced at \$300, but if the car has no top, the price rises to \$500. Cliff Lyons performed Hollywood's highest-priced stunt several years ago when for \$1,700 he jumped off a sixty-foot cliff on horseback for a scene in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Jesse James*.

Stunt men are called directly by the company needing them, not—like extras—by Central Casting. They are insured by the studios, as few insurance companies will risk insuring them. This studio insurance gives them hospital expenses, medical care, plus twenty-five dollars a week. In cases of serious injury, settlements may amount to \$2,000.

The hardpans of Hollywood had a field day in Saratoga Trunk when they banged approximately 4,500 balsawood pickaxes, shovels, and railroad ties over one another's noggins. When the director called camera on what sequence, twenty-seven guys were carted off to the hospital.

It took two weeks to film the fight scenes in *Saratoga Trunk*. The sequence required 150 stunt men, plus seventy extras who were upped from their usual ten fifty a day to the minimum stunt wage of thirty-five dollars. Perc Westmore, the famous pan changer of Hollywood, would start at 6 A. M. painting the lilies. Chocolate syrup, simulating blood, flowed freely in Westmore's make-up booth. Scars made out of collodion, broken noses accomplished by inserting a filbert in the nostril, and cauliflower ears made of latex were the order of the day. Extras who a week before had waltzed in the swanky ballroom sequences of *White Cliffs of Dover* now resembled cutthroat pugs from water-front dives. Professional stunt men look down their broken noses at these extras who fight



In Saratoga Trunk, hardpans conked one another so hard that some went to a hospital.



Next he gets a good deep scar.



Then Perc gives "Sailor" a black eye—



dark eyebrows, a deep scar, a mustache—

their heads off for that thirty-five a day. "Stunt men rarely get a scratch," says Sailor Vincent. "They know their timing. But the minute a studio sticks in a lot of green extras, somebody gets hurt." Not all the blood that flowed on Stage Nine for two weeks came from chocolate bottles.

Cliff Lyons, Duke Green, Sailor Vincent, and Harvey Perry were among the top stunt men who slugged it out in *Saratoga Trunk*. "The nearest we came to an accident," says Perry, who used to double for Jimmy Cagney, "was when Cliff and Duke were fighting in front of the blazing railroad engine. The action called for Cliff to knock Duke into some burning debris, setting his clothes on fire. Duke made a bad fall and got stuck in the flames. Cliff, stunned, just stood and stared at him. 'Hey, you jerk,' yelled Duke, 'I'm burning to death! Do something!' Cliff came to and dragged him out. The action stayed in the picture, but a quick cut to another angle covered the ad lib dialogue."

Stunt men were usually athletes first—swimmers, lifeguards, fighters, football and baseball players. Most of them are perfectly content to remain stunt men until age or an injury forces them to retire. Then they become extras and bit players. One stunt man—Lou Costello—became a star.

QUALIFICATIONS of the stunt man are exacting. He must have perfect timing, know how to rig his stunts for maximum safety, know camera angles, know how to double and how to pull his punches. "Professional prizefighters," says Allan Pomeroy, who did the Jap snipers' falls from forty-foot palm trees in *Guadalcanal Diary*, "have never been able to do good fight scenes for pictures because they don't know how to pull punches, time their punches, or fall with a punch, and they don't keep their faces away from the camera. Certainly a stunt man knows fear. We say a lot of prayers. But, contrary to what most people think, we are *not* sluggish expugs. We rig our own stunts, and therefore *know* we will be safe. Some stunt men specialize on horse tricks, others on leaping into nets, others on skidding cars. But most stunt men can do everything."

Although they are by far the most colorful guys in the business, stunt men are the least publicized, which is the way the studios want it. The public is supposed to believe that the Errol Flynns, Robert Taylors, George Rafts, and Ray Millands of the screen really face death without batting an eyelash. And stunt men don't care who gets the glory so long as they get the checks. In the old days Pearl White, Kathleen Williams, Helen Holmes, and others actually did their own stunts—jumped out of burning buildings, hung from trains, and fought wild animals. But

about twenty years ago Harold Lloyd, working in a Lonesome Luke comedy at the Hal Roach studio, injured two fingers in an ill-timed stunt involving a dynamite explosion. The producers decided that it would be cheaper to hire doubles than to risk having production held up by injuring actors.

"The thing a stunt man hates most," says Billy Rose, one of Hollywood's better stunt men, "is to dress in drag." Which means, in the trade, to dress in women's clothes. Billy had to double for Nazimova in the sequence in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* where the bridge collapses. Just as he was taking his place on the bridge, Nazimova eyed him closely and said, "My God, do I look that good!" He almost missed the net.

SAILOR VINCENT, who has probably doubled for every robust star in Hollywood, doesn't mind doubling for women. He thinks some of his best doubling was done for Elsa Maxwell when that party-thrower made a series of shorts at Warner Brothers. "Elsa," says Sailor, "was extremely jealous of my figure."

Vincent won the all-Navy welterweight title in 1923, and later fought professionally in Hollywood. His specialty is falling backward off cliffs, though he can do anything in the stunt field, and has been doing it since 1931. "Everything is timing," he says. "If you rush things, you get hurt. Serious accidents are rare in big stunts. Silly little things cause accidents—most of the fellows get hurt when they are just horsing around on the sets. Everything looks so easy to the fresh kids who get jobs as extras and want to earn more money by trying stunts. They look at the balding heads of the professionals and they say, 'Gee, I'm in better condition than he is!' They don't know that we have worked at our job ten to fifteen years and know the timing perfectly."

The hardest Sailor was ever hit in a picture, and the only time he was knocked out cold in a fight sequence, was when he was conked on the bean by the late May Robson. "What a punch the old lady had!" he says. "She nearly knocked my head off."

Sailor lives with his wife and son in a cottage in Burbank near the Warner Brothers studio, where he works steadily. He likes nothing better than to wear his make-up home and scare the neighbors. He got his best reaction two years ago when, made up as a Jap general, he got out of his car in the dusk and noticed his next-door neighbor watering her lawn. Slipping up behind her, he hissed, "So sorry—scuse, please." The poor woman fainted dead away. "She thought," said Sailor delightedly, "that the Japs had landed."

THE END



tops them off with a new head of hair—



and draws blood (it's chocolate syrup).



So now he's made up for the fight scene.

OPERATION HOME RUN

By S/Sgt. Maurice Barrangon and Samuel Taylor



OFFICIAL PHOTO U. S. A.A.F.

Men and women from a small English town near the air base wave good by to air men of the U. S. Eighth Air Force as they leave for home.

Moving out a big American air base in Britain means more than just packing the suitcases. A thousand things need doing and there are roots to be severed. Sometimes they have grown pretty deep

THEY don't talk. All over the base, in the offices, in the huts on the line where the ground crews live beside their B-24 bombers, in the mess halls and the Red Cross clubs, the men have little to say. Only the squawk of the Tannoy and the smell of smoke make the thing real. You can tell a bomber base that's moving out by the smell of burning paper.

At intervals of a few minutes the Tannoy horns crackle and the booming voice sounds off with another directive, echoing in the living sites and rolling across the airfield: "All flight crews and passengers of the 786th Squadron will bring their baggage to squadron supply at thirteen hundred hours to be weighed in. I repeat: All flight crews . . ."

This is the 466th Bomber Group (H), a Liberator group of the Second Division stationed at Attlebridge, just outside Norwich, England. The "H" means heavy bombardment. The first mission this outfit ever flew was Berlin. They flew the climactic bombing attacks that broke Germany. They were in at the death. Now they have one more mission to fly, a very final mission, because the planes, once air-borne, will not return to Attlebridge.

At Eighth Air Force headquarters the thing is known as Operation Home Run,

and the plan is for the bombers to fly the Atlantic, taking home their combat crews and all the passengers they can carry. Twenty men will ride in each of these Libs. That is, if they ever get off. The mission has been "scrubbed" twice: postponed one day, then another.

The Tannoy horns blare again: "Attention. Attention. All flight crews and passengers of planes one to forty-four will be at their planes at ought nine hundred hours tomorrow. Medical inspection will be at ought nine thirty. Customs inspection at ten. Take-off at eleven. I repeat: All flight crews . . ."

This is it. We hope.

"Get a picture of a G. I. saying good-by to an English girl," says the sergeant in the Public Relations office. "You got to get the G. I. and the English girl. It's corn, but it's good."

They have a joke, these men who are about to fly home. It has to do with the voyage home.

"You climb into that airplane and you may get no farther than Cambridge."

Know what that means?

Cambridge is where the American dead are buried. There, in a vast burial ground in the English university town, lie the men of the Eighth Air Force who died in

England, or whose Fortresses and Liberators limped home with them after they had died in action. The medics know about that. They took turns driving the trip to Cambridge, and it wasn't always a combat man in the back of the ambulance. These big warplanes demand lives, whether you flew in them or serviced them on the ground. Names on two of the crosses at Cambridge are those of the line mechanics who were asleep in a tent at Knettishall when a crippled Fort careened off the runway, crossed the perimeter, and rolled its left wheel through the tent, the number two propeller slicing ahead of the wheel. Those things happened. Mechanics, armament men, truck drivers, radio men, clerks—the little white crosses are in neat rows that seem endless.

The boys hope they've seen the last of Cambridge.

The airfield is waiting, quiet and careful. This is no time for anything to go wrong, not now, with home maybe a week away. Men drive their jeeps with care. They live right. It's no time to get sick or talk out of turn or goof off. On the surface they are elaborately calm.

The base is divided into men who are flying and men who are going by boat. They have heard that their advance plane turned back from Greenland with a feathered propeller, and the parachute rigger who tells you about it says he heard they jettisoned all their baggage.

"I may turn up back here with less luggage and a thousand more gray hairs." A non-flier seated on one of the tables asks, "What are you crying about? I got to go



The Flying Joker and twelve of the twenty persons who made up its crew and passengers on the flight to America.



G.I.s in love with English girls find it hard to say good-by. They'd even be willing to be left behind.

home in just a little flat-bottomed boat."

"Never mind. We'll pin-point all the biggest icebergs for you."

"Says you! We'll pick you up out of those dinghies as we go by."

The airplanes are ready. They are no longer parked at their hardstands where they used to sit dispersed. Now they are lined along the short runways, wing tip to wing tip, a strafing pilot's dream. But the war is over, German intruder planes are junk to be disposed of by the occupation Air Force and the Military Government, and the Libs of the 466th wait here in neat rows, bright paint on their engine cowlings, little yellow bombs freshly painted on their noses.

At the beginning the crew chiefs were handed a long list of modifications that had to be completed before the transatlantic mission. Ball turrets came out, bomb bays were fitted with wooden platforms for the luggage. Was there an engine that threw oil or didn't sound just right? Yank it out; hand up a new one. Rules said there could be no rebuilt engine with more than 250 hours, nor any new engine with more than 540. Each plane has been put on scales and reweighed, and has flown a fuel-consumption test.

Every time one of these four-engined babies gets off the runway her crew chief is aboard. You can't pry him loose from his ship, not these days. He's flying the Atlantic in her.

S-1 is in a state of collapse. That's Administration, where they do the paper work, cutting orders for the mimeograph machines. It takes 75,000 copies of orders

to move this base. There are travel orders for each man—twenty copies. Ten certificates with each plane, certifying that this and that has been complied with. First landing will be at a lonely place called Valley, on the coast of Wales, where they come under the direction of Air Transport Command, and if there is one paper missing from one plane—one paper of the 500 necessary for each plane—chaos and disaster. They might even send the whole fleet back to Attlebridge.

The lieutenant colonel in charge of S-1 thinks he's got this licked.

"Right at the last," he says, "I'm going to cut an order stating that I am God. Then, if we need more orders on the way, I can issue them."

OF the 3,000 men at the base, about 50 per cent will travel by air—seventy-two planes, twenty men to a plane. Most of the rest will follow two or three weeks later by boat. Left behind will be a holding party of five officers and twenty men who will give buildings and grounds a final cleaning up—the U. S. Army goes to great lengths to leave a place clean and orderly—and play a part in the ceremony of turning the field back to the British. Strange as it may seem, it hasn't been difficult to find men eager to stay behind. The volunteers are men who have married English girls, have become engaged to English girls, or are just in love. Little is expected from that last group, but at least they are volunteers.

Again today there is smoke. It curls up from old rusty oil drums where papers are

being burned. Those letters from home—the men read them one last time and toss them into the oil drums. They're too much to carry. So are quantities of stuff in the department files, and literally tons of paper from the secret files of S-2. Intelligence officers have been wielding rakes, stoking the bonfires.

The Tannoy is squawking again:

"Attention. All crews and passengers of the 786th Squadron will meet at their planes at fourteen thirty hours for ditching drill. I repeat: All crews and passengers..."

"Put in something about a G. I. saying good-by to an English girl," says the Public Relations sergeant. "I know it's corn, but you got to have it. It's what the public wants."

"Attention. Attention. There will be a briefing of all pilots and navigators at eight thirty hours in the number two briefing room. I repeat: There will be a briefing..."

Our pilot is a boy named Peace, if you can believe it: Captain Stuart M. Peace, Jr., of Chattanooga, Tennessee. He is tall, good-looking, and twenty-three, and he sits down in front in the briefing room, following everything, studying every chart and diagram that is passed around. He flew thirty-five bombing missions, then became assistant Group Operations officer, and how he could do all this and still have his smile and good nature is beyond knowing. But you understand how he could do those things and survive as you watch how seriously he takes this transatlantic milk run.

In accordance with ATC requirements,

Peace has logged twenty hours of instrument flying within the past ninety days, and five hours of night flight within thirty days. It's all certified somewhere in the vast pile of papers to go aboard the ship. Our navigator, Lieutenant Robert D. Petersen of St. Paul, Minnesota, has on his record the necessary two night celestial missions—"star fixes"—within thirty days.

There is no flak map at today's briefing. There is only a weather map. There scarcely needs to be a briefing, since the pilots have twice before been ready to take off. The weather officer makes his report:

"The stuff's looking pretty good today. High cumulus, five to seven tenths. Six to eight thousand, tops. Winds 260 to 270 degrees.

"For today, change your mag heading from 301 to 318. Your call letters are U. S. Army plus the last four numbers of your aircraft."

Today's flight is to Valley, a matter of a couple of hours, and then ATC will decide whether the planes fly the northern or southern route. They expect to fly north: Valley to Meeks (Iceland), to Goose Bay (Labrador), to Bradley Field (Windsor Locks, Connecticut). After that, nothing matters.

The commanding officer speaks. He is Colonel Elvin S. Ligon of Kirkwood, Missouri, and he is going to fly the last plane out. He hopes he won't have to pick up stragglers. He reminds the pilots that they are responsible for everything and everybody on their planes, for the inspection of baggage and for the conduct of their men at ATC bases where they land. All men will be in Class A uniform whenever they leave the airplanes.

"I'm quite sure that anybody who hollers 'scrub' today will be shot. It looks like you'll get off. There will be no lunch for anybody. Even if take-off is delayed, no man, nobody at all, is to leave his plane. See to it that your crews understand that. Good luck to you all."

OUR plane is number four on the take-off list, and the jeep rolls us the full length of the runway lined with planes, half a mile of Liberators wing tip to wing tip. The names are fresh-painted: Fran, Sugar, Piccadilly Lilly, Sky Pirates, Grand Slam, Doc Patch Clipper. These are the ships in which the boys flew into battle. Near the end of the line is the famous Slick Chick, with 115 bombs painted on her fuselage.

Dixie is our ship, with eighty-seven combat missions. In a burst of dignity they've painted one small bomb, and under it the figure 87. That's on the left, near the navigator's window. On the right, the picture of the girl has been brightened with fresh colors.

It is eight fifty, and you never saw so many men hurrying to a formation. The men of each crew line up under the right wing of their plane, their baggage in front of them. Patiently each man responds to questions, submits to the medical examination, opens his luggage for inspection, signs papers. Talk is nervous and subdued.

Maybe it makes a difference that these men were a late group in the Eighth Air Force, flying all their combat in the days of fighter escort. They came over here in March, 1944. You ask them about their worst day, and they say Brunswick—the marshaling yards at Brunswick. They sent out twenty-one planes and lost six. Well, every bomber base has its bad day. Drive across East Anglia to the 388th, a Fortress group from away back, and the name that makes them wince is Stuttgart. On September 6, 1943, they sent twenty-one planes on a mission to Stuttgart and got back seven. That was before we had fighter escort that could go all the way.

It's time to get aboard. Every man must have his parachute harness on and the leg straps fastened—that's orders. Here in the waist section, behind the bomb bays, are the ground men, the passengers. The flight crew is up front. The co-pilot appears, sticking his head up through the rear hatch.

"Where's the two fellows who are going to throw that life raft out?" he asks. "Do you know who you are?"

There is silence. It develops that the two men assigned to throw out the life raft are now up front. The co-pilot looks unhappy.

"Who's going to throw the radio out?"

"Here, sir."

So if we have to ditch, the radio will get thrown out. When, as, and if. The co-pilot ducks out and we slam the hatch shut. There is a dull chugging sound and vibration runs through the ship. The engines.

Not one of them likes this overloaded take-off, and it's not because they're reluctant to leave the base. Not a man looks out the window except to see the ground safely away. On the take-off we

simply huddle grimly and listen to the straining roar of the engines.

Well, we're off. Relax now and squirm into a more comfortable position.

The sergeant in Public Relations was disappointed. "I'm sorry you didn't get a picture of a G. I. saying good-by to an English girl," he said at breakfast. "I'll see if I can get one and mail it to you. You gotta have it."

"Navigator to crew. Navigator to crew. That city off the right wing is Nottingham."

Nobody stirs. Nottingham would be the town where Robin Hood used to put in for a mild-and-bitter. Or was it the sheriff who hung out there? The crew couldn't care less.

Because this crew list contains twenty names, it is twice as "Grand Hotel" as the usual bomber-crew list of ten men. Up front we have Peace, Campbell, Petersen, Spurlock, Slayton, York, Mohr, Morrell, Northstein, Langley. Those are the "flying status" men, the boys with the wings. Back here in the waist we have Taylor, Durst, Grosch, Johnson, Slaugen-

(Continued on page 62)



Their job in England is finished and the Stars and Stripes is lowered in retreat, while, l. to r., Lt. Richard E. Huyek and S/Sgt. George Vazna stand at attention.

In this attractive Insurance Center, families can stop and shop for insurance just as they shop for their groceries.

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

Heretofore insurance was almost always sold—rarely bought. Now one big company has reversed its field, with results that promise to be happy for all concerned



PHOTO BY WILLIAM LEFTWICH

Over-the-Counter Insurance

THROUGH all these long years, insurance has been sold—rarely bought. There's even a story about it. The business man late for luncheon explains that he just bought a policy.

"Accident?" queries his friend.

"Yes," he admits. "I accidentally ran into an insurance agent."

The records prove that few people voluntarily search out an agent, and probably fewer still buy the insurance they think they need. Part of this reluctance may stem from the physical set-up of the business. Few policyholders ever visit the imposing home offices, and branch offices, anything but imposing, are usually tucked away on upper floors of office buildings.

As a result, insurance companies have reached their clients and prospects mainly through canvassers or by direct mail. Business being good and insurance companies conservative, little was ever done to improve the system.

Little, that is, until last January, when Bennett Moore, progressive vice-president of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., a casualty insurance concern, thought up a merchandising innovation and persuaded his company to give it a try in a typical small community—Hempstead, Long Island. If his experiment succeeds, and the records already indicate that it has, the idea may revolutionize the whole field of insurance merchandising.

Moore's plan was simply to go about selling insurance as you would sell groceries, carpet tacks, or women's ready-to-wear. That is, open an accessible shop, display your line, and let those who want it come and get it. The theory behind all

this was that you don't have to push people into buying insurance any more than you'd have to coerce them into buying a ham sandwich.

Once sold on the theory, Liberty Mutual decided to do the experiment up in style. They rented ground-floor space in a central building in Hempstead, hired an architect to conjure up an attractive store front with big windows and inch-thick glass doors, and topped it off with the large outspoken sign, "Insurance Center." They graced the modern interior with colorful photographic murals depicting the advantages of being insured, and installed projectors in the rear to show films on safety.

Early in January the company moved from its sixth-story office in the next block, hired more help, published full-page advertisements in the local papers, invited town officials and civic leaders to a luncheon, and expectantly opened the doors of its insurance store.

The first customer to walk in, morosely ankled up to the receptionist's desk and tried to pay his income tax. The second wanted additional gasoline-ration coupons, and the third reported difficulties with her telephone service. All were equally astonished at finding themselves in an insurance store—"where you buy insurance" as Manager Stuart Hatchell persistently explained.

In the ensuing months the percentage of customers who dropped in to discuss their insurance problems steadily grew, and the number who wanted to utilize this simple, accessible method of buying insurance grew with it. The store got a good deal of unsolicited publicity in the local press, and more by word of mouth. As one con-

tented customer remarked, "It's amazing. I was in there for half an hour, surrounded by fifteen insurance salesmen, and nobody tried to sell me a policy!"

Last July, six months after the store opened, the company dragged out the ledger and checked results. It was able to report that its dollar volume business in the Hempstead Insurance Center had increased 70 per cent over the corresponding period of 1944—far more than in any of its other offices. Thus encouraged, the company hastened to open a similar center in Atlanta, Georgia, plan others for New Haven, Connecticut; Peoria, Illinois; and White Plains, New York; and arrange for many others as soon as it can get men, materials, and locations.

Competition being what it is in insurance, it will not be surprising if other companies follow suit.

According to Liberty Mutual, direct merchandising of insurance should reduce selling costs, with ultimate benefit to both the company and the buyer. In the second place, it simplifies dealings between the company and claimants. In Hempstead, for example, a claimant can walk in, present a bill for the repair of a piece of personal property which he has insured, and collect on the spot. Naturally, not all claims can be paid as simply as that, but in most cases a tremendous amount of unnecessary expense and rigamarole is avoided. Furthermore, the company believes that many veterans, and in particular disabled men, will be able to find new careers in selling and servicing insurance policies.

THE END

Boston Tryout

She wanted Bill — and marriage. But she wanted a stage career too. It took one show to make up her mind — or should we say make it up for her?

BY MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JONES

THIS was part of it, this being stared at. There were photographers at the station platform when the train pulled in, and a crowd collected in no time at all. Of course they hadn't taken her picture. They'd grouped the principals around Avery, the producer, snapped the comedian grinning from behind a pile of luggage, posed the lovely Rita Longstreet with an armful of roses. The girl stood near by with the other show girls and watched, and she saw people pointing at her and whispering. She was someone special now, someone apart in the crowd. She was part of a New York show, and for all they knew here in Boston, she might be really important.

Carol Lake touched her arm. "Let's get moving. Taxis are hard to get here." Carol was an old-timer, a veteran of four musicals, and this was her third Boston tryout.

People still stared as the twenty girls, a compact battalion of loveliness, crossed the wide concourse. Near the entrance a one-sheet poster announced in bold lettering: "Victor Avery presents Rita Longstreet in HEAVEN'S ABOVE." Below, in smaller type, were the names of other principals.

"Look," the girl said. "We're expected." "They plaster the town," Carol told her knowingly. "I hear the advance sale's big. A show-hungry town, Boston. There's a lot of the Navy here." She pointed to the lettering at the bottom of the poster: "Plus a Company of America's Most Beautiful Girls." "That's us, Anne," she said. "There's our billing."

The two girls looked at each other and laughed, and Anne Gardiner thought again how lucky she was to have Carol for her special friend. Carol had singled her out at the first rehearsal, when she had felt so lost and alone, and had taken her over, so that before the day ended she was one of the gang, knowing everyone's first name and no one's last, talking backstage jargon and feeling she belonged as much as any of them. Carol was sharing a hotel room with her here in Boston, and later, when the show was a solid hit in New York, they would get a small apartment together. They each did a specialty dance in the show, Anne in the first act and Carol in the second, so they had that in common along with everything else. You make real close friends in show business. Anne thought it must be a little like a soldier fighting through a war and finding one special buddy.

Two cabs filled with girls pulled away,

and while they waited for a third, Jack Reisman, the casting agent, sauntered over. Reisman was her other special friend, a thin wisp of a man with graying hair and a complaining voice. He was her agent and he was also Mr. Avery's confidant and adviser. After he had seen Anne dance — and she had begged him for three months to give her the chance — he had phoned Mr. Avery, and she had known then she was in. "I found you something," Jack Reisman had said to Mr. Avery, and he had let Anne stand by his desk and hear it all. "Kid named Gardiner. Brand new — but she's got it. Specialty dancer. A trick routine that's terrific. And she can work in the line besides. She's a must, Vic."

After two minutes on the phone he'd turned to her and grinned. "You're set," he said. "You're lucky, kid. First try on Broadway, and this happens — and in an Avery show! Live here with your folks?"

"My family is in Ohio. I'm here alone." "Need any cash to see you through rehearsals?"

"I've enough left."

He nodded at her solemnly. "Let me know. I'm an old friend of the family, you know. And don't worry. With me it's business. I get ten per cent of your salary if I keep you healthy."

But it wasn't business, though. It went beyond that and became friendliness and kindness. He'd take her aside at rehearsals and whisper encouragement when she was tired and overwrought. He'd say Mr. Avery thought she was a little better than terrific. That they were giving her specialty a good spot, right before the first-act curtain. That he'd seen the sketches of her costume and it was going to be something. No, it wasn't merely business. Jack Reisman was a real friend. Jack Reisman and Carol Lake. They'd do anything for her.

HE stood before her now, jangling change in his pocket. "You girls booked a room?" he asked.

"At the Touraine," Anne told him.

"Nice place. If you want me for anything, I'm at the Ritz."

"With the big shots."

He grinned. "I got to stroke Avery's brow. At a Boston tryout he gets headaches."

"That's nothing. I get butterflies."

"You'll be all right. We have a set and light rehearsal tonight. Tomorrow we hear the orchestrations. Go and get some rest."

She stretched out in bed in the hotel room, her hand resting across her eyes. Her heart was pounding so. If she felt

such excitement now, what would it be later, when the curtain went up on a stage flooded with light and color? And later still, when they opened in New York before a house packed with celebrities, turned out to see an Avery premiere? Carol sat calmly before the mirror, rubbing cold cream into her face. But Carol was an old-timer. She hadn't appeared only in local shows, with homemade costumes and patched-up scenery and a friendly audience that wanted to like you, no matter what. Carol would go to sleep after the opening and not lie awake all night wondering what the critics would print.

SHE remembered again she must get two sets of newspapers and two programs the morning after opening night. She had envelopes addressed and stamped, ready to go. One set of clippings would go to her family, and one to Bill Waldron back home.

Thinking of Bill, she smiled faintly and the thumping in her heart eased. Bill, and now the memory of Bill, for almost as long as she could remember had always brought this sense of peace and quietude. She had loved him for it once, and perhaps she still did. She wasn't sure any more.

She had known him for so long, all through the teen years and even before. It was Bill who sent her flowers at the high-school plays and saw her home from the dance recitals and local musicals. She had written to him twice every week while he was away overseas, and she was the first to throw her arms around him the day he returned.

She hadn't told him right off what she planned to do. She waited a week, until he was back in civilian clothes. There was gas enough in her car for a drive to Silver Lake. He stretched himself on the sunny slope, watching the summer day die across the lake. She sat beside him, pillowing his head, and when his hands reached up and drew her down to kiss him, she knew she had to speak, in fairness to him.

He let his head fall back and stretched his arms high and smiled. "I got it all back," he said. "A day like this, under this same old tree, and you. There were times when I thought I might not make it."

"I thought you'd change, Bill," she said. "You haven't, have you?"

"Not underneath. Outside—maybe. But a day like this, here with you, can scrub a guy clean of a lot of things and leave him the same as he always was."



"He wants me to go out with him after the show tonight," Carol said. "I suppose it'd be smart. His money's putting the show on."

"Bill," she said, and paused. "Bill, do you still want everything as we planned?"

"Meaning you, and a job with dad, and setting up in a home of our own, maybe in one of the Ridge Manor cottages? Oh, Lord! What else could I want? I'm still me and you're still you."

"I'm not quite the same," she said.

His hands reached to hold her shoulders and he looked steadily for a long time into her blue eyes. "I might have known it couldn't last," he said. "Spill it, Anne. I can take it, I guess."

She talked quickly, her voice low, with a pleading note behind it, and her hand stroked his as she talked. It had nothing to do with the way she felt about him, she said. And it wasn't anything suddenly decided upon. It was something she had to do before she settled down. He could say she was just stage-struck, but it wasn't that.

She loved to dance, and she knew she could dance, and since she'd been entertaining at the near-by servicemen's canteens, a lot of people had told her—

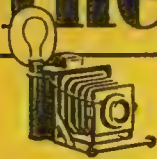
She hurried on as he tried to speak. He needn't look at her like that. Oh, she knew the old line people gave you—you should be on Broadway or you should be in Hollywood. But these were people who should know, and they meant it. So she wanted to try. She'd never be content if she didn't. One show would be enough to tell her if she had real ability.

"And if you have?" he asked quietly.

She drew her hand away from his. "Then I don't know, Bill," she said.

(Continued on page 67)

The Camera Eye



Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



EASY NOW, GIRLS— All this drama only signifies that Lee Wieland (center) won the Miss Chicago title. Although defeated, Pat Wymore (left) looks a lot happier. Elaine Steinbach, the 1944 winner, offers felicitations as one of the comeliest of Chicago's "displaced persons."

WARRIOR OF TOMORROW?—James W. Neilsen, Jr., son of a Navy aviation radioman, takes a long look at some of the men who fought for peace in his time. He's eying the victory parade of some 20,000 infantrymen at Fort McClellan.



MEMORIAL TO A BAD IDEA— Here are some of the 30,000 Nazi rifles the British found in Norway. The spoils also included planes, tanks, trucks, baby subs, and radar equipment.



JUST ONE, PLEASE, MISTER?—We'll try to stop drooling so as to explain that these are civilian tires, first of millions which Akron plants will make within a year. This one's Goodrich.



RECONVERSION PLUS!—G. I. Jim Morris lost his legs below the knees and his right arm at the elbow in an Army bomber crash in 1940. Still, he passed his test to drive a cab in Gary, Indiana. Spirit like that will solve most postwar problems in a hurry.



PERFECT MATCH—Swinging along before the famous Arc de Triomphe, Bernard Sokolowsky and his lovely wife Marian face tomorrow's world confidently. Sergeants both, each has eighty-seven discharge points—maybe unique in all the Army.



THE ARMY DIDN'T PASS THIS BUCK—Hermann Göring's estate yielded this trophy to Brig. Gen. Sidney Hines (left). With him are his host, Col. Demian Koncherov, and an American Red Cross field director.

The little boy knew Jake was a smart trader, but he didn't know he could pass miracles until that glorious day at the village sale when Jake started out with one ornery pig—and wound up with

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to live any more if I didn't get my colt. But I couldn't say twenty-two.



Auction Fever

BY W. O. MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

I HAD the measles and the prairie itch once and the mumps on both sides. I had the black crowing, Ma says, but I never had the worst of all. Jake says it often hits our district, sometimes in the spring and sometimes in the fall; it knocks folks over like the disease that runs through jack rabbits every seven years: Auction fever.

A lot of folks must have figured it got Jake this spring, but that wasn't auction fever at all; that was the Duke of Broomhead. A person couldn't say Jake caught auction fever off of a snuffy York boar, could they? If the Duke of Broomhead hadn't bit Jake between the household goods and the red weeder, we would have had lots of money left over for the little buckskin colt. You'll see what I mean, later.

Colonel Hepworth held the sale in back of Hig Wheeler's lumberyard, where it says, "We built the West." "Hup-an'-a-whiddle - eeee - diddle - ho - riddle - hum — who'll bid me five an' a five an' a five?" There is the way Colonel Hepworth sells stuff for folks. He is a long thin fellow with the build of a Kentucky whip; he has a long thin horse face too, and he wears a coat with a velvet collar, and a bowler hat. He waves a cane around all the time. He makes the folks laugh a lot.

Ma gave Jake fifty dollars to buy her a stove; she didn't come into Crocus with us; she knows Jake is a good trader. Jake says once he started out with only a cotter pin and he ended up with a burning harrow, a bull calf, and ten dollars to boot; he did it in thirty-one trades. That will show you. Jake's our hired man.

At the sale we ran across all kinds of folks from our district, all of them with stuff hanging out of their hands: slop pails, picture frames, lanterns, disk plates, bridles. Old Man Gatenby he had a lamp under one arm; the shade was shaped like a long haystack, only you don't see many pink haystacks with tassels hanging around them. I better not say what he had under his other arm.

Jake asked him where was the stove at, because Ma's grate had burned out. He said over behind the implements.

It is bad enough in spring with the air sort of soft and sweet and you feel lazy in your knees; but with an auction sale besides, it is no wonder folks feel like kicking over the britching.

Kids were playing tag all around their folks' legs; the cows and calves were bawling, and the chickens in their crates were cut-cutting to beat anything. We could hear Colonel Hepworth's voice coming floaty to us: "Huppy-oh-whiddle-eeee-diddle-hoo-a ten an' a ten, but what I want is fifteen!" Like a circus. Just like a circus.

"Holy diddle!" Jake had a look on his face like he didn't believe what he saw. "Thinka anybuddy havin' a shaganappy thing like that in their house!"

One of her legs was off, so she leaned to one side like a horse resting on a hot day; she was all scuffed up and carved up

and battered up. Springs hung out of her bottom; they were poking out her top. I guess she was a couch.

Jake bent down for a closer look. Her back was curved out in two places, just about right to catch a person between the shoulder blades. Along the front were baby angels with their cheeks blown out, and in the middle of the top were two black hawks. They must have been mad at each other, because they were pointed in the opposite direction.

Jake straightened up and he had a look on his face like his gums were hurting him. "Ain't that enuff tuh give a badger tuh heartburn!" he said. "Pore thing ain't ever had a chance tuh heal up!"

"What is it, Jake?"

"Search me," Jake said. "Could call her a gosh-hawk couch, I guess."

That was when Jake saw the stove over by the cream separator. While he looked inside her, I headed for the stock pens.

Then I saw the colt.

I don't even remember climbing up to sit on the rail of his pen. All I know is that I was up there with my toes hooked around the rail, and I was looking down on that colt, soaking him in, his shaggy coat the color of pull taffy, his silver mane and tail, and his hoofs just like Ma's teacups.

I never said to myself, I want him. It was quicker than thinking, quick as a gopher down a hole. I wanted him so bad I hurt, the funny kind when you can't tell where you hurt but you sure know you do.

I could feel the spring chinook soft at my nose and hear it in my ears. It was whispering in the long grass at the side of the pen! It had come clear across the prairie to me and my buckskin colt.

I got down off of that fence and I headed for Jake. He knows what to get for a kid.

I found him on the edge of all the folks ringed around Colonel Hepworth and looking up at him.

"Jake!" I said. "I just been over to the stock pens and I saw a buckskin colt!"

"Did yuh now?"

"He's a buckskin, Jake. I'd like for you to look at him—he's a buckskin with a real light mane and a tail!"

"Look kinda funny without one," Jake said. "There ain't no—"

"—sold to tuh fella in tuh trainman's cap!" yelled Colonel Hepworth. "An' now, gen'lemen, let us turn to tuh pigs!"

"—jist talkin' about it tuh other day. Yer Maw figgers it's about time fer yuh to have a horse—a yer own." Jake had a real pleased look on his face. "Got yer Maw's stove—Pride-a the Prairies—hot-water ressy-voar on her—on'y thirty dollars—leaves twen'y left over."

"Jake, do you think—could—I want that there colt, Jake—I want—"

"Ain't no harm in takin' a look at him," Jake said.

Whilst Jake looked at the colt I stood there and hoped like anything he would be all right so Jake would buy him.

"Risin' a year," Jake said. "Nice put-up colt."

"Can I—will you buy him for me, Jake?" Jake spit. "I will," he said, "if he don't go over twenty."

"Do you think he—"

"Nope—I don't think he will. C'm'on—we'll stick close to tuh colonel till he gits tuh that there colt."

Colonel Hepworth was standing up on the seat of an old MacDougall tractor next to the hogpens. He was pointing to the Duke of Broomhead with his cane, and he had an envelope in his hand.

"This here pig, gen'lemen, is tuh Duke-a Broomhead—pure-blood registered York boar with a stringa folks from here tuh tuh correction line. Take a look at that there royal pig!"

I could see the Duke of Broomhead's angry little eyes looking out between the rails of his pen. He was chomping and breathing real mad. I took a couple of steps back from the pen. Jake didn't. Jake isn't scared of anything.

"Now whut am I bid fer this here pig, gen'lemen—hup—let her go—huppa-diddle-eee-hi-widdle-ho—thanks for tuh five-dollar bid—tuh ree-dickalus sum-a five dollars fer—who'll gimme ten—an' a ten an' a ten—ten I am give!"

I DIDN'T see anybody make a five- or a ten-dollar bid; a person doesn't dare spit when Colonel Hepworth is selling.

"An' fifteen—five an' a ten an' a ten an' a five—an' a huppy-eye-oh-ring-a-dang-doh! Fifteen ain't enuff—my heart bleeds fer the pig a-holdin' his noble head low in shame—blue blood, gen'lemen, blue as the ink in yer fountain pen, gen'lemen!"

"Lard!" Jake snorted.

"Lard, Jake?"

"All he's good for—that's a five-year-old boar—too old—he ain't no good for—"

"Who'll gimme two more—more—two more—fifteen an' a two—"

"Then what are they bidding for, Jake?"

"Auction fever, kid—that pig ain't worth tuh haulin' away."

"One dollar is all I ask—one dollar more tuh save that there pig's pride—huppy-oh-whiddle-eeee-rum—don't nobody feel sorry fer that there pig?"

Jake was leaning against the Duke of Broomhead's pen with his elbow on the top rail.

"Tuh papers ain't extra!" yelled Colonel Hepworth waving the envelope around. "All fer tuh price-a fifteen dollars—fifteen once an' a fifteen twice—who'll bid me fifty cents more—four bits more—"

"Hey—ow—uh!" Just like the four-ten on a clear fall night, Jake let a whoop out of him and jumped like a startled jack rabbit.

Colonel Hepworth's cane came down with a bang. "Sold!" he shouted. "Sold tuh Jake Trumper fer fifteen an' a half—an' a very fine buy you've—"

Jake quit dancing around with his hand on the back of his leg.

"Hey—wait a minnit—I ain't bought nothin'! I didn't bid on no worn-out—"

(Continued on page 75)

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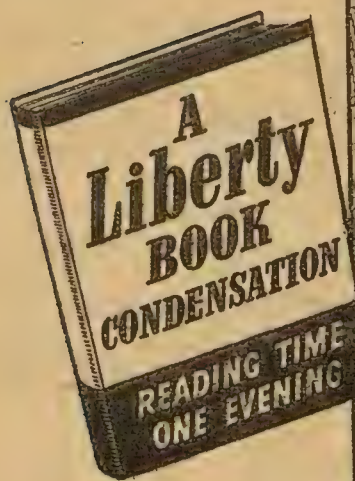


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Walkin' Preacher of the Ozarks

BY GUY HOWARD

When Guy Howard set out for the Ozarks, he had no greater ambition than to make friends with the backwoods folk and to be of help to them. This straightforward story of his adventures, as refreshing as the opening of a new horizon, made him a national celebrity overnight.



ILLUSTRATED BY
MARTIN GULSER



GRAY DAYS AND THE DARK ANGEL

MY harvest was good and the colts grew into a team; there was a contract for another teaching term at Strahan school. So Madge and I were married and together we sought to achieve the success that may come to an Iowa farmer.

Those first three years of married life were busy ones with schoolteaching, stock feeding and crop raising. They became increasingly busy when two sons, Albert and Clayton, were born in successive years.

The years moved through the war and though prices flourished my crops failed. What hogs I could keep on my meager store of feed nearly all died of the dread cholera. The good land was there, but I had bungled in its husbandry.

A baby girl was born in those lean years and we named her Virginia.

Six years had now passed since that fall when Madge and I had confidently set out to conquer an infinitesimal part of a prairie country; and our sole success was our family. We loved and enjoyed our children and we were one in our good fortunes and our hurts. Yet even this success could not survive the bleak February days of 1921 when corn prices were so low that we burned it for fuel because it was cheaper. Then Death walked the prairies sowing sorrow with a lavish hand.

"It's diphtheria," was the agonizing cry of the countryside as each new child victim complained with a sore throat.

Our own little flock was rushed to the doctor for inoculations as soon as the first warning came, but we hadn't reckoned on Madge's frailty. She contracted the dread disease almost before the children ceased to complain.

from their treatments. She became conscious one night and I thought the crisis had passed. Instead, it was her hour of farewell. She held my hand and whispered, "Guy, you must preach . . . I'm going soon. Raise our babies right—good-by."

The bank foreclosed the mortgage on our little place. Had Madge been alive this would have seemed a terrible tragedy; now it seemed merely an anticlimax. I worked out for wages, sold insurance, taught—anything to keep my mind busy and to provide for the three small children. It finally seemed expedient to move home with Father and Mother. Mother had been an invalid for several years, but from her bedside she supervised us all as best she could. One of Madge's nine sisters took Virginia to raise. Somehow eight years passed and then Mother died.

After Mother's death, I meant to teach only long enough to finish the school term. However, when fall came teaching still seemed to be the most logical means for keeping the family in food and clothes and shelter. I finally became superintendent of a small school in an Iowa coal-



mining town about fifty-five miles from home and we stayed there three years.

During the last year both of the boys rode a bus four miles to attend high school in Indianola, Iowa. Soon after the term began, the school nurse recommended that Clayton have a complete physical check-up. After a long and serious examination the doctor turned to me and said, "This boy has tuberculosis!"

I lost myself in reading. It was one of the few satisfactory escapes to which I had access and I devoted most of my spare time to it, sometimes reading aloud to Clayton.

Novels about the Ozarks introduced me to a new and fascinating country. The very word Ozarks became to me a symbol of peace and quiet. I determined that some day I too would seek out this country.

ESCAPE TO THE HILLS

"Hop in, Perfessor." It was a friendly command given by the driver of a rickety-rackety old truck. He kicked open the door and leaned over to take the battered suitcase. I tossed in the bundle I had been carrying under my arm and gratefully climbed into the windowless cab.

"I'm goin' as far as Indianola, if that'll help you any," he volunteered as he leaned across me and with a big right paw grabbed the door. He slammed it with a vigor that bespoke familiarity with the contrariness of old cars. "When you git to Indianola you'll be on Federal Highway Number Sixty-five and chances for gettin' rides from there on ought to be good," he continued above the grinding gears and I perceived at once that I was in good hands.

"Hear you're going to the Ozark Mountains," he stated. I nodded, but could not reply before he continued, "Friend of yours back there at the Hawkeye told me you was goin'. We seen you walkin' past when I was drinkin' my coffee. He says you're a right nice feller, but had a lot of hard luck. I says the Ozarks ain't no place for you, then—I

went through there once with a load of corn." He added this bit of explanation with the air of an experienced traveler. "It's a wild place, perfessor. Lot of killin' and feudin'. Easy place to pick a fight and an outsider ain't got a chance. My advice is, you sure want to watch your step."

There was hardly time for me to tell my story to the trucker before he brought his vehicle to a halt where the road from Newbern intersects the Jefferson Highway.

"Here she is, perfessor," the driver said. "This is Sixty-five. Runs clean from St. Paul all the way down to New Orleans."

There was plenty of traffic on the highway but mighty little of it stopped for hitch hikers. About thirty-five of the ninety-nine miles behind me had seen the imprint of my shoes by the time I walked into Nevada that night. Lodging and breakfast here reduced my finances to two dollars and ten cents.

I walked steadily the next day without benefit of a single ride until I trod upon my own shadow. No Iowa cornfield had rows as long and as hard as that ribbon of concrete.

The cuffs of my once white duck trousers were becoming smudged and splotted from the highway and the tar off a benefactor's running board. The crease had assumed irregular lines. My shirt sleeves were now too damp to fold neatly—one dropped at my elbow while the other hung limp and unbuttoned. Tepid perspiration on my brow replaced the cool water from my fresh handkerchief headpiece. With almost every step a trickle of sweat slithered down my back and spread about my waist. The stench of the black tar which oozed from between the expansion cracks in the concrete came up in heat waves to offend my nostrils.

AS I walked on, a house grew larger through the shimmering atmosphere. It was a big friendly-looking house close to the highway. Upon its porch was an old man seated in a hickory rocking chair. "If the occupants are as friendly as their house appears to be . . ." I thought.

The old man saw me at once and cordially waved a salutation. I stepped through the open gate and asked for a drink.

"Sure," he said, rising from his chair. "You look mighty hot. Better come up and rest yourself, too."

I was luxuriating in the comfort of the rocker when he returned with a glass of water and a crockery pitcher of buttermilk.

We sat for some minutes exchanging questions and answers in a dilatory fashion. I was silently urging myself to start on when the screen door opened. Turning, I saw a tall, slender, dark-eyed young woman.

"Father, dinner's ready," she said in a comfortable voice. And then she turned toward me. "We'd be mighty glad if you'd stay and eat with us. Everyone is gone today except father, Aunt Sallie Kate and I."

I walked into a large homey kitchen where a cheery, white-haired woman was setting another place on the table. She greeted me with a smile.

"Young man," she said in a musical southern voice. "Ah heard you talkin' to Brothah and wondered what youah goin' to do with that quiet voice."

I was startled and uncertain how to answer, but finally I stammered, "I know I'm hoarse, but my voice will be all right when I get to where I'm going."

"Oh, no, that's not what ah mean," she replied. "You have a fine voice. You should be usin' it for the Lawd."

"Aunt Sallie Kate is usually right," offered the young woman as she passed a platter heaped with fried chicken.

"You folks are right encouraging," I said. And then I was impelled to tell them something of my story. They listened sympathetically and the enthusiasm of the older man and woman was very heartening. The young woman said, a little wistfully, "I've always thought I'd like to go into the hills and teach school. I hope you have a very successful venture."

The Seth Thomas clock in the kitchen banged out two loud strokes before we left the table. I thanked my hosts for their hospitality and set off down the highway, refreshed in body and soul.

In Springfield I entered the first restaurant I saw. I

asked the proprietor if he could use a cook. He gave me a job at fifteen dollars a week and meals and lodging.

Country folk were our principal customers at this little restaurant, and during the next two weeks I made many inquiries about schools that needed teachers and communities without preachers. A truck farmer agreed to hire Albert if I would send for him.

"Things are working out," I rejoiced. But my joy was short-lived. Etta Shafer, with whom I had left Clayton, telephoned to say that he was worse! I must return to Newbern at once!

I had worked two weeks and had drawn only two of the thirty dollars. I was grateful that the balance due would afford quick transportation home. However, I'd not reasoned the way my boss did. He had been plagued by transients and "It's just an excuse for leaving," he said. "You're just like all the others and you'll stay a month or no pay." There was no reasoning with the man.

The milkman had not yet rattled his way through the restaurant next morning when I left and headed north. I literally walked away from my resentment, and the sting of defeat was almost as deep as the hurt and fear.

A KIND, well modulated voice pierced my consciousness! "You look purty low, mister. Had some bad luck?" Gears were grinding, the landscape was rapidly moving past. I was riding!

"Bad luck?" I managed an answering smile. "Well, I guess some people call it that." He looked at me a bit questioningly and I told him a little about myself and why I was walking back to Iowa.

"Sorry I can't help you some, stranger," he declared. "I've had sick young 'uns myself. But I'll ride you as far as I'm goin' and maybe you'll have better luck there."

"Where's that?" I asked.

"I'm headed for Hermitage," he answered. "That's the county seat of Hickory County."

I felt encouraged every time the fellow spoke.

"Interested in teachin' er preachin', eh? Well, they's a school over in east part of Hickory County—Mulberry School—hain't got no teacher yet and ain't likely to get one soon. I'll ride you into Hermitage and you go to Elzie Miller—he's the county superintendent—and if Mulberry School is still minus a teacher you can tell 'im Nig Williams sent you. It might help a little."

So, I reached the office of Elzie Miller.

"No, Mulberry district hasn't a teacher," he said. "The district voted down its levy, little as it was, and up to yesterday it looked as if there wouldn't be any money to pay a teacher. I recommended that the state pay the district the regular allotment from state funds, and yesterday I received word from Jefferson City that they were allotting four hundred dollars for Mulberry School."

I thought of Clayton. "Do the school directors know about this allotment?" I asked.

"No, I haven't had a chance to tell them," he went on. "If you're interested and think you can qualify, I'll hold things up while you go out there."

I disturbed Alonza Harmon, one of the directors, at his noon meal; when he came to the doorway he was still mouthing a portion of his meat.

"Don't reckon hit'll be worth your while to see nobody else," he chomped dissuadingly. "We 'uns don't pay only five dollars a month. Don't need school nohow."

I didn't tell him of the county superintendent's success in behalf of the district, but bade him good-day and sought out the other directors. I told them of my interest in both the school and the community. They were right neighborly fellows, and when I perceived they favored a school I told them of the special allotment. We made a contract for the term that was to start in the middle of August.

Now the road to Iowa seemed a little less long. Moreover, I would return with a home-coming gift for Clayton: jobs for both Albert and me. I hurried down the wooded trail to Cross Timbers lest evening find me stranded where there was little or no chance for a ride. I stopped on the way to report to Harmon. He grunted and then recommended: "Reckon you better stay at Andrews—last teacher stayed there. Hit's clost to school."

THE HOLY TERROR

When I reached home I found that Clayton was much better, and I retraced my steps back to the Ozarks, to hunt up the Andrews house. I felt certain the Andrews' would be expecting me. Several persons had seen me in Cross Timbers on the previous day and doubtless the word was out that the new schoolteacher was in the country.

As I approached the house I noticed someone sitting in a rocking chair in the shadows near the front entrance. A dog barked. The occupant of the chair saw me and started toward the gap in the fence at the road, reaching it before I was directly in front of the house. I nodded and started to speak, but...

"Reckon yo're the new schoolteacher," she said. "I figgered hit war 'bout time ye showed up. Teachers allers boards here so I knowed ye would, too. I'm Mis' Andrews. Most folks call me Missouri." She raised her voice toward the cabin. "Paw! Oh, Paw... Never knowed him to be 'round when a body wants him."

"Maw, was you a-callin' me?" asked a woman who suddenly popped up at the doorway of the house. She saw me and giggled.

"That's my girl, Arabellie," Mrs. Andrews nodded by way of introduction. "She lives with us—ain't never married. We got a boy, Otis, too. Otis!" she called.

There was another shadow at the door and Arabella's figure was eclipsed by a larger form—a form clad in overalls, though not boy's size, for Otis was a hulk of a man.

I stepped forward to offer my palm man to man, but suddenly felt it grasped firmly in a woman's two hands that clung tenaciously. I tried to withdraw my hand, but she tightened her hold and in my confused embarrassment I found myself literally tugging to be free. She giggled again and finally released me. I shook hands with Otis.

Mrs. Andrews raised her voice again. "Hurry up, Dave; yo're keepin' the schoolteacher waitin'."

Dave came up the path. He was a slight man, much older than his wife. He stooped with the weight of two five-gallon milk pails brimming with white foam. He set the pails down, swiped his hand on the bib of his overalls and, smiling feebly, shook hands with me.

"Howdy," he said. "Reckon Missouri and the children'll take keer of ye. I got to git the milk crocked." He turned and carried the milk into the house.

Light from the kerosene lamp on the table inside the house brightened as Arabella turned the wick key.

"Hain't no need fer turnin' thet up so high, Arabellie," Mrs. Andrews said as we stepped into the house. "Hit just burns up coal oil and blacks up the chimbley. Ain't anybody goin' to be readin' none tonight."

In the yellow glimmer I could better see the Andrews' progeny. Otis was about thirty and dull-witted and Arabella couldn't have been much older than that; some folks might have thought her younger. It is difficult to judge the age of hill women after they are eighteen. Arabella had the kind of figure that a good dressmaker could have made stylish, but the clumsily cut dress which she was wearing fitted her too well in some places, illy in others. She kept looking my way, boldly, and I felt uncomfortable under her gaze.

Mrs. Andrews pointed to a chair near the door. "Set your stuff down and take a cheer whilst me and Arabellie puts supper on the table," she commanded.

I looked about and speculated on which of the rooms would be mine. Considering the limited space for the three Andrews' and myself, I wondered if I would have to share a room with Otis.

A pole ladder against one wall extended from the floor to the board ceiling. Doubtless it led into a garret store-room. Mrs. Andrews saw me looking at this ladder-like contraption and turned from the table. She wrapped her hands in her apron and stepped between me and the lamp. I heard my fate come from the shadow that towered above me.

"Hit's a right comfortable place we 'uns got fer ye, Mr. Howard." She nodded toward the ladder. "Ye'll lak it up thar. More to yerself than being down on the ground—and we 'uns air agivin' ye Gran'pa's bed." She turned to her daughter. "Arabellie, git them folks up and let's eat."

Arabella whisked out and called loudly from the kitchen door. The two men soon came in and amid much shuffling we all sat down. I was last.

Mrs. Andrews nodded to us and said, "Paw'll say thanks nights and Brother Howard'll say 'em mornings."

After dinner I climbed the ladder to my attic. The furniture consisted of a small table with the lamp on it; there was a split-bottom chair—and a bed.

Grandpa's bed was solid walnut with thick corner posts and straight, high head and foot. The quilt upon it was bright colored but of noncommittal pattern and mediocre workmanship. Yet with all, I fancied that bed. It was piled high and a nostalgia swept over me as I remembered the deep, luxurious feather beds of my mother's: how we boys used to lose ourselves in them on a cold winter night.

I undressed and prepared for bed and then looked at the great inviting mound that I could make out in the cobweb-filtered moonlight, considering how best to enter this sanctuary of comfort. How better, indeed, than to fall full length—to indulge in the luxury of one grand plop! I pulled back the coverlet and let go—but my bed didn't sink or plop. It crackled!

Crackled? But feathers aren't crackly. What . . . how . . . why? This was a cornshuck mattress!

MULBERRY SCHOOL

The next morning, I arose at the first cock's crow and dressed with special care. At Sunday school I was to meet many of my pupils and patrons.

I recognized Jake Hillcroft, one of the school board members, standing in the group outside the church-house door when we arrived. We greeted one another and he helped me to meet several other patrons of the district as we waited for the crowd to gather. The church bell rang, calling all inside. Hillcroft turned to me and said, "We'd like for you to come home to dinner with us today, Brother Howard. I figgered you'd want to be seein' your school, and this evening we'll get Clark and Harmon and walk across and look 'er over."

As we entered the church I reflected that I could have embraced the man for offering me such welcome relief from a Sunday afternoon under Arabella's gaze.

Nearly sixty men, women and children were gathered there. They were sitting on crude plank benches and staring at me inquisitively. Jake Hillcroft led me down front, where he stopped and introduced me to his kindly mother, Mandy Hillcroft.

The meal Mandy Hillcroft set in front of us in the kitchen of her neat four-room cabin that noon would have graced any table. The advice she gave was as acceptable as the meal, too.

"A body hadn't ortter meddle in other folks' affairs," she said, "but they're some folks ye jist gotter feed with a long-handled spoon. I ain't asayin' what ye ortter do, Brother Howard, but iffen I war ye I'd be mighty careful what I done and said where yo're stayin'."

"Something I ought to know about?" I asked.

"Might as well, jist to show you what breed of cats yo're foolin' with when you have anything to do with Missouri," Jake advised. "Cousin Lily Horton bought a settin' of turkey eggs from her—come to two dollars and eighty cents. She thought Missouri was gettin' mighty generous when she tole her, 'Now, honey. . .'"

"She allers uses 'honey' when she's aimin' to stir up a stink," his mother interpolated.

Jake continued, "Missouri goes on with, 'these turkey eggs'll hatch a heap better with a turkey hen settin' on 'em. Hain't right fer a chicken hen to set 'em. Turkey'll raise more of 'em fer she knows what they needs better'n a settin' hen. Honey, I'll shore be proud to loan you two settin' turkeys—I allers tries to be neighborly.'"

Mandy chuckled until she set her chair to rocking. "Lily didn't know what that old witch had in back of her head when she wanted to be neighborly."

"The deal war made," Jake continued, "and nacherly when the turkey hens hatched off their broods they took them little turks right home to Missouri lak turkeys allers do. Well, Lily started lookin' fer the critters and finally wound up at Andrews' place."

"Could she identify her poultz?" I asked.

"'Course not, and old Missouri knowed that, so she says, 'I'm shore sorry, Lily, but I hain't seen nothin' of them two hens I loaned you 'uns.'"

"Lily tried to bluff her out but it didn't work with Missouri," Mandy broke in.

"No, sir, bluffin' don't work with that woman," Jake continued. "Lily told her she recollected one of them birds and Missouri riled up madder'n a wet hen. She lit all over Lily: 'Reckon I know my own stuff,' she says. 'Here I try to be neighborly loanin' you 'uns turkey hens. By God!' she says, 'I bet you sold my hens and yo're shore goin' ter pay me fer 'em. They's fetchin' five dollars apiece and you kin just fork over ten dollars.' Well, sir, Brother Howard, that old she-devil cussed and damned Lily a sight 'til the pore girl said she'd pay to get shet of the whole deal."

"A body'd a thought that'd keep Missouri quiet," Mandy offered, "but hit didn't. Cousin Lily paid her thet ten dollars and said she didn't want any more to do with her. Missouri ups and swears a swear and says, 'Suits me fine—don't 'low to have no truck with such trash nohow.'"

Jake pushed his chair away from the table. "Well, we better be hikin' out, Brother Howard, and get Clark and Harmon and go look things over," he drawled.

Clark joined us willingly, but Harmon said he figured we could look at the place just as well without him, yet upon our insistence he consented to go along.

Mulberry School sat high on a wooded knoll, but was so screened by scrub oak and cedar growth that I didn't see it until we entered a clearing in front of the school ground. Then the place loomed drearily.

The well on the school yard was the only part of the entire school plant that showed care. It was ninety-six feet deep and drilled through solid limestone. Typical of the Ozark well, water was drawn by means of a galvanized-metal valved bucket four feet long and four inches in diameter.

The elation I felt over the satisfactory well lasted no longer than the time it required for us to step into the school building, which Harmon sullenly opened after unfastening the heavy padlock on the door.

Leaves and trash littered the planking floor. Spiders had held summer-long spinning sessions in all the corners. Many windows were without panes and oak shingles had been nailed to the mullion strips—poor substitutes for glass. The seats were little more than crude benches; the desks, deeply incised with initials and dates and crude characters, would be a penman's horror.

The few books which I found piled in one corner were dog-eared obsolete texts. Many were without covers, only a few by the same author. These old books, plus two erasers and five pieces of chalk, comprised our school supplies.

An ungainly cast-iron stove much in need of blacking rested in the center of the room. I knew it wasn't necessary to look inside, but I did. Sure enough, it was filled with last year's ashes.

"I wish I had a month in which to get this school ready," I said to myself, for I had always taken pride in maintaining an inviting school room. Well, it was too late now, but I would come early the next morning and many mornings after.

ARABELLA

My first day of school in the Ozarks was the beginning of a dream come true.

The school board, all my pupils and their parents, with a number of interested spectators, were on hand for the school opening Monday morning.

Harmon, who was the school board secretary, said, "Reckon we best fix you some kind of contract, seein' the other two hired you."

After the contract was duly negotiated the directors sat down with the pupils and patrons. Apparently I was expected immediately and without introduction to take charge. It was the first time in my teaching career that I had opened a school with pupils, parents, school directors and visitors all present.

"First," I said as I stood before them, "I would like to

meet all of you people. I want to know your names and the names of the children each of you will have in school. I'll start right here with this lady."

They began to thaw out a little, answering in monosyllables the questions I asked each of them, but not a single person volunteered any information beyond the direct answer to my query.

Twenty-four pupils enrolled. They seemed bright children, eager to learn, quite attentive and obedient. The adults remained until about eleven o'clock, when I called a short recess. When the older folk were gone, the children began to talk and freely offer information.

"They'll be lots more in school this winter when work's all done," one little fellow confided in the midst of a game of wood tag. "Lots of big boys and girls, too. That's when school gets bad."

"You stayin' down to Andrews', hain't ya?" The boy had changed bases with scarcely a pause in his chatter. "Ole Missouri shore's a holy terror. Nobody don't have no truck with 'er. Jist pass and repass when they meet 'er, that's all."

At lunch, pails were opened at desks or carried to the playground. The plain, wholesome food was eaten with a relish. One youngster had brought frog legs. "Done ketched me a couple big frogs. Maw, she fried 'em fer me—shore good. Ever eat any, teacher?" he queried. Another small boy sat down beside me and opened his syrup-pail lunch container. He peered intently at its contents. "Durn," he said disgustedly. "Corn bread! Jis as fer as I kin see, not a durn thing but corn bread!" A number of the children had fried chicken. Others had young squirrel, but without exception the lunch pails contained corn bread.

When the first day of school ended, I walked along down the mountain trail to the Andrews cabin. I walked in and was greeted by a beaming Arabella.

"Let me fix you a cup of fresh coffee and a san'wich," she said. Hers was the benign expression of a cat that was about to spring upon a nestling. "I was always awful hungry when I got home from school and we allers fixes a bite fer the teachers." She chattered on and on like a contented Leghorn hen scratching in a shock of wheat.

The rest of the family did not come in from their field work until dark. By that time Arabella had finally left off chattering at me and cooked supper.

At supper I answered many questions about the first day of school and listened with interest to the comments about the children, most of which evolved into gossip about the parents. I volunteered no opinions other than that I liked the school, the patrons and the children.

"We 'uns air heaviest taxpayers in the district," Missoury informed me. "We got more'n a thousand acres of land and don't owe a cent on it. We 'uns agoin' ter give Arabellie a half-section up clost to the schoolhouse. Hit's got a nice cabin and's mostly fenced; all new rails. They's a lot of good farmin' land on it."

Arabella made no comment, but she was generous in the number of times she passed the ham and hot biscuits; and whenever I looked up from my plate she would catch my eye and giggle.

We rose before sun-up and ate breakfast by lamplight. As soon as we finished the meal, they all, except Arabella, went to the fields. Immediately I made preparations to go to school.

"Why go so early?" Arabella questioned petulantly. "'Course I'll put up your lunch if you've got ter go now."

It probably didn't sound any too convincing to her when I explained that I wanted to clean the building and cut the sprouts and brush from the school ground. Yet I would have used almost any excuse to get away. And as I walked to the school that second morning, I began to wonder if I shouldn't find another boarding place.

LAYIN' AWAY GRAN'PAPPY

One Monday morning in early fall the sky was dark and unusually gloomy. By the time I reached school a drizzle of rain had begun to fall and the air was quite chilly, so I built a fire. It was well after nine o'clock before the last pupil straggled into the schoolroom, and lessons seemed to go poorly all morning. Just as we were beginning the

afternoon session a loud rap sounded on the door. I opened it and there stood a downcast young man.

"Hello," I smiled.

"Howdy," he replied, barely raising his head.

"You're one of the Frazier boys that I met at Sunday school yesterday morning, aren't you?"

"Yep, I'm Melvin."

"Come in out of the wet," I invited. "Would you like to start to school?"

"No, I shore hain't got no time to come in," he said, shifting from one foot to the other. "Ma, she sent me to see if you'd come to the cabin tomorry afternoon and hold a layin' away meetin' fer Gran'pappy. Gran'pappy, he died last night. The old man warn't no church feller, but he shore never done nobody no dirt."

"I'm very sorry, Melvin," I said. "Yes, I'll do anything I can."

When the afternoon session was finished and the children were all gone home, I sat at my desk a few minutes and thought to organize myself for the task ahead. There



were Bob and Ethel Norman, a friendly warmhearted couple. She played the organ and both of them were good singers.

"Don't you give the music another thought, Brother Howard," Ethel said. "Bob and I will see to that part."

I hurried on to the Andrews place and got my Bible, notebook and pencil. I walked up the steep rocky slope to the top of Childers Mountain and sat down on a large rock. I could see through the timbered hills to the misty blue horizon beyond. Sassafras and sumach were beginning to turn and the woods were already a riot of reds and yellows (they seemed to drip color as well as moisture) against the blue sky. Purpling shadows of the hills with alternating lanes of light from the setting sun made a scene of rare beauty.

I bowed my head in silence.

"Cleasin' yore soul?"

I turned in startled surprise. Lige Gurney, one of the neighbors, was coming up the path.

"Sorry if I scairt ye, Brother Howard," Lige apologized. "But somehow they's times when I gits so onery I hain't fit ter live with, and when I'm needin' a soul-washin' I comes up hyar. Seems lak I'm closter ter God er somethin'. Didn't think about nobody else bein' up hyar too."

Lige lifted his long arm and pointed to the golden ball of setting sun that had just begun to disappear beyond the wooded horizon.

"Purty, hain't it?" he mused. "Makes a body think of a purty pitcher lak they put on them big bank calendars. Reckon this's God's paintin'. He makes hit perfect." I think he almost forgot I was there. "With winter comin' on makes a body think of a baby smilin' jist as hit goes ter sleep."

"My livin' gits jist lak a old shirt, all worn 'n' dirty," Gurney said, "but settin' a while up hyar with God's jist lak washin', ironin' and patchin' thet old shirt. It works plumb good again then."

I hadn't thought of a reply when he turned back to me. "See ye got yore Bible. Yo're preachin' the funeral tomorry, I hearn. Ye shore comes ter the right place ter git hit fixed up." He got up and flicked a small rock out into space. "Lots of folks wonderin' 'bout ye, Brother Howard, but when I seen ya settin' thar so still, with yore head bowed and yore eyes shet, aprayin', I jist plumb nacherly knowed ye could be counted on."

He turned as abruptly as he had come. "Gotter be git-tin' on," he continued as he started down the trail. "Ah'll see ye tomorry at the funeral. Goin' now ter he'p make the coffin."

A score of people were already at the Fraziers' cabin when I arrived. (I had turned school out at early noon.) Melvin's "gran'pappy" had been shaved and dressed in his only suit. It was a much-worn black one which had been brushed and hung outside to air, but it had hung unused such a long time that the shoulders had taken on a greenish cast and nothing could banish the prominent faded streaks.

The casket rested on two chairs directly in front of the open window of the best room. Bouquets of wild flowers, wreaths of geranium and garden flowers, colored leaves and juniper banked the corner of the room.

The clock had been stopped at five minutes after ten, which had been the hour of death. It would not be started until after the funeral. The mirror above the homemade chest of drawers had been covered with a piece of black calico. Such was the custom in all hill-country homes when a death occurred.

Neighbors had brought in pies, cakes and platters of food so that members of the household would be relieved of any meal preparation until after the funeral. The food was arranged on the dining table and all who wished to eat were called.

After the dinner, the daughter and her husband came to me and asked if I thought it would be all right to have the funeral in the Mt. Hope Church, a mile distant but on the road to the cemetery.

"They don't have no services there any more," the daughter explained. "Lige Gurney 'lowed it'd be all right an' he holds to that church. Some of the neighbors have gone up and cleaned it up. Hain't no room much in the cabin."

Her eyes filled with tears. "You already knows Paw warn't so church feller, but he shore war good an' kind. He'd lak a church funeral."

"Why certainly we can go to the church," I answered.

WHO BURNED THE SCHOOLHOUSE?

I was no more prepared for what happened on the day following "Gran'pappy's" funeral than I had been for the many other sudden turns in my Ozarkian life. When, on that September afternoon, I heard a scraping of feet on the stone that was our schoolhouse doorstep, I wondered, "What's happened now?" As I rose and walked to the door the figure turned; it was my son Clayton.

"Sonny, how in the world did you get here?" I asked him.

"I got lonesome at Grandma's and thought I could hitchhike down here like you did."

Clayton rested on the cornshuck mattress until supper-time. I stayed close to him and away from Arabella's curious glances. I heard enough snatches of the talk in the kitchen after the Andrews' came in from work to know that Clayton and I were the subject of conversation.

Missouri and her family hardly spoke to either Clayton or me during the meal, and that night in bed Clayton asked me if we never talked when we ate.

Next morning I learned the reason for the ominous silence.

"His lung trouble's ketchin'," Missouri bluntly told me. "He ort ter be home. He shore ain't goin' ter stay here."

"We'll make some arrangements," I advised her as Clayton and I set out early toward school.

"You can both stay here," Ethel Norman said promptly. "We know what hard luck is. If you can spare me ten dollars a month it will be enough to buy all the extra things we'll need."

"I'll give you more than that," I said, "for I'm paying Missouri that much for only myself, and now there are two of us."

"No," spoke up Bob Norman, "we'd like to help out, and Ethel won't be doin' this to make money."

Clayton remained with the Normans for the day, and I hurried on so that I might walk over to the Hillcrofts' before school. I told them that I was leaving the Andrews place and why, and asked Jake if he thought the school-board would be willing to pay me ten dollars so that I could settle my board bill with Mrs. Andrews.

"You've taught more'n a half a month," Jake said, "an' I don't think thar'll be ary trouble getting the others to pay ye fer that much, anyway."

That evening I went to the Andrews' with a light heart. Only Arabella was at the house as usual when I arrived, but she disappeared when she saw me packing. I didn't see her again until I started out to the field to say goodbye to the Andrews'.

"What fer ye a-leavin'?" snorted Missouri.

"I want to be with my boy and you told me you wouldn't keep him," I answered.

"I shore won't keep that diseased brat!" Missouri shouted. She shook her grubbing hoe at me. "But yo're goin' ter pay me fer a full month."

"Yes," I said, "I'll pay you the ten dollars."

"Ten dollars?" she screamed. "Ye skinflint; ye've et fifteen dollars' wo'th if ye've et a cent. Ye owe me fifteen dollars!"

She was still standing at her front gate hurling un-



savory epithets at me as I crossed over the ridge headed for the Normans'.

I felt that the days following my departure from the Andrews house were much the pleasantest since my arrival in Mulberry District. Mrs. Norman fixed a bed on the porch where Clayton could sleep in the open air. The food she prepared was plain, wholesome and well cooked.

"Brother Howard," she said one evening. "I believe Clayton is improving every day. You can't help but notice how his color has improved and how well he eats and sleeps. He lies down every afternoon and sleeps like a baby for two hours."

Ethel was right; one couldn't help noticing Clayton's change. "The most encouraging thing is Clayton's own attitude," I said. "Now he feels that he is improving. He's happy here and that's half the battle." Then I added, "Do you know how much Clayton loves you and Bob?"

Ethel smiled knowingly, "We've come to love Clayton, too, as if he were our own," she said.

WE were getting ready to go to Sunday services the next morning when Freddy Stark came running up the path.

"Oh, teacher," he said breathlessly, "the schoolhouse is burned down. Ain't a thing left but a pile of ashes smokin'. Burned in the night and nobody seen it."

The schoolhouse! Impossible. No fire had been kindled

since Friday morning. The fire was out when I left Friday evening and the building had been locked.

A few long-faced patrons were standing about the smoldering ruins when Bob Norman and I got there.

I picked up a stick and dug into the ashes below where the door should have been. I soon found what I was looking for—the heavy padlock used on the front door. It was badly dented as if it had been pounded with a hammer and broken.

When church services were over many people asked about plans for going on with school. "I'll have to see what the school wants to do," I replied as I shook hands with many well-wishers.

Melvin Frazier was the last to shake hands with me. When he released his grip he left a closely folded note in my hand. I quickly pocketed it, waiting to read it when I was alone.

It read: "Brother Howard, ye bin good to us, helpin' with Gran'pappy's funeral. I got a chance to help you. Don't say nothing. Meet me at the big oak at dusky dark tonite."

I was stunned when I finished reading the roughly scrawled note. Should I tell Bob? I wondered. "No," I decided, "Melvin trusts me to keep silent and I'll not betray that trust."

It seemed a long time until dusky dark and throughout my conversations with Bob and Ethel I kept pondering the meaning of Melvin's note.

"Sure it burned because somebody set it afire," Bob agreed when I showed him the padlock. "Everybody thinks someone set it afire, I believe, but I rather doubt it was Missouri."

"Did you ever wonder if it could have been somebody that wanted to shift a little blame on somebody else—maybe even onto you?" Bob asked.

I nodded.

"Better keep your own counsel for a while, Brother Howard, and maybe ye'll learn some more; let's see who hangs himself."

I kept the appointment at dusk. And under the big oak in the woodland gloom Melvin told me the name of the person who had set fire to the school building!

Puzzled, I turned and walked slowly to my boarding place. What could be the reason back of the startling information Melvin had given me?

THE INDENTURED TEACHER

Hillcroft and Clark suggested carrying on school in two rooms of Mandy Hillcroft's small cabin.

"Ma and me kin get along with jist two rooms," Jake explained. "We kin take out the wall between the other two."

"Ye kin depend on teachin' again Monday," Clark added. "Folks kin fetch enough chairs fer their own kids."

A few days later the Andrews' brought a woman preacher into the community who began a revival at the church. She was a good, earnest worker and her meetings continued until Saturday night when she announced that her husband had come for her and she would be compelled to return to her home in Arkansas.

"How many of you would like to see this revival continue?" she asked. Every person in the room put at least one hand into the air. She turned to Missouri Andrews and said, "Would you people, as owners of this building, consent to its use for a revival or for religious services every Sunday evening if you could get someone to preach regularly?"

"We shore hain't agoin' to stand in the way of the Lord's work," Mrs. Andrews answered piously. "Yessum, anybody what wants ter preach here's welcome," she continued.

"Thank you, Mrs. Andrews, that's mighty nice of you," the preacher said. "I haven't asked him about it, but I'm taking the liberty of announcing that your teacher, Brother Howard, will preach here tomorrow night." Either the woman was thoroughly innocent or very acute. "I know he can preach for you from what I've heard about him," she continued. "Now, how many want him to preach his first sermon here, for you folks? Let's see the hands in favor of him as your regular pastor." Every hand went

up except the Andrews'. People were agreeably surprised at the boldness of the woman and not a little amazed, I think, that the Andrews' did not verbally object.

BACK at church next Sunday night I announced that I thought I knew how we could build a new schoolhouse, and suggested a mass meeting for Tuesday night.

Much speculation and comment followed the announcement and it was the subject of common discussion in the community for the next two days.

When I arrived at the meeting Tuesday night, the house was packed with hopeful, interested patrons. Charley Simmons presided. He called the house to order and made a short preliminary speech.

He spoke of the importance of school, of how much everyone regretted the destruction of the old building, of appreciation for my work and interest. Then he asked if anyone had anything to say before he should call for the presentation of my plan for a new school.

Missouri Andrews rose. "I got something ter say," she said defiantly. "I told ye they wouldn't no good come from such doin's—a-pickin' up hitchhikers and hirin' 'em to run our school and lettin' 'em hold Sunday school in the buildin' and tell us what's allers lived here how we 'uns ort ter live—ye can jis' figger ye lost the school fer good. We 'uns's the heaviest taxpayers and I says ye hain't agoin' to have no more school. Hit's just the works o' the devil!" She sat down.

Mr. Simmons took his red bandanna handkerchief from his hip pocket, removed his glasses and cleaned them with great deliberation as if he were playing for time for me to collect my thoughts to answer Missouri.

"Anyone else got anything to say?" Mr. Simmons finally questioned, as he restored the spectacles to his nose. He waited in nervous silence for a moment. No one spoke. Then he turned to me and said, "Brother Howard, will you please step up-here now and tell us about your plan?"

I arose and went to the front. I stood silently for a moment, looking at the audience. Then "My friends," I began, "no one could regret more than I do the loss of the school. However, I'd hesitate to say it came about because you chose to worship God in the building. No doubt Mrs. Andrews is more nearly correct when she says, 'it is the work of the devil.'"

There was an awful silence as everyone looked at Missouri Andrews.

"Here is my plan," I broke in. "As you all know, my salary is fifty dollars a month. There is at present three hundred eighty-six dollars in the teachers' fund, as I have drawn only twenty-five dollars. With this teachers' fund I propose to buy necessary lumber, doors, windows and nails for a new school, providing the twenty-eight families in the district will board me for whatever chores I can do evenings and mornings. My older son, Albert, will send me a few dollars each month to help care for Clayton. We can construct much of the new building of native lumber, with oak shingles, at little expense. The money we have, I'm sure, is adequate for the materials if you folk want to volunteer to build the school."

I called to Lige Gurney on the back seat, "Think you could build a schoolhouse, Lige?"

"Ye bet I kin," grinned Lige.

"Now, everyone who will donate time and labor, or board me a week or so for what work I can do, stand up." Everyone in the house except the Andrews' arose.

"Thank you," I said, and I turned the meeting back to Mr. Simmons.

Missouri jumped up and grabbed her daughter by the hand. "Come on, Arabellie," she said. "Such carryin's on hain't fer them what has the love of the Lord in their hearts! Ott, Dave, git up. We air a-goin' home."

Charley Simmons stood with an amused smile on his face until Missouri and her family had disappeared through the door. Then he yelled, "Come on, folks—three cheers for the parson—to hell with Missouri Andrews. I believe she's met her match at last."

I WAS no longer a stranger; finally I had been accepted as one of the community. And when Ozark people extend their hand for a firm clasp and solid handshake and "thank you," their thanks are genuine. When the school

meeting closed, all the school's patrons and many others thanked me for my offer.

Clark was already at Hillcrofts' when I arrived. Harmon came later. We discussed the amount of material needed for the new building, and its probable cost. I then suggested that as Ray Harmon was the only experienced carpenter in the district, he should act as foreman.

"No, boys, don't 'low to he'p much myse'f," Harmon demurred. "Lak to, but hain't got the time to spare, so I can't do hit. Seems quare to me—schoolhouse a-burnin' down." He looked at me. "Everybody knows who burnt hit, then you a-spendin' yore wages to rebuild."

I replied, quietly, and very emphatically, "Yes, Mr. Harmon, that may seem strange to you. But regardless of what people may think, I know who is responsible for the schoolhouse fire." I looked directly at him as I spoke. "I also know who was hired to burn it and how much he received from the one responsible for the crime. So far, I haven't told anyone what I know, nor do I plan to do so if this new building goes up on schedule. As far as you are concerned, Mr. Harmon, I should think you would be interested in this project for the sake of your own children. And I believe you will be," I added emphatically.

His face paled and he breathed heavily as he answered in his usual harsh voice, "I really can't spare the time, but I do owe it to the boys to he'p a little."

"Thank you," I said. "That will relieve me of a lot of worry, for I know you can do a fine job of it."

Four copies of the lumber bill were made for the nearby mill operators to study and bid for the contract. The meeting might have lasted longer, but Harmon said it was about chore time and rapidly started off toward home.

After Harmon left, Clark turned to me. "Well, preacher, you shore surprised us a-tellin' Harmon you could put yore thumb on the polecat that set hit afire. By the way he backed water, reckon ye musta knowed more than's healthy fer him. Harmon hain't one to back up so easy."

"S'pose we kin figger out now who done hit," Hillcroft added, "but let's all keep our mouths plumb shet, fer we 'uns want to put up that school and I shore know we 'uns air goin' ter git hit done now."

Everyone co-operated and the work moved fast. The first of the next week was set for the house "workin'." Mulberry district would have a new school for a Christmas present.

THE WORKIN'

Monday was an ideal day for the "workin'"—midwinter weather in the Ozarks is often more like Indian summer—and forty-two men and boys reported early at the school ground.

A great bonfire was built and kept burning throughout the day. For cooking the dinner, the men and boys quickly and expertly built a stone furnace. It was two feet wide, two feet high, and about twenty feet long.

The women put pots of beans, potatoes, dried apples, whole hams, coffee and cabbage on the embers to cook in perfect campfire fashion.

A group of women went to Mandy Hillcroft's and baked corn bread in her big Dutch ovens. "A body can do hit better in the fireplace," they insisted. "Hain't only a jump and a holler down to Mandy's."

About noon, stakes were driven into the ground, strips nailed across from stake to stake, and a loose-board dinner table constructed. It was twenty feet long and three feet wide. Dishes and kettles of every size and description filled with hot, appetizing food were placed upon the table. The corn bread was brought from Mandy's fireplace when it had baked to that shade of brown known to the Ozark housewife as "plumb perfect."

Each worker had his own plate, fork, spoon and cup and passed along the side of the table cafeteria fashion, selecting whatever food he desired. The appetites, banter and laughter displayed about the table can be understood only by those who have been partakers of such an Ozark "spread."

"Hey, Lige, ye've et 'nuf now to fatten a shoat," someone yelled.

"Have to call the horse doctor fer ye," countered Lige. "You're a-founderin' yo'rse'f."

"Den, if ya eats any more, ya'll shore bust," someone called.

"Gimme 'nother fried pie an git outen the way," was the answer.

Hill-fashion, the men squatted on the ground or upon logs after dinner and filled their corncob pipes with long green tobacco. They smoked and visited the customary hour before returning to their work.

Sundown saw the building virtually completed except for the pine lining on the inside of the building and a brick flue.

A dozen men agreed to return the following day, ceil the building, build the flue and make desks, benches and a table for the teacher.

They did return and finish the job. Four smooth, soft pine boards were used to make a long blackboard. Construction of the desks and benches was slow work, for they all were planed smooth and required careful fitting.

Lige Gurney donated a hickory chair with woven bark bottom for the teacher's use and school reconvened Wednesday in the new building.

MORALS, MOONSHINE, AND A PROMISE

"Hull country's plannin' on havin' a pie supper fer ye if hit's all right," Lige Gurney informed me one morning.

"A pie supper for me! Why?" I questioned.

"You give yore cash money fer the new schoolhouse and been givin' yore time here and other places without askin' pay or takin' up collections," Lige explained. "Some of us figgered a pie supper'd be all right."

"That's mighty thoughtful of everyone," I replied. "The fact that you want to help me, though, means far more than the money. There was a long time, Lige, when I felt like an outcast here. It seemed everybody was afraid of me and didn't want to have anything to do with me. This helps prove that I was wrong."

"No, Brother Howard, ye warn't wrong," Lige said. "When ye first come, folks war 'fraid ye might be a revenuer or here for some other devilment. Folks's fer ye now, though—'cept maybe a few like old Missouri and they's mostly not fer anybody but themselves."

The pie supper was held the next Friday night with the aid of several local fiddlers, guitar and banjo players who had been engaged to furnish the usual hill music for the occasion. Few of the fiddlers read music (playing only by ear); but the perfect time and harmony of fiddles, guitars and banjos playing together blend beautifully to the hearing of the hillbred.

More than forty pies were sold. A jar of sour pickles was offered as a prize to the most lovesick couple. My name was instantly suggested and coupled with that of a pleasant old maid who lived in the community. Several other couples were nominated.

"A penny a vote!" the auctioneer shouted, and keen rivalry began as each group tried to force the jar of pickles on the couple of its choice.

After five minutes of hilarious fun, Miss Ruth and I were declared the winners.

"You 'uns got to come up front to eat 'em," someone yelled.

For once in my life I was deeply embarrassed, as I opened the quart jar of pickles and proceeded to give one to Miss Ruth and eat one myself as we sat on one chair.

The proceeds of the pie supper amounted to forty-one dollars, and all of it was given to me. This was the largest amount of cash I had possessed in many months.

SERMON preparations and companionship with Clayton generally occupied my Saturdays. I liked an occasional hunt, too.

But on one Saturday morning my plans were abruptly upset by the appearance of a deputy sheriff with a subpoena for me to appear as a state's witness in a trial set for the following Monday. It was the case of the State of Missouri v. Zeb Fletcher. Fletcher was charged with owning and operating a still.

In my boarding around with Mulberry patrons I had stayed a few nights at Fletchers'. Hence I was subpoenaed as a state's witness.

"What am I to do?" I thought as I acknowledged the

summons. "I'll not perjure myself, yet I dare not violate the code of the hills." All day I thought the matter over and over, and at last a possible solution came to my mind.

Court was already in session when I arrived at the county seat, but I heard the first witness called. He had worked at the sawmill near Mulberry, and his testimony brought out the fact that he was a government agent disguised as a floating laborer. His statements were very damaging to Zeb, for he had bought corn from him and had given him marked money in payment. This same marked money was found on Zeb when he was arrested, searched, and lodged in jail.

Then I was called to the witness stand.

"Do you know whether or not Zeb Fletcher has ever operated a still or made or sold alcoholic beverages in violation of state law?" he asked.

I turned to the judge and spoke very deliberately, so both judge and jury could hear me well. "Your honor," I said, "as a minister among these people, any information I may have concerning the merits of this case came



to me solely because I am a spiritual advisor. And under the law, it is privileged conversation. Therefore, I ask to stand on my constitutional rights as a spiritual advisor and refuse, as provided in the constitution of the state of Missouri, to testify."

"Don't know 'bout that," the judge said. Then he spat a quid of tobacco into the cuspidor at his feet and turned to the prosecutor.

The prosecutor was leering at me. "Are you a lawyer?" he roared.

"Just a minute!" Zeb's lawyer interjected. "This witness is entirely within his constitutional rights." He picked up a copy of the revised statutes from the counsel table and handed it to the judge. "Here is the code. If Your Honor will turn to the section on privileged conversations, you will see that this minister is entirely within his rights."

A few minutes of searching in the statutes convinced the judge of the point, and I was excused.

It was mid-afternoon when the case was given to the jury. Nearly an hour later the verdict was returned. It read, "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty as charged in the information."

I arose, walked to the counsel table and addressed the judge. "Your Honor, if the court please, before the sentence is pronounced I would like to make a request."

"Your request will be heard," the judge stated.

Then I proceeded to tell of Zeb's children who were pupils of mine, and explained the need for Zeb to make a living for his family. This was his first law violation, and I asked that he be paroled to me.

The judge called me, the prosecutor, and Zeb's lawyer into another room for a conference. Everyone agreed that a parole was preferable to a lengthy jail term at state expense after the defense attorney pointed out that Zeb's family would be subjects for county relief if the father were confined in jail.

"Let me talk to Zeb," I requested. He was brought in by the sheriff.

"Mr. Fletcher," I said, addressing the meek mountaineer. "The judge has kindly offered to place you on parole in my charge; but before I accept that responsibility I want you to promise me that you'll work every weekday, obey the law, go to church every Sunday and read the Bible every day."

"I'll shore do hit, Brother Howard," said Fletcher, "and I'll shore be obliged to ye."

Thus it was that I assumed responsibility for my first parolee. Zeb kept his promise faithfully.

CLOSING DAY AND DINNER SPREAD

"Some of the women of the school district asked me today if you planned on having a program and spreading a dinner the last day of school," Mrs. Norman said one morning.

I was startled to realize how time had flown. "School's out in two weeks, isn't it!" I exclaimed. "And I've been so busy with other things I haven't even given the last day a thought." The youngsters at school had spoken about it a time or two, but I had procrastinated. "Whatever is the custom here we'll gladly follow," I assured Ethel.

We discussed plans for the program and entertainment for the school closing while Mrs. Norman cleared the table, washed and dried the dishes.

The afternoon before the program, the children decorated the schoolhouse with great bouquets of wild flowers. We erected a long table out of doors by using rough boards set across cedar posts driven into the ground. The older boys laid out and marked a baseball diamond with powdered lime from near-by limestone bluffs. Three horseshoe courts were made ready. We needed plenty of recreational facilities as we expected a big crowd for the basket dinner. As little Ray Pense said, "If you all wants to fetch folks out, jes' feed 'em."

Evidently the whole country had declared a holiday in deference to the school closing, even if the oak leaves were as big as squirrels' ears and it was traditional corn-planting time.

People came in log wagons, on horseback and on "shanks' mare." Each group brought a large basket woven from hickory withes, small willows, or peeled honeysuckle runners. The baskets were filled with every imaginable variety of food that is pleasant to the palates of hill people. The women and men separated at the school yard, as the women took the baskets to the outdoor table and the men collected in groups to talk or gathered around the courts where several lively horseshoe-pitching games were in progress.

Boys and younger men played work-up on the ball diamond before an audience of "sparkin'" -age girls. Heroes of the moment were applauded with riotous laughter, frequent giggles, and lively banter.

Out at the side of the schoolhouse the great stone furnace grew hot as the chosen ones made coffee and baked corn bread.

Everyone spoke pleasantly to me. "Thank God," I thought, "I've broken down the barriers of mistrust and the boys and I are now accepted as part of the community."

When all was ready for the spread, one of the women brought the hand bell from the schoolroom and rang it.

There was baked chicken, goose and guinea hen, fried and roast ham, canned beef, mashed potatoes, hot dumplings and noodles, corn, peas, tomatoes whole and tomatoes pickled, tomatoes preserved and tomatoes in sauce, candied sweet potatoes, pinto beans with lean pork, salads, fried pies, open-face pies and closed pies, light cakes and dark cakes, cookies, yellow butter, milk and steamy black coffee, and at least a dozen varieties of home-canned fruit. Everyone ate with keen appetite as they laughed and joked with one another.

"Lafe, ye old cuss, bet I know whar this drumstick come from," one man said as he waved a large piece of fried turkey leg. "Bin layin' off myself to git him, fur I been hearin' him gobble mornin's."

"Gobble! What ye talkin' about, man?" Lafe replied.

"Don't ye know season's closed on turkeys? Thet's a leg of Ma's old Plymouth Rock rooster." He winked slyly and both men laughed boisterously.

When the last dish had been scraped bare and there was nothing but crumbs left on the cake platters, the crowd slowly gathered in the schoolhouse for the program.

When everyone was in the building, except a group of men who stayed outside at the open windows and the door, I called the house to order. I thanked them all for coming, and for their help in making the new building



possible and told them how much I appreciated being one of them.

Then the program began.

Shouts of laughter and the applause after each performance told how much they all enjoyed it. When the program ended I asked if anyone had anything to say. It would have been a grave error to have omitted this closing-day courtesy to the patrons. In the hill country one must be very sure he has a substitute that will meet with ready approval before he deviates in the slightest from the usual way of doing things. I wasn't taking any chances.

Lige Gurney arose and began speaking: "My young 'uns air measurin' corn cribs, water trofts, and sorgum pans. They kin figger out to a gnat's heel what they'll hold," Lige said. "Then, by gravy, them young 'uns of mine kin tell jist how high a big barrel-stave tree is by measurin' the shadder. Learned how to cure roup in chickens a puttin' thet purple stuff in the drinkin' water and we 'uns a-gittin' more eggs than ever. Thet's the kind of learnin' young 'uns air a-needin'."

It was Ernestine Tucker who arose next. "I'd lak to say a few words," she began. "We 'uns all want Brother Howard ter know how much we 'uns appreciate this here schoolhouse he put up fer us. We 'uns hain't got much ter give, but the folks want ter give him something. Us women in Mulberry has made him a quilt." She stepped to the front seat, picked up a pillow case and shook a quilt out of it. She untied the string that bound it into a roll and held it up for inspection.

"Hit's a friendship quilt," Ernestine continued. "Got over a hundred names on it. Brother Howard, we 'uns all wants to give this here ter you 'cause we 'uns all loves you," she said turning to me.

I was overcome with feeling, for I knew Ozark hill folk do not give gifts to anyone unless they are in full accord with the acts of the recipient. There were tears in my eyes as I managed a husky, "Thank you, everyone."

"Before we go I jist wants to give hit out that we 'uns havin' meetin' here Sunday and Brother Howard's preachin' for us. Come to church, all of you 'uns," Mrs. Tucker added.

Brother Bybee from over on Stark's Creek dismissed us with a prayer. The "amen" of that prayer ended my first year's teaching and nine months of mission work in the Ozark backhills.

BOB NORMAN was recalled to his railway job and he and Ethel prepared to leave the hills. I found a home for Clayton with the Bybee family, and I set off on a walking tour through the Ozarks.

I had been roaming around for some days when I was overtaken by two men in a pick-up truck. They invited me to ride if I could bump along in the small truck and I climbed in for an answer.

They drove as if the devil was behind them and I held to the low sides of the truck as best I could. The road was rough and winding. Finally we rounded one unusually sharp turn; the car wheels struck a rut with a terrific impact and I was thrown clear of the truck, alighting on my back and shoulders. Everything went black.

When I came to I was lying in the truck where the men had put me and was being driven toward Branson and a doctor. The doctor told me that I had suffered three broken ribs. "You need to go to a hospital for a few weeks," he said.

"But I can't," I replied. "I haven't any money to pay for hospital care."

"There's a government work camp where they are building an airport about four miles from here on Dewey Bald," the doctor said. "Transient camp, they call it. They've got a kind of hospital with a young doctor in charge. It won't cost you anything to stay there as it's one of the government relief agencies. I've been called there a few times to administer anesthesia and I know it is all right."

"I'd better get started, then," I said, as the pain in my side reminded me of my broken ribs.

"I'll take you out in my car," the doctor volunteered.

Dr. Davis at the transient camp was a skilled young man and he soon had my ribs set and taped in place. Then for two weeks I had fine care in the screened luxury of a tent that bore the label "Hospital."

GOVERNMENT REFUGE

My stay in the transient camp as a non-paying guest of the United States government was a pleasant and interesting experience, notwithstanding the broken ribs. Dr. Davis gave me the best of care and the food was wholesome and well cooked, if plain. The two hundred forty men of the camp afforded an interesting study.

The educational differences of these men were surprising. Some could neither read nor write, most of them had a very meager education, but a few were university graduates. Many had criminal records. Rehabilitation was the goal.

"If you desire to do mission work, here is a great opportunity," Leon Shapell, camp superintendent, said. "We'd like to have you with us. The salary is good, and camp maintenance goes with it. Your nights will be your own and you'll find plenty of places within walking distance where you can preach if you want to."

"Thank you, Mr. Shapell," I replied. "I'd like a few days to think this over. I will go to see my two sons and talk it over with them. I'll return on Monday and give you my answer."

I went to the Bybees'. Clayton was in fine spirits and showed continued improvement. "He works in the field almost every day," Dewey Bybee informed me with pride, "and he's a plumb good hand, too." Clayton readily agreed to the change in my plans and joyfully anticipated having Albert's companionship the next fall and winter.

Next morning I walked to Hermitage to see Superintendent Miller and tell him that I had decided to accept the camp offer.

Superintendent Miller welcomed me cordially. He started to open a file on his desk and he said, "I've got a surprise for you."

"Good or bad?" I asked.

"It'd look good to me," he said as he took an envelope from his file and opened it. He removed a blue slip from the envelope and handed it to me. "Think you can use it?"

I looked at it in surprise, for it was a warrant for seventy-six dollars. "How'd this happen?" I asked.

"Some folks call it a bonus, but it's really just the rest of the salary due you," Superintendent Miller said. "Here

in Missouri the fund remaining in the teachers' fund after a school year is ended must revert to the state or be paid to the teacher." He grinned. "I never heard of anyone turning any money back."

No one could have been more pleasantly surprised than I was. What a fortune it seemed to be! I hurried to the county seat where I bought seventy-five dollars' worth of travelers' checks. Ross Goon, the cashier, would not let me pay him the customary fee for issuing the checks. "No, Brother Howard, your service to Mulberry is worth far more to this bank than the fee for these checks, and we are only happy to show a little appreciation." He even provided a ride to Springfield.

During the first four days in camp I was an interested spectator, following Dr. Davis on his rounds of social service work, studying my job. By Friday morning I was ready to go to work.

The average age of the men was fifty-two years. We divided them into two groups: laborers and skilled craftsmen. The common laborers had attained an average fifth-grade education; the average for the much smaller skilled-labor group was slightly above thirty-five semester hours of college work.

MISSION activity in the hills near the transient camp and the social service work among the transients was so much to my liking that time passed quickly. Each new week brought some unusual character to my desk for admittance to camp.

Into our camp there came one day a man who had once been a famous surgeon. But drink, drugs, and general dissipation had left only an empty shell of a once skilled and useful man. I sought to have a heart-to-heart talk with him.

"It's no use," he said. "Morphine is now my master. All I care about now is the little pleasure the drug gives me and I know I shall die that way. There is one favor I want to ask of you. Tell people everywhere you preach the story of Old Doc and his ruined life. It may save someone from my fate," he added.

The men at the camp had been working on an airfield and the government ordered us to make preparations to move the men to Camp Clark, an army camp near Nevada, a hundred miles away.

While we were awaiting final orders to move, the men built a great octagon pen of poles. The walls were six feet high and the cracks between the logs were chinked with clay. Around the entire inside of the pen crude benches were made of long oak poles. A bonfire of dry logs was kept burning in the center of the pen. The men congregated around the fire every evening and listened to the camp musicians and their violins, guitars and banjos.

"Just like home," one man said. "All some of us guys have known for years is a blanket close to the fire in some railroad jungle near the switchyards."

We finally moved to Camp Clark, where the brick barracks provided comfortable and roomy quarters for the members of three local camps which were combined into one camp of five hundred men. On the first Sunday at the new camp I went to church in Nevada. As I left after services, I overheard the comment, "Oh, he's just a hobo from the bums' camp."

I soon learned that the local political boss dictated every policy of the transient camp. Corruption, graft and favoritism were substituted for the honest service given at the Branson camp. I longed for the hills, the hill folk and the opportunity to preach, so on April eighth I drew my pay and set out on Highway No. 54 to walk the seventy miles back to Cross Timbers where my Ozark missionary work had started.

THE COUNTRY PREACHER

Only the quivery owl was out to greet me as I walked into Cross Timbers where I went to the home of my old friend, Alva Davis, and called out his name. He answered at once and took me in and made me comfortable for the rest of the night.

"What do you plan on doing now?" he questioned.

"I'll work at anything I can get to do; work for my room and board if nothing better is to be found. I'll preach

wherever I can, and something is sure to turn up so that the boys and I can get a little place where we can be together again. I'd hoped to get a school, but there are so many more teachers than schools and it's so late it may be hard to do," I said.

"You and your boys have lots of friends around here, Brother Howard," Alva said. "There are a few like Harmon, old Missouri and the Saxons that still hate you, but everyone knows what stripe they are, and they can't hurt you any. Honesty, truth and fair dealing are things that lies don't destroy."

I bade the Davis' good-by and walked the seven miles to the Bybees' to see Clayton. He was improving and was becoming the picture of health—cheerful and happy. He called Anna Bybee "Ma" and she was as proud of his improvement as though he were her own son.

Albert was working on a near-by farm, and I learned the two boys had been together at every opportunity. They both were dating girls frequently. Whenever young people had a party, Albert and Clayton were accepted as a part of the group.

THE Owsley community decided to start a two-weeks revival meeting late in July. My name was among the list of preachers who had been suggested for the task of conducting the protracted meeting. Since I was a candidate and my presence might prove embarrassing, Clayton and I left immediately after the Sunday morning worship services.

But as it turned out, I was the unanimous choice.

A committee of twelve was selected. The committee spent several hours daily calling on people. They were over-zealous with old Horace Doubt.

Horace Doubt had recently moved into the neighborhood, and of course everyone in Owsley and adjoining communities speculated upon which church his family "held to." All the denominations for miles around sent representatives to wait upon the Doubts. The newcomers attended the Baptist, Methodist, and Campbellite churches and worshiped with each group. Such behavior was unheard of in the hills.

"Them folks don't stand for nothin'," was the way Aunt Sally Lawless put it, and hers was the general idea of the community from Cross Timbers to Climax Springs.

Doubt was doing his fall plowing about the time our revival started, and he always worked his three big bay mares in a multiple hitch instead of the usual double hitch. He named his animals Baptist, Methodist, and Campbellite, and would yell at them and call them by name until he could be heard at least a mile down the valley.

Although members of the three faiths distrusted one another, they finally got together at the suggestion of several revival zealots and sent a delegation to ask that Doubt cease making fun of the churches.

He was plowing when the committee delivered their manifesto to him.

"Law, folks, I hain't makin' light of the Lord's work. Here's three horses and every one's a durned good 'un," Doubt said as he leaned against the plow handle and looked upon the committee with an amused smile. "I have a hell of a time ketchin' and hookin' them three mares together. They're allers bitin' and kickin' and squawlin' at each other; but, folks, when I git them three hooked up together and licked the cussedness outten them I kin plow this field. Ever' one of them horses's got a little habit that makes a feller think of you 'uns. Now there's old Methodist thar. She's a plumb good horse and does her full share, but when night comes hit don't take no water at all to do her. Old Campbellite thar in the middle never lags a lick, but hit takes a sight of water for her; old Baptist thar on the land side keeps her singletree tight all day long, but when night comes durned if she'll eat 'less I feed her in a stall by herself."

Old man Doubt straightened, adjusted the reins around his hips and grasped the plow handles.

"Sorry, folks, if you 'uns think I war pokin' fun, fer I shore warn't aimin' to," he said as he tilted the plow point into the soil. "Giddap!"

He moved on down the field and left his committee grinning sheepishly.

HOUSEWARMIN'

When grain harvest was finished I had about fourteen dollars. With this money Clayton and I rented a small place that had a little cabin on it. Albert's first C. C. C. check came. It was twenty-five dollars, and with our rent already paid this seemed a small fortune to us.

We took our windfall to a public sale and bought a table, a bed, a small cookstove, and odds and ends of small items such as stew pans, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, and tin cups. These helped make our two-room cabin less bare. Mrs. Bybee made us a bed tick which we filled with fresh oats straw, and we had the quilt given me by the Mulberry School. We sewed up sheets out of feed sacks and sawed two large blocks of wood for chairs. Thus we set up housekeeping. The cabin was a very humble place, but for the first time in many months we were in our own home.

We were eating breakfast that first morning when one of our neighbors came and asked us to help him saw wood. I had expected to remain at home and get things straightened up, but we both knew that unless one has a justifiable excuse, refusal to help a neighbor constitutes a grave breach of sociability in the Ozarks. There was no valid justification for not helping him, so we both gladly consented to go and left our breakfast clutter on the table.

We finished the wood sawing just at sundown.

"You 'uns best have some supper before ya go back, fer I'll bet yore old woman hain't cooked ya none," the neighbor jested. "I'll drive ya home after supper. Hain't no trouble." We hurriedly ate a bite and then set out.

AS we rounded the curve in the trail above our place we saw a bonfire burning in front of our cabin.

"Must be some 'possum hunters out tonight," my neighbor said laughingly to Clayton and me.

"Yes," I answered, as I realized what had happened, "and they caught the 'possum asleep this time. Of course you knew all day what was going on here."

"Shore, but 'twoulda spoilt the fun if we 'un's told ye," he rejoined.

"Welcome, neighbor," the folks around the campfire cried as we climbed out of the wagon. I was so overcome as to be that rare specimen, a speechless preacher.

This, I knew, was an old-fashioned housewarming of the kind neighbors nearly always hold for a minister whenever he enters a new field in the Ozarks.

Our benefactors had papered both rooms with wallpaper. This was a signal honor bestowed upon us, for when Ozark cabin walls are papered at all, either newspaper or wrapping paper is usually deemed adequate. Neat feed-sack curtains hung at the windows, and pillows encased in slips with beautiful hand-worked edges were on the bed. A rug made by sewing together three twelve-foot strips of hand-woven rag carpet was spread upon the floor. Hand towels, tea towels, dishes, pans, a lamp and three hickory chairs had been donated.

Our table was loaded with food: meats, lard, butter, flour, meal, potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbage; the prize of all was a five-gallon jar of sauerkraut—enough for a family of five! A cupboard had been built in the corner of the room which we used as a kitchen. It extended from the floor to the ceiling and the shelves were more than two feet wide in the center. Dozens of quarts of canned fruit, vegetables and meats stood upon its shelves.

Since nearly everyone who lived in that community was present, I knew now that these hill folk had fully accepted the boys and me. I knew they loved us and appreciated my efforts to help them, and that this housewarming was their way of showing appreciation.

"Git yer partners fer Miller Boy!" came a shout from the group of young folk about the bonfire outside. The hill musicians were seated on a large log.

Musicians of the hills are held in a certain esteem that sets them apart from their more ordinary fellow men. The three sitting on the log in the full glow of the brightly burning bonfire were well aware of their importance. They made their deliberate preparations while the audience waited impatiently. The "fiddles" and "gitar" finally tuned to their satisfaction, one of the musicians yelled, "All to yer places, let e'r go!" And the music began.

Everyone joined in the singing as they moved in a circle two by two, boy and girl, boy and girl, around the bonfire. The circle was a double one with the boys on the outside, the girls on the inside. They circled back to back, reaching arms backward over their shoulders to meet those of their partners, and with hands thus joined behind them, they moved to the right, keeping time with the music and singing:

"Oh, happy is the miller boy that lives by the mill,
When the wheel turns around with a free good will,
One hand in the hopper and the other in the sack,
The ladies step forward and the gents fall back."

The players suited actions to the words of the song.

"Swing Josie," "Captain Jenks," "Skip-Come-a-Lou" and "Pig in the Parlor" followed.

The small children and elderly folk crowded into our cabin. A half-dozen babies slept on the bed with two small children. In the kitchen a ten-gallon tub of coffee on the stove gave forth a tantalizing odor as the women prepared refreshments. Pies, cakes and sandwiches were piled high.

The men who had grown too old to share the excitement of a play-party sat on the floor and leaned against the walls. They exchanged bits of news of common interest, discussed prices, farm conditions, foxhunts, politics and crops.

"Hogs shore hain't a-fetchin' nothing'," one man lamented. "Taken a hull hog to pants me, pants goin' up in price like they air. But the government hain't give no orders yet fer a feller go 'thout pants, so all you kin do is take what they gives you and pay what they asks."

"Judge, you get the young'uns to come in," Mrs. Bybee announced at midnight. "Then everybody can pass along the tables and help themselves."

When the two rooms had filled, Judge Sundwall called for everyone's attention. "We are shore glad Brother Howard and his boys have moved into our neighborhood," he began. "We welcome them, and know they'll be fine neighbors and do all the good they kin. Every community needs a preacher a-livin' among the folks. He's there when young folks decide to hook up in double harness and we all knows how he'll go anywhere, any time, to help the sick or needy or for funerals. Brother Howard's beginnin' a revival meetin' at Owsley week from Sunday, so let's all go. And now," he said reverently, "let's all bow our heads while Brother Lige Gurney returns thanks."

The grace ended, eager hands reached for the food. Possessing no false modesty, these hill folks saw no reason to stop eating so long as there was food and one still had an appetite for it. They ate their fill.

Clayton and I stood in our cabin door after the last guest had gone and heard the echoing voices of the young folk ringing through the woods as, homeward bound, they gaily sang hill ballads.

THE SCHOOLTEACHER

Children are as free with local gossip in a rural Sunday school as they are in the district schoolhouse; and when, one Sunday morning in early August, just before time for the new term of school to start, I heard Ancel Bratton and Orpha Jones discussing the new schoolteacher at Owsley, I listened with interest.

"I seen her, and, boy, is she a looker!" Ancel was saying in a low voice when he should have been attentive to the devotionals. "She was down to Pa's store with the Dyers yesterday."

"Reckon she's going to stay at their place?" Orpha asked.

"Reckon," the boy whispered. "Maybe you'll git to see her if she comes to church with the Dyers."

"What's her name?"

"Gordon, or something like that. . ."

The name meant nothing to me, but I felt a natural curiosity about the district's new schoolteacher, for in an isolated community the active, knowing workers with a sense of leadership are so few that I anxiously wondered how helpful the new teacher might be in our church

work. I know the Dyers seldom missed a preaching service and as no new schoolteacher can refuse a first invitation to attend church I thought she could be expected that morning.

I was watching when the Dyers drove up the road in their topless two-seated carriage. Sure enough, they had an extra passenger, but I didn't get a good look at her until she stepped out of the vehicle and walked up the path to the church door. When I moved outside the open doorway to extend my hand of welcome, the newcomer smiled at me. I was so startled that I couldn't speak, for the new teacher was the same young woman who had taken me in and fed me on that hot July day I had first trudged into the Ozarks!

Mrs. Dyer started to introduce us: "Brother Howard, this is Miss Gordon, our new . . ." but Miss Gordon was already saying to me, "Brother Howard, it's nice to meet again. I've often thought about you and wondered what all might have happened to you after the day you had dinner with Aunt Sally Kate and Father and me."

"You remember that, do you?" I replied. "I didn't even think to ask your name then; but your kindness and encouragement meant a lot to me—more than you'll ever know, Miss Gordon."

"So you people know each other!" Mrs. Dyer exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," Miss Gordon answered quickly. "We met more than two years ago."

"Then you ought to spend the day with us, Brother Howard," Mrs. Dyer invited. "You and Miss Gordon can have a long visit this afternoon."

"Thank you, Mrs. Dyer, I'll be glad to," I replied.

I met them outside after the services.

"You ought to be quite a walker by now," Miss Gordon said. "I too like to walk, especially where there is so much natural beauty as you have all around you here."

"Would you care to walk back to the Dyers?" I asked hopefully. "It's less than two miles, and if we take the short cut through the woods we can be there almost as soon as they."

"Then let's do," Miss Gordon replied, and we set off.

"Doesn't it seem strange that we should meet again after only a chance meeting so far from here and such a long time ago?" she said. "You were a stranger there. Now I'm the stranger. You spoke of my helping you, then. Now you have the opportunity to help me, for these people are so different from the people I've always known. Apparently they love and trust you, and I want you to help me in working with them, for I want them to love and trust me, too."

"Yes, perhaps I can help you, Miss Gordon."

"Call me Mary Louise, please. All my friends do," she smiled. "Then I won't feel so alone."

"Thank you . . . Mary Louise." I felt my face flush warm with embarrassment, but I was pleased.

WE walked slowly up the long slope, then paused at the summit to look out across the broad, timbered valley at Stark's Creek. The day was clear and warm and the visibility almost endless. The entire horizon seemed even higher than our vantage point and a misty blue defined every Ozark mountain rim.

The walk to Dyers' seemed so much shorter than usual.

Dinner over, Mary Louise and I went to the rustic lawn seat beneath a great juniper tree, where we sat and visited all afternoon. For both of us, the Ozarks represented a quiet retreat. And so the afternoon passed. When we were eating supper Mrs. Dyer said that she would be unable to attend the evening church services.

"Would you accompany me to church?" I asked Mary Louise.

"I'd like to go," she replied.

"Why not have Miss Gordon whistle for a special musical number?" Mrs. Dyer suggested. "She whistles grand. I heard her in her room yesterday, and she told me that she whistled for church services in her home town."

"Say, that would be fine," I replied. "The audience will surely enjoy it."

My sermon subject at church that night was "Hope" and when, following the Scripture reading and the an-

nouncement of my text, Mary Louise rose to whistle, she tactfully selected "Whispering Hope" for her solo. She stood in front of the teacher's desk that I used as a pulpit. Her black hair and eyes brought out the perfection of her fair complexion; her pale-blue dress was as a chaste aura about her. She was tall and slender, and her sparkling personality and poise made her a striking figure. With the first bars of her solo, a solemn hush fell over the audience. The notes were as high and clear and liquid as the trill of the mocking bird. The music seemed to float away in the distance as it ended.

"You have added a great deal to the day," I told Mary Louise as we said good-night at Dyers' door.

It was almost eleven o'clock when I arrived at my cabin home. Clayton was in bed, but he wasn't asleep.

"How about some bacon, eggs and coffee, Dad?" he asked.

"Suits me. I'm hungry, too," I replied.

I had always been comradely with my children; hence they had been unafraid to tell or ask me anything, and I told them a great deal. The hours that Clayton and I spent together held more of the comradeship of two boys than a father-and-son relationship. So, this night, as we ate and drank our coffee and milk we chatted of the happenings of the eventful day.

IT seemed that I had been asleep for hours when I was half-awakened by a timid rapping on the door. Then I heard a sob followed by more rapping. I sat up in bed wide awake.

"Yes?" I called.

"Please, Brother Howard, kin I talk to you?" a girl's voice said between broken sobs.

"Just a minute," I answered. I jumped up and quickly dressed. I lit the kerosene lamp and saw that Clayton had not wakened, so I went into the kitchen and shut the door between the two rooms.

"Come in," I said as I opened the door. My visitor was a twenty-year-old girl whom I recognized as the hired girl from a neighboring farm. "Sit over here," I indicated the corner near the stove, "and I'll fix up a fire. You're shivering."

Dry wood on the cookstove's live coals blazed quickly.

"Now tell me what's wrong," I said to the visitor. "What brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"I've heard lots about how you help folk when they's



in trouble, and I'm in awful trouble, Brother Howard." There was utter despair in her voice. "I'm going to have a baby."

Between fitful sobs, she told me her story. Her mother was dead. She knew nothing of her father. The people who had reared her were not relatives and she was afraid to tell them of her condition lest they turn her out. She had been keeping company with a hill boy for about a year; when she named him, I feared, for he was of a family whose general reputation was none too good. He worked on a small farm near by.

"We's been agoin' steady 'til two weeks ago," the girl said. "He jist quit without sayin' nothin'. Now he's agoin' with 'nother girl down the river. She's purtier'n me."

The girl admitted that she had not told the boy of her condition.

"Why didn't you tell him just as soon as you knew?" I asked.

"'Fraid to. He might take out where nobody'd find him."

I warmed the brew that remained in the coffee pot and filled two cups.

"Here, let's drink some of this," I suggested. "Then you and I will hike over and see Darrel. If we go to-night we'll be sure and find him at home and no one will see us going."

She looked up with a faint glow of hope in her face.

I awakened Clayton and told him that a neighbor needed help and that I might not return until next day. Then we set off. The night was chilly, so the girl and I walked rapidly and shortly arrived at the farm where the boy worked.

I left her in the woods pasture fifty yards from the cabin while I went nearer and called out a lusty "Hello."

"Who's thar?" the farmer asked as the door creaked open. I told him who I was and asked to see his hired hand.

"Sorry to disturb you," I said, "but I want to speak with him at once."

"Reckon the law's a-lookin' fer him," the farmer grumbled, "but his pap's the one that's cookin' off likker. But I reckon yo're only tryin' to he'p him," he said as he shuffled away to awaken the boy. The youth soon appeared tugging at a gallus on his overalls.

"Let's go down the trail a ways, son," I said as he stepped through the door. "I don't want anyone to hear what we say." We walked away from the cabin and headed toward the girl's hiding place.

I TOLD him how the girl had come to my home and confessed her condition.

"Are you to blame?" I asked him point-blank.

"Reckon I am," he admitted. "Only reason I quit her was them folks she lives with's allers cussin' me out on account Pap's makin' whisky."

"Will you marry her?" I asked.

"Shore will," he answered. I quietly called the girl out of hiding. But her appearance did not startle the boy as I had expected. Neither spoke nor displayed any of the emotions that must have been suppressed within them.

"How old are you?" I asked them.

"I'm past twenty-one," was the boy's answer.

"I'm goin' on twenty," the girl said.

"Good!" I replied. "Neither of you needs parental consent for marrying, then. We can start right away and go to the store down the river. We'll get there in time to catch the mail bus and ride into town to the recorder's office. Then we can get the license and I'll marry you there this morning."

"I'll have to go back to the house and get my boss up to borry 'nuff money fer the license," the boy suggested.

I didn't distrust him, but the freedom of the back door might be a temptation.

"No," I said, "let's not do that. I'll get the license and you can pay me some other time." I insisted that we start at once.

We walked the six miles to the little crossroads store and post office, and had to wait only a few minutes on the mail truck bound for the county seat. It took us an hour to jolt the rough eighteen miles to the courthouse.

"Shore hope our married life hain't as rough as thet ride," the boy laughed as he climbed from the rear of the canvas-covered truck.

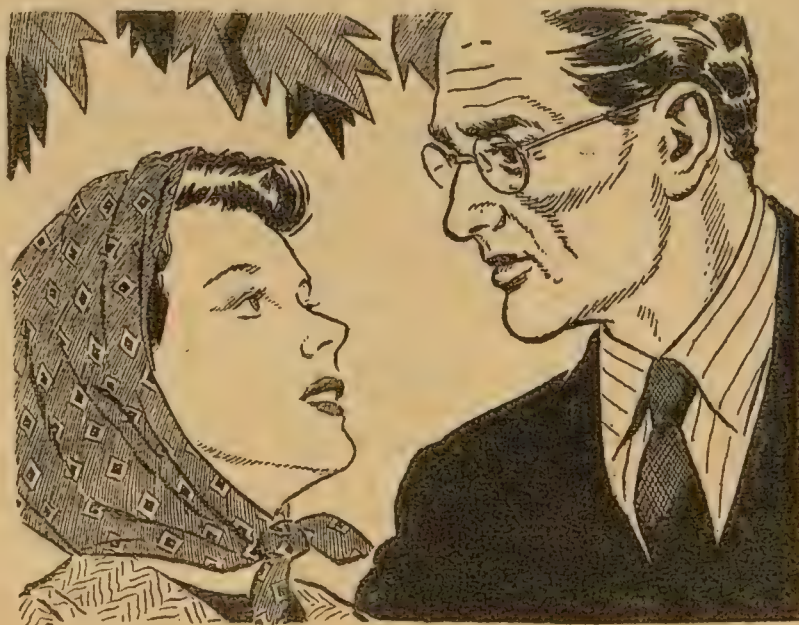
I bought the license with my last dollar and a half, and married my charges in the recorder's office with the clerk and his deputy as witnesses. When I had made proper report of the ceremony and filed it with the license, I turned to the newlyweds. "Folks," I grinned, "it took the last cent I had for that license, so there

isn't any money to hire a jitney to take us home. I guess we'd better light out and walk the twenty-four miles back home."

And it wasn't too glum a wedding processional, for all the untoward circumstances. We made a few practical plans for the young folks' future and parted hopefully at the fork of the trail.

These were busy days.

The day after the county seat trip, I received a post card from the superintendent of the Sunday school at Bethel inviting me to preach at the Benton County Sing-



ing School on the following Sunday. "Bring some representatives from your part of the woods, too," he wrote.

When I walked over the mountain to Dyers' and told them of the invitation from the Bethel church, they suggested that Owsley be represented at the sing by someone from the Young Peoples' Society and Mary Louise as a whistling soloist.

"Brother Howard, I don't believe that old saying holds true of Miss Gordon," Mrs. Dyer said with a twinkle in her eyes. You know—'A whistling woman and a crowing hen are sure to come to some bad end.' Stay for supper with us," she urged, "and you two can go to the young people's meeting together. If they want to furnish a solo or duet for the sing at Bethel we'll take the contestants over Sunday morning. It's about fifteen miles and that's too far for Miss Gordon to walk. We can start about six o'clock and that'll get us there in time for preaching."

"I'd sure appreciate it if things could be worked out that way," I said. "I want to preach in every community I can and I have never attended an Ozark sing."

Mary Louise came down the trail from school and was pleased when she learned of her invitation to participate in the singing festival. This was to be her initial singing school experience, too.

As I walked home after the young people's meeting I pondered the condition of my wardrobe. I had been seeing Mary Louise rather often and was eager to appear well dressed when in her company. But no matter how hard I tried to evolve a plan to acquire clothes to wear at the Bethel church Sunday, I seemed to find no way of replacing my summer trousers and coat. I should have been grateful for what I had, but I found it necessary to struggle with a slight tinge of resentment at this apparent lack.

Like manna from heaven, there came in my mail later that week a letter of credit from a Springfield clothing store. I thought it merely an advertising circular until I read that fifty dollars had been deposited there for use toward the purchase of clothing.

I lost no time Saturday morning hitchhiking to Springfield, where I felt rich indeed when I learned the credit was valid. I selected a new suit, shirt, underwear, shoes and socks. The store manager learned the nature of my work and gave me a ten-per-cent reduction on the cost of my purchases, and this consideration enabled

me to get a pair of shoes and a shirt for Clayton. I tried to learn my benefactor's name, but the manager would not reveal it.

Clayton had loaned me three dollars to be used for bus fare if necessary, but I knew that he was saving for a guitar, so I started walking out the highway toward home. Three miles out of Springfield a man gave me a ride that took me only a few miles from the trail that led through the woods to our cabin.

Clayton had not yet come from the neighboring farm where he was working that day, so I gathered the eggs, split the wood for the stove, and got supper and had it on the table when he did come in. His precious three dollars was returned to him and his face brightened when I presented him with the new shoes and shirt.

That night both Clayton and I shaved and bathed before going to bed, so that come morning we could get an early start on the nineteen-mile hike to the Bethel church. Clayton sensed my elation and my anticipation of the following day and jested, "Dad, you better not wear all those fancy duds tomorrow, or that new teacher won't know you."

"I'll take care of that," I returned as I extinguished the light.

It was a rare pleasure to put on my new clothes next morning, and I felt that I looked like a magazine advertisement as Clayton and I set off down the trail toward the Bethel sing. Neither of us talked, in deference to my habit of mentally organizing sermons as I hiked along the woodland paths.

The day was bright and beautiful, the air crisp and tangy, and the heavy dew on every blade of grass sparkled against the sun's rays. We saw full-grown squirrels running along the rail fences or scampering high into the hickories. Birds flew from tree to tree and twittered excitedly as if in realization that their migration time was near.

The singing had not yet started when we reached Bethel church, so we stayed outside to watch the gathering crowd. Families came in team-drawn wagons, in Model Ts, in rattling old trucks and on shanks' ponies. Many were obviously from outside the immediate community and knew few people there. We, too, were strangers at Bethel, but one does not long remain a stranger in an Ozark gathering. We were soon being made to feel at home by the folks all about us. One old-timer proudly related to me that the church had been built upon the site of the old Bethel campground where camp meetings had once been held. The burying ground there had been started in Civil War days as a cemetery for Union soldiers. His memories of those past days were much keener than of things present, and evidently he found them much more pleasant.

MARY LOUISE and Owsley's two entrants in the sing arrived shortly before ten o'clock with the Dyers, in their carriage. I was sure Mary Louise had not been accustomed to riding in that sort of vehicle, so I went to the hitch rack to meet them, thinking that perhaps I might be of some assistance in helping her get to the ground. I wasn't too sure that she would like Ozark inconveniences, and since I had invited her here I felt responsible for her comfort. But before I could reach the side of the carriage she had hopped nimbly over the wheel and alighted directly in front of me.

"Hello!" she said as she recognized me. Then she motioned to the crowd milling about the church yard. "Where did all these people come from? Why didn't you tell me there would be a big crowd here? I'm scared."

"No need for you to be afraid," I reassured her. "Most of the people here may be able to sing or play an instrument, but I'll bet there isn't a one who can whistle as you do."

"Thank you," she returned politely, her gaze full upon me. I had wondered if she would notice my new clothes. When we entered the church building, we found it crowded and only a few seats remaining unoccupied. We found two near a window.

"Folks, let's get started," the presiding officer called above the babel of voices. "We're going to start our sing this afternoon," he continued, "with some of those old

Christian Harmony hymns we all love so much." He beckoned to an elderly man in the front row. "Professor John Frakes here is going to be our leader."

The professor beamed out over the open rectangular book which he balanced on his left forearm. The book's dog-eared pages curved over the crook of his elbow and extended to the palm of his hand.

There were quartettes, solos, duets, trios, and other small group singing. An elderly couple, announced as recent celebrants of their sixtieth wedding anniversary, were too feeble to stand, so they sat in chairs on the rostrum and sang a duet.

I saw the afternoon sun dropping into the hills and asked a veteran in the seat near me, "What do you do if they don't get around to all the singers?"

"They'll keep on going 'til they're done," he chuckled. "Why, I've listened to good singin' 'til the break of day. That war back in the good old days when folks tuk more time fer such doin's."

Mary Louise had been scheduled to appear toward the end of the program. When her number was announced, some of the folks appeared displeased that anyone should attempt to whistle at an Ozark sing. But when she took her place at the front of the hall and the first notes poured forth from her lips to fill the place with sweet, clear cadenzas, the audience was entranced. Before the last note had died away there was a burst of applause. The handclapping continued until Mary Louise agreed to whistle again.

Hers was the only encore of a program that lasted until six o'clock.

"It was splendid," I told her as she climbed into the Dyers' carriage. She nodded an acknowledgement of the compliment.

A FEW days later I was passing the Owsley school just as Mary Louise was locking the schoolhouse door. "How about letting me walk as far as Dyers' with you?" I asked.

"I'll be delighted to have you," she said.

We left the schoolhouse and headed down the trail toward her boarding place.

"Tomorrow night is my regular preaching appointment at the Turney Ridge brush arbor—it's only four miles from here. Would you care to walk over there with me?"

"Why, yes, I'd like to go if the weather's fit," she replied. "These people are so interesting in spite of their prejudices that I enjoy getting to know them. I love to see you work with them."

Next day the time to call for Mary Louise seemed always to be far away, but at last my impatience was rewarded and she was again at my side. I had noticed that the evening chill descended early that evening but I hadn't been much concerned with the lowering of the temperature as we hiked along. Yet when I rose to speak in the brush arbor I realized that fall was truly upon us and that this would have to be my last meeting of the year in an outdoor church.

My text was from the Book of Ruth, where Boaz instructed his reapers to leave gleanings for Ruth. In my sermon I spoke of the older Christian's duty to give the young workers parts to perform in church activities, to leave grain in the form of good examples.

The four-mile trail back through the wooded hills was illuminated by a rich harvest moon. At the crest of Childer's Ridge we paused and stood in silent admiration of the scene that stretched below us.

"I don't wonder that you love these hills and the people here," Mary Louise said softly, "and I can see why they love you."

"Thank you," I replied. "That means a great deal to me." I hesitated, and then turned to her. "Mary Louise, I've been thinking that we both have come to realize just how much we mean to each other." I took her in my arms and whispered, "Mary Louise, will you share these hills, these people, and this work with me?"

She was silent, and I was afraid. But when she finally raised her head from my shoulder she quoted softly, "Whither thou goest, I will go."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

SAINTS AND STRANGERS, by George F. Willison, a factual book about the Pilgrim Fathers, proves that the truth about them is not at all as strange as the fictional legends that have grown up about them—but quite as interesting.



George F. Willison

Some descendents of the Pilgrims are so smug about their inheritance that they tend to become pioneers in reverse, blazing the trail to yesterday. Mr. Willison offers them this healthy reminder:

"The Forefathers were never ones for mummery and ceremonial. They had no use for precedent and tradition, and deliberately flouted both. They were innovators, revolutionaries, never being restrained by the dead hand of the past. They were interested in the immediate scene about them and in trying to make it better, even at the cost of their lives. They had no time for ancestor worship, no taste for monuments."

Mr. Willison protests at the tendency to confuse the Pilgrims of Plymouth with their Puritan neighbors of Boston, saying:

"The popular conception of the Pilgrims as a meek, drab, and uncomplaining lot, with eyes ever humbly fixed on the ground at their feet or turned tearfully upward toward the Pearly Gates in misty rapture, is a caricature at which the Pilgrims themselves would have been the first to laugh. . . . The Pilgrims were Elizabethan in their acceptance of the simpler joys of life."

Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Price \$3.75.

THE device of telling a story from the varying points of view of its leading characters has been employed, with doubtful success, in pretentious novels. It is used to good effect in **No Shortage of Men**, Ethel Hueston's charmingly frivolous story of women in wartime.

An epidemic of unrest started among the Courtney women when Grandma, after forty years of married life, divorced her diplomat husband. Her daughter Eileen soon decided that her own husband, a major general, wasn't the fulfillment of a woman's fondest dreams. Then granddaughter Ellena began to have second thoughts about the lad she had married in a blitz romance.



Ethel Hueston

This story has the gay activity of a George Abbott farce. All the same, it interprets some aspects of wartime marriage with more of a ring of truth than most of the heavy psychological studies of the same theme.

Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price \$2.50.

"MANY pseudo-intellectuals confuse dullness and lack of clarity with significance," says Oliver La Farge in **Raw Material**, his book of reminiscences. "There is even a cult of books which are difficult to read, a sort of pygmy quest of the esoteric, but no sensible person will be fooled."

Shortly after reading these words of wisdom, your reviewer came across the announcement that the publishers of James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* had issued a pamphlet to correct the many typographical errors in that masterpiece of obscurity. How many worshipers of the master, I wonder, have been singing the praises of expressions that turned out to be typographical errors?

You'll find a wealth of interesting shop talk in **Raw Material**—and an unusually candid personal story.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price \$3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

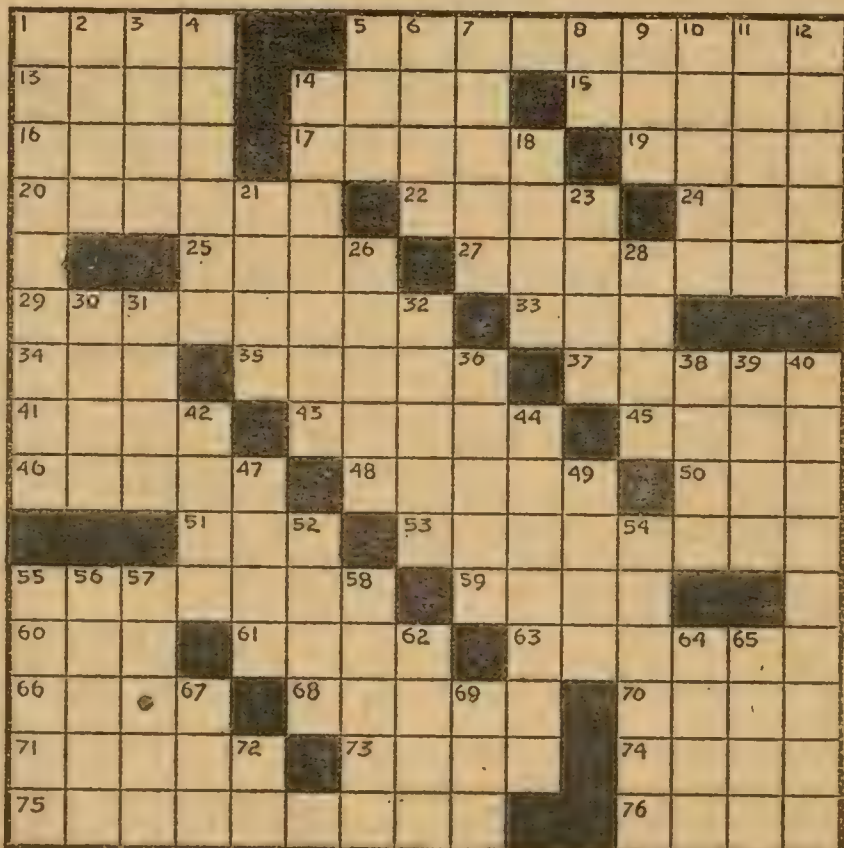
- 1 Weed killers, employ muscle oil
- 5 Mikado's Edgar Bergen
- 13 Lied motionless (anagram)
- 14 Mark Twain called it a low form of cunning (coll.)
- 15 With the Japs this evidently goeth after a fall
- 16 Bare skin covering
- 17 Nom de plums
- 19 &&&&&&&
- 20 Breezy chap whose greatest asset is his lie-ability
- 22 Its disappearance never has been fully explained
- 24 Amcray
- 25 Hard-boiled drips
- 27 Status quo wreckers
- 29 Bhoy, sheshure hated ould Britannia!
- 33 Moo emotionally
- 34 Fight promoter
- 35 Henceforth, if things must be shot up, let's use these!
- 37 Ten-foot pole
- 41 Medieval Maginot Line
- 43 Fresh little things
- 45 Hindus idolize him
- 46 Throws dough in a pot
- 48 What no one ever does at a Stop sign
- 50 Add a mite and get a lowdown home wrecker
- 51 Save Husbands' Authority! (abbr.)
- 53 This has gone back to work for the American stocking manufacturers
- 55 High priest
- 59 A bear apartment
- 60 Kind of place or thing
- 61 Rus in urbe
- 63 Screwy thing
- 66 Cowfeederia
- 68 Steer manor
- 70 Billy the Kid's biography
- 71 Cow-country champagne—
- 73 —and how she's drunk
- 74 Walked
- 75 Guy with nothing to say who says it beautifully and gets paid for it.
- 76 Heavy teas satisfy (anagram)

VERTICAL

- 1 Place where folks suffered from atomic ache
- 2 Word that makes scents (sing.)
- 3 Let's not create one for this war's criminals
- 4 Boil emotionally
- 5 Kind of ice
- 6 Mitey Jap killer
- 7 Open a trap and let wild things out
- 8 Red Pernts (abbr.)
- 9 Art in reverse
- 10 A doorable thing that squeaks
- 11 Bag the jilted milkmaid was left holding
- 12 Strength recoupers
- 14 CGIs
- 18 Windbagger
- 21 Emergency hand-operated turbines for the Queen Mary
- 23 Noisy binge
- 26 What sheriffs hold over home owners
- 28 What the animals entered the Ark by (pl.)
- 30 The pressure's on with this, as is the heat
- 31 Cops pound one
- 32 Entrances into the underworld
- 36 Never do this to children
- 38 Balkan Stalin
- 39 How long hitlers must be kept dead for
- 40 Bread spread
- 42 This can be trying
- 44 What the car did to the puddle (simp. spelling)
- 47 Ocean crawler (Take a plane)
- 49 Something halfway between a hop and a jump.
- 52 Where to keep war
- 54 Hand holders
- 55 Guy who gets pashanate in his love-making
- 56 This turnip has B.O.
- 57 This has made a mere worm out of the silkworm
- 58 Kind of talk a French banker enjoys
- 62 Women give this the double cross to get a man's eye
- 64 Kind of avis (rare)
- 65 Goat in toga, backward
- 67 Hall a commanding officer in abbreviated style
- 69 Battered old thing, crawls around highways snorting and getting nowhere fast
- 72 Hirohito's Unamerican (abbr.)

GLASS STARS
HOBOS ATOMIC
OC URANIUM VA
SUB BLOND FEN
TSAR VET DIRT
STRUDEL MOSSY
BLUR SOWS
GREED SPANIEL
EARS FEE SOLE
OSS VENAL NEV
RI NEUTRON VE
GERUND STIVER
ELAND SPINS

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



"Nice evening the boss is lining up for himself"

NEXT to a companion like Skipper, the pleasantest prop we can suggest for *your* fireside evening is a Calvert highball.

For here's a pre-war quality whiskey that's

definitely *the real thing*...so gloriously smooth and mellow it simply can't be imitated!

Little wonder that year after year, Calvert is reported "the whiskey most often asked for

by name". So why not curl up *tonight* with your pipe, book, and a Calvert highball?

But be sure you get Calvert...if you want *the real thing*.

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE **Calvert**



*It's the
Real Thing*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?



*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANO-LIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE
TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY VICTORY BONDS!

THE PEOPLE MAKE THEIR CHOICE

Continued from Page 27

his hands; and a local "liberation committee" had appointed a provisional government before he got there. Also, Counter-Intelligence had put the obvious party leaders and prominent SS men in the clink.

But Captain Green had all the other problems. Town bigwigs complained that the new mayor, although no Nazi, was unsatisfactory on other grounds. There was the same dilemma of responsibility. There were the same denunciations that might or might not be true. And Captain Green made a most unorthodox decision—unorthodox from the viewpoint of military government, but orthodox from that of his fellow Virginian, Thomas Jefferson. Captain Green thought to himself: As far as my directives allow me, I'm going to let these people choose their own officials.

And so one day the walls of the idyllic village of Strobl bore a poster calling for an election.

There were no newspapers in or near Strobl, no telephones, and little communication outside the village itself, except by foot, horse, or oxcart, but the grapevine is a remarkable thing, and within a matter of hours everybody in the township knew there was going to be an election.

THE immediate reaction came among the town "notables," the very ones who had criticized the liberation mayor. Like every town in Austria, Germany, Minnesota, or Vermont, Strobl had a few people who "ran the place." The big frogs—financial and social—who had managed to keep out of the Nazi Party visited young Captain Green and informed him that, as local residents, they thought the move inadvisable. After all, they argued, most of the people were simple villagers or ignorant peasants; they doubted whether the people would vote anyhow, having got out of practice and not yet really trusting the new military governor; in short, he would do better to depend on them, who were worldly folk, could speak English, and could help steer him around.

Which made the obstinate young Virginian more obstinate. He proceeded with the election.

He didn't revive the old pre-Hitler parties. He simply invented a direct primary, open to everybody. He figured that in so

small a community everybody would know everybody else. So he announced that on a certain Thursday any registered citizen of the town could appear between certain hours at the local cinema building, be checked on the list, handed a ballot, and could nominate for mayor and deputy mayor any citizen he thought competent. No Nazi Party members or known sympathizers could be nominated. And the candidates for the final run-off would be those five persons who received the most votes. It was really old-fashioned town-hall democracy of the simplest kind.

MILITARY GOVERNOR GREEN also appointed a committee to conduct the first and second balloting. He kept all American soldiers and officers away, except one sergeant who would serve as impartial watcher at the polls and see that there were no shenanigans. Staff Sergeant Mike Rellik stood guard with his rifle on his shoulder, representing the armed might of the United States, to prevent any "repeating." Probably there was never a cleaner election with a more disinterested watcher.

Despite the predictions of the bigwigs, 60 per cent of the population voted in the nominations, and a little more than 70 per cent in the election. No list of Nazi Party members was published, but no one nominated a known Nazi.

And Captain Green let former members of the dissolved Nazi Party vote. He argued: Nazis who are guilty of crimes are subject to punishments. But if they don't come in that category, they are, as I figure it, still citizens. And it seems to me they ought to get used to the idea of voting for people who aren't Nazis.

Captain Green had also been asked for permission to revive the old traditional Corpus Christi religious procession, a much loved feature of all Catholic communities, which Hitler had suppressed ever since the Anschluss.

Since Sunday everywhere is the peasants' holiday, Captain Green decided to hold the first election—probably the first in the German-speaking world since Hitler—on a Sunday. And inasmuch as Corpus Christi Thursday was a rainy day, the procession was also postponed to Sunday. The polls would be open from eight to twelve and from three to six, and the procession was scheduled for around noon.

Strobl is both a peasant village and a fashionable summer resort. The election in its small barnlike picture house was sober

(Continued on page 62)

HARDTACK



"Now you see it—Now you don't... a Machine Shop in a Burma Jungle"

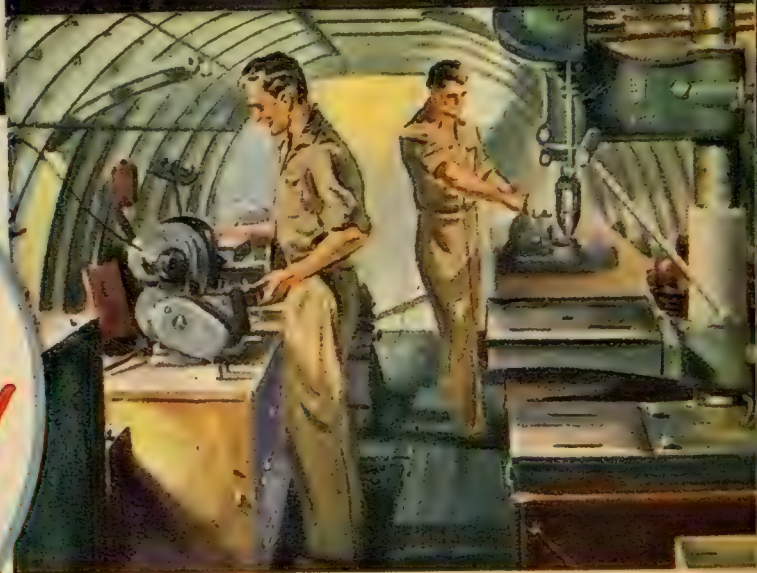
Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando

A Zero Strikes... and one of our bombers is down in the wilds of Burma, badly shot up. Repair parts must be had at once! By land routes, it takes weeks or even months to get help in. But there's one chance... an S.O.S. for a *flying machine shop*. And presto! There it is! A Curtiss Commando, equipped with a complete machine shop... from heavy drill presses to welding equipment... a huge

power plant... spare parts... and a crew of mechanics. In record time, all four engines are purring smoothly. The bomber is ready for another blast at the enemy. And the Commando is off on another rescue flight "somewhere" in the China-Burma-India theater. Here's one more reason why pilots say, "When it comes to carrying loads and getting there, it pays to *Fly Commando!*"

THAT'S WHY
I WANT TO WORK FOR
THE AIRLINES THAT WILL

Fly Commando!



Over Six Tons of heavy machines and men are handled easily by this flying machine shop. Think what that means to you in the airline conversion of the Commando! You'll find a greater seating capacity... as many as 36 passengers... with more room to relax in. And more luggage and cargo are carried in the Commando's huge holds with twin-engine economy.



Ace-high Comfort is yours, when you Fly Commando! The double lounge chairs that line both sides of the wider cabin can be reversed, and a table quickly set in place for bridge, gin rummy or your favorite game! Win or lose, the luxurious comfort of the Commando is a perfect setting for pleasure.



On the Nose! You have shorter waits at flight stops, because the Commando is so much more accessible for easy servicing. For instance, a mechanic can open the nose cone access door by means of three quick-type fasteners, and quickly check all units forward of the instrument panel.

THE CURTISS

Commando

Today's Great Lifeline
Tomorrow's Great Airliner

Curtiss



Wright

FIRST IN FLIGHT

enough. Two men sat at a kitchen table and handled the ballots bearing the names of the five nominees for each office. The voter could make his mark in one of the makeshift booths against the opposite wall. Then he dropped his ballot in the brand-new pine ballot box at the door. Old people came, driving into town in horse or ox carts, and young people who had just turned twenty-one. And the procession turned the occasion into a festival.

It started at the church, a stone's throw from the polling place, and wound through the streets and over the hill, and back, pausing at all the little altars set against trees or cottage walls. Everyone from the aged to the littlest child was in it—even babies, wheeled in perambulators. The men wore their best gray Tirolese costumes, with green-striped trousers and green collars. The children wore white, the girls with wreaths in their hair, and strewed flowers before them as they walked.

They chanted the liturgy or sang hymns as they had done for centuries before the swastika replaced the cross as the symbol of adoration.

As the image of Christ approached in the procession, they sang an old, old folk hymn about a King and Master who preached humility, not force; love, not hate; and peace, not war. They sang:

"Oh, lift your voices!
The King and Master approaches.
He comes to you in wonder and love.

That in your minds the beautiful should
find refuge,
He veils His might and withholds His
awful power . . ."

Not a uniform, not a *Heil*, not a *Sieg!*
And afterward, or before, they put an
X beside the name of a man who had
never made hatred his career.

They re-elected the liberation mayor, but not unanimously. Now he's neither self-appointed nor Captain Green's choice. The captain can say to complainants, if any, "You picked him—a majority of all the citizens; he's your man, not mine."

He is still subject to Captain Green's orders, and if he doesn't discharge his duties well, the American captain can replace him. Those are the captain's orders and he is a soldier.

But news of the election caused considerable rumpus among the high-ups. In fact, the question was asked in brusque military tones, "Who gave you permission to call an election?"

To which the young Virginian could truthfully answer, "Nobody did, and nobody has to. My directives tell me to get rid of Nazis, install a non-Nazi government, and govern through it. But there's not one word in my directives that tells me *how* to select that government. And, all things being equal, I'd certainly rather govern with someone selected by the people than someone I picked out of a hat."

THE END



"That's a picture of John just after his business failed."

Operation Home Run

Continued from Page 34

haupt, Kovacevich, Swaw, Richbourg, Rottella, Moore. They are a cross section of the base—mechanics, a turret specialist, an armorer, and instrument specialist. Slaugenhaupt has been Dixie's crew chief during her entire combat career, and they say he's good.

Twenty men from twenty different parts of the United States. One man is nineteen, and one, a corporal, is thirty-eight and says he has a daughter eighteen.

Down below you see deserted airfields, really empty, not just a few empty revetments the way they used to look when a group was out on a mission. Today you see lifeless fields with no sign of an airplane—just the runways, the perimeter roads, and the hardstands like bulbs attached by stems to a vine. We probably could have seen Cambridge in the distance, but nobody tried very hard.

We pass over Liverpool, and then we have the Irish Sea off our right wing. The boys come to the window to look at the sea. They are cold and miserable. On the next hop they'll dress more warmly.

The door to the bomb bay is pushed open and Captain Peace appears, making his routine inspection of the ship. He has leisure now that he's in the air. It's Friday, he says, and with luck he might be home on Tuesday. His wife lives in Decatur, Alabama, and they have a daughter.

"My daughter is twenty-seven," he says. You blink. "Twenty-seven months," he explains. "I haven't seen her for thirteen months."

You ask him how the pilots felt about taking on the big planes, the B-29s, or whatever it is they might have been going to fly. Peace leans on the right waist gun and stares out over the Irish Sea.

"Some men wanted the big planes," he says. "Others hoped to get on small ones, because they like a hot plane and they didn't like the responsibility of a big crew. If we had gone to the Far East, I wanted to fly the big one."

How did the boys feel about the Pacific? About Okinawa and points north?

"It would have been rough," he says. "Rough and rugged, I guess. But the boys were expecting to go. That's all there was to it. They weren't eager and they weren't reluctant. They were just expecting to go."

THE END

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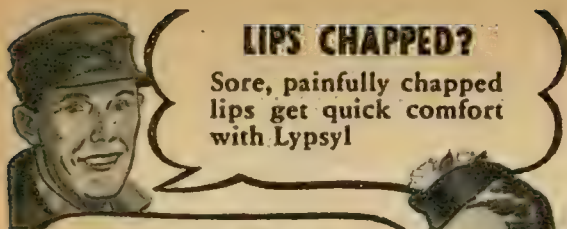
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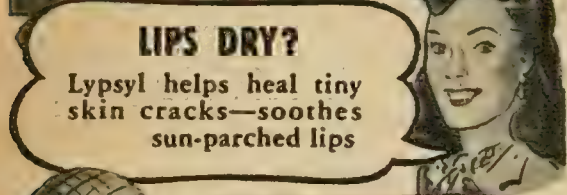
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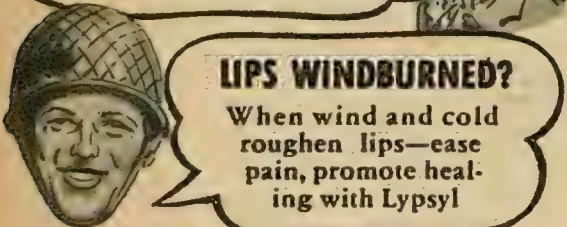
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Sore, painfully chapped lips get quick comfort with Lypsyl



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Lypsyl helps heal tiny skin cracks—soothes sun-parched lips



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BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

Woman-Talk

PARTY TIME: Halloween, especially beloved by children, is fun for grown-ups too. This October 31 we will have a fine excuse for Halloween parties because of the many thousands of returning service men and women who will love any welcome-home heigh-ho that reminds them of their youth and makes them forget their long months away from the genial U. S. A. Apples and cider and doughnuts and pumpkins, artificial or real, go a long way toward making Halloween a success, and involve very little effort or expense.



LAST CALL!—October 15 marks the end of the thirty-day official mailing period for Christmas packages to go to our men and women still serving overseas. Mrs. Sadie H. Brown of Lockport, New York, sends me this cooky recipe which she guarantees will make a hit on arrival, even though its destination is several thousand miles away. She has three sons in the Army, one in Germany, one in the United States, and David, at the moment on Luzon, after more than three years in the Pacific—on the Fijis, New Georgia, and Bougainville. As David and all his homesick buddies swear by Mrs. Brown's Date Sticks, I feel no qualms about recommending them, since she says they improve with age. They call for:

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 cup sugar (or honey) | 1 cup nut meats |
| 1 cup flour | 2 eggs |
| 1 cup chopped dates | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| | 1 tsp. baking powder |

Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven, cut in bars when cool, and roll in powdered sugar. Mrs. Brown adds, "They have no shortening, so they won't crumble. But be sure to pack them in airtight containers."

SLOW BUT SURE: Professor Little, formerly president of the University of Maine, now heads cancer research at Bar Harbor. It was his good fortune to drop in at the Bar Harbor cottage where Harold Ickes was visiting during that memorable week in August when the Japs gave up. Said Ickes benevolently, "Well, professor, pretty soon you'll have all the gas you need. Rationing will be lifted within three or four weeks." Said Professor Little, "You're a little late. It went off this morning."

HERE'S HOPING!—In response to a piercing cry of distress from me in the shape of a letter saying how inadequate I felt about bringing up my three-year-old Tarzan, an experienced relative, the mother of four, replies comfortingly, "Don't worry.

He will undoubtedly grow up to be a fine, stalwart, quiet, dignified gentleman, while most of the well-trained little children will end in the government under civil service and never amount to a hill of beans. After all, training is of more benefit to the parents than to the children, and if you can take it without falling to pieces, what's the difference? What parents don't do, life generally takes care of, so don't worry as long as you have a nice healthy, happy youngster." All of which may comfort other mothers struggling to cope with panthers in the home while Pop is still waiting to get back from overseas. Masculine discipline is sorely missed by countless households and many mothers have been goaded almost to frenzy by unfavorable comparisons of their young with the behavior of well-governed little pals and cousins.

FURNITURE FASHION: A large New York department store features "scene-shifting upholstery" on its furniture floor. Homemakers will approve of it for two reasons—it enables them to change their color scheme easily, and it's practical, because the upholstery covers can be taken off and sent to the cleaner's without the expense and trouble of sending the furniture itself. A chair, love seat, and sofa are the pieces shown in the "scene-shifting" promotion. They are built so that the upholstery covers can be fitted as tightly and smoothly as if the covers were permanent and tacked down. Slots through the sides, strategically placed tapes, and ingenious snap holders under the frames are the secret of this upholstery's success. The furniture itself is covered in a rep "underwear" which looks perfectly presentable while the upholstery covers are being cleaned. Tapestries, satins, damasks, chintz, brocatelle, textured ratines, velvets, and printed linens figure handsomely in the generous group of fabrics offered. The upholstery covers are custom made and their prices depend on the fabric chosen. The furniture is in the medium-price brackets and soundly constructed.



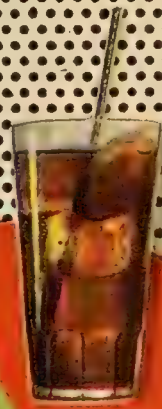
DO YOU MEASURE UP?—An Army quartermaster who made a survey of sizes before stocking clothing depots for WACs says the average American woman soldier stands 5 feet 4 inches, measures 26 inches around the midriff, weighs 128 pounds, wears a 7 glove, a 9½ stocking, a 6B shoe, and a 22 hat. Those figures ought to help, if you're hunting for Christmas gifts to send WACs still overseas, or for civilian replacements to greet them on their return to depleted prewar wardrobes.

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

delicious with soda

delicious with ginger ale

delicious with cola

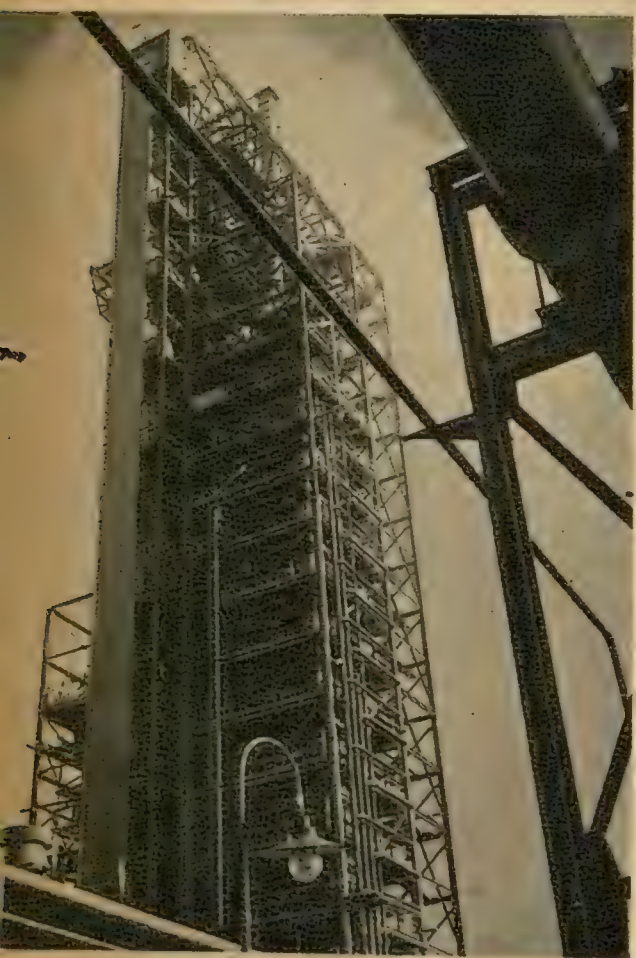


Paul Rand

NEW YORK-MOSCOW SKY ROUTE—
Giant Flagships on American Airlines System will directly link the principal cities of America with Europe's famous capitals via New York-Moscow Sky Routes. American Airlines has flown Flagships more than 200 million miles on Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil.



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Sinclair's Post-war Program:
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BOSTON TRYOUT

Continued from Page 37

He sat looking off across the lake, watching the spreading dye of color in the western sky. "So it seems I have to wait a while longer," he said.

"Does it seem too unfair to you?"

"Not to me. To yourself, maybe. You're someone special. And to be just another show girl pushing around Times Square, snatching cafeteria meals, going back to a furnished room—"

"It won't be like that. I don't want the stage just for the sake of the stage. I've worked out a specialty routine. Maybe I can put it over. If I can't, I'll come back. I won't settle for anything else. At least I'll have tried."

"It takes time and money, trying."

"There's the money my grandmother left. It's mine now. Oh, Bill, I *have* to try! All the training I've had in ballet and tap and toe work! And I love it so! I—"

"Sure. I know how it is." He stood up abruptly and walked to the water's edge. He skimmed a flat stone across its surface and waited until the circles of ripples widened and disappeared before he turned. "So that's that," he said, "if you're sure it's what you really want."

"I'm not sure. But I will be—one way or the other."

He stooped and picked up his coat from the grass. "I'll wait," he said.

"It won't be long before I know. Six months, or a year at most, and—"

"Make it ten and I'll still wait. I happen to love you." He reached for her hands and drew her to her feet. "That reminds me. Do you still love me or not?"

"I can't imagine ever loving anyone else," she answered slowly. "Does that mean I love you? Bill, if I'd known you only a week or a month or a year, I think I'd want to marry you now. But I've known you for so long. Marrying you, whom I've always known, and living here, where I've always lived—it's the beginning of something, but it's the end of something, too. Do you understand that?"

"Maybe not." He drew her toward him and kissed her gently. "It doesn't matter. On to Broadway! I've got me a rival at last, haven't I? But here's hoping! Here's wishing your first show all the bad luck in the world."

"The show doesn't matter. It's whether I've got anything to give or not."

PARDON ME, MISTER, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME...

In a town where I am a stranger

I can never ferret out

A healthy, normal native

When I ask my way about.

I will find the hard of hearing,

Or the gesture-making mute,

Or a person with the stutters

In a stage that's most acute.

I will come across an Ancient,

Or the diaper-wearing young,

Or, perhaps, another stranger,

Or a man of foreign tongue.

In a town where I'm a stranger

Everyone whom I implore on

For directions has an ailment

Or the I. Q. of a moron!

—Addison H. Hallock.



If Yours is a Musical Home...

New magic in radio is waiting for you with Howard FM - AM Radios. Never before has such tone realism been at your command — balanced in natural beauty and brilliance. Never before have so many superb refinements been available for your greater listening pleasure.

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LIKE ALL YOU SMOKE

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"You, then," he said. "Here's hoping you don't make it."

She raised her head and pressed her cheek against his, and for just a moment, deep in her heart, she hoped so, too.

THEY rehearsed that night until long past midnight. It was exciting to work for the first time with the scenery and to see it come to life, its colors warm and glowing under the changing lights. The next afternoon was more exciting still. The entire company sat in the theater and heard a forty-piece orchestra give tone and body to familiar music they had heard for weeks played on a rehearsal piano on a bare stage. And lastly, the next evening, came the thrill of seeing and wearing the costumes the most famous theatrical designer in New York had made. That over, there was nothing to do but wait. A sense of expectancy set her heart pounding; the tension she felt left her subdued and restless. She walked with Carol past the theater a dozen times. There were long lines of people buying tickets all day long.

Then it was opening night. She sat in the dressing room she shared with Carol and two other girls, wearing her costume for the opening chorus. There was a telegram from her father, wishing her success, and another from Bill that wished her whatever it was she wanted most and told her he loved her and always would. On Carol's dressing table lay a box with two white orchids in it, and Carol opened the card and read it casually.

"From Alex Stringer," she said.

Anne smiled. "He keeps trying, doesn't he? It's been ever since he saw you the first week of rehearsals."

"He wants me to go out with him after the show tonight."

"Will you go?"

"I suppose it'd be smart. His money's putting the show on." She tossed the card away. "We'll see. There's the orchestra. Luck, darling."

"Luck," Anne said. "To both of us."

IT was over at last. The final straggler had left the theater, the ushers were picking up discarded programs, the orchestra pit was empty. On stage, standing in the glare of an overhead work light, the entire cast waited to hear Mr. Avery's verdict.

He stood before them, beaming and beneficent, the most successful Broadway producer of his day. He wanted to thank them first of all, he said. They had worked

hard and they'd done a good job. Thanks to them, he had a show. It was the tenth he'd produced and he should know.

Of course it wasn't perfect yet. If a show could be perfect at its first performance, you wouldn't come to Boston or anywhere else for tryouts. There would have to be some restaging and some rewriting. "And of course," he added, "we're too long. We can't bring a curtain down in New York later than eleven ten. We'll have to cut fifteen minutes somewhere. That's all for now. Rehearsal call tomorrow at two o'clock. Good night."

THE living room of the suite of the lovely Miss Rita Longstreet was filled with flowers, and two empty wine bottles rested in melting ice beside a trayful of glasses. Miss Longstreet had been entertaining a few of her friends and admirers after the show, but now only one remained. He was Jack Reisman, who was also her theatrical agent.

"There's one change I'm going to insist on," she said, and she was no longer the gracious hostess, but a shrewd woman talking business. "That Gardiner kid's specialty comes out."

"Out?" Jack Reisman blinked at her anxiously. "But, darling, the audience loved it!"

"I didn't love it. Not in that spot. I have to follow it with my butterfly number. It's a slow and sentimental piece. They're in no mood for it after the Gardiner kid."

"Darling, the Gardiner kid's a find! She's good. She—"

"She's not good if she kills my best number. You speak to Avery about it tomorrow morning. I want her out of there by the evening performance."

"But I'm Anne Gardiner's agent, pet! She's a nice kid and she's worked hard. You want me to knife her like that, when—"

"You're my agent, too, Reisman!" Miss Longstreet's eyes flashed uncompromisingly. "You get a hundred a week commission from me. You get ten from her. Do you talk to Avery or don't you? There are plenty of other agents."

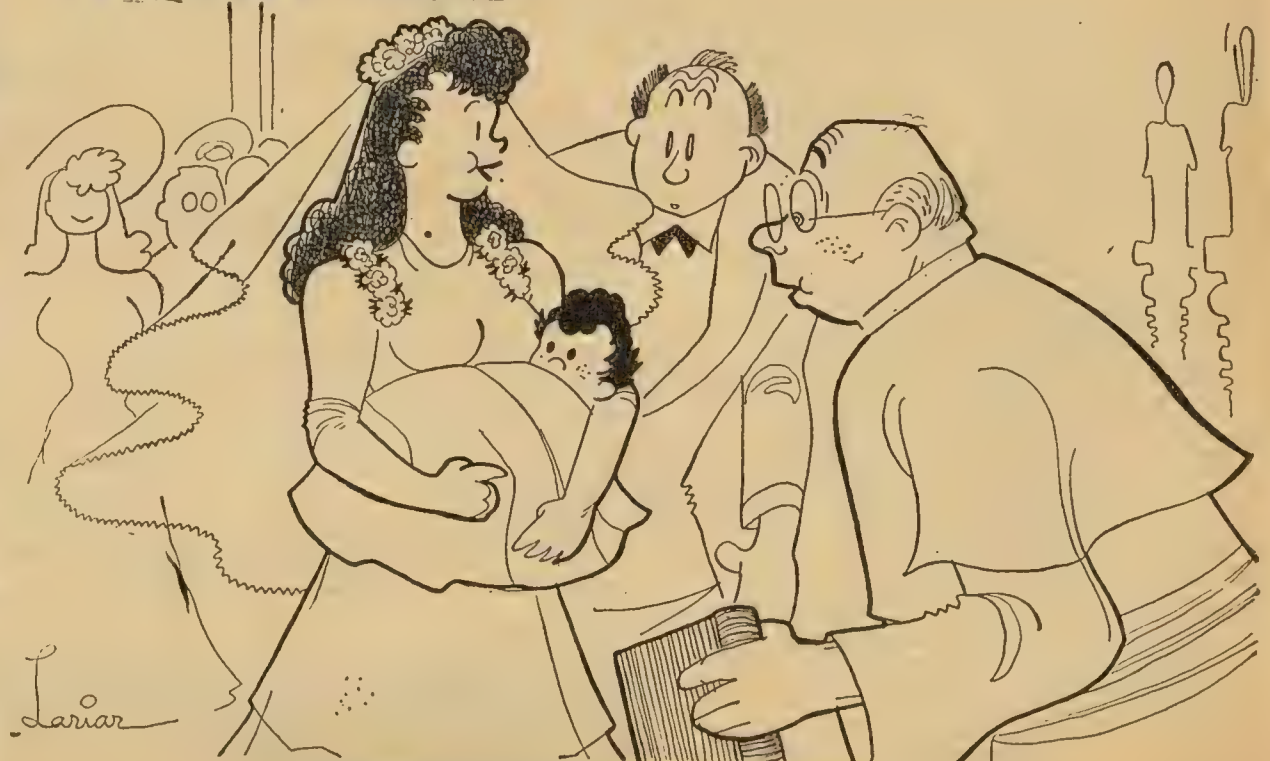
"I like that girl, Rita! I sort of took her under my wing. I—"

"I'll ask it again," said Miss Longstreet. "Do you talk to Avery or don't you?"

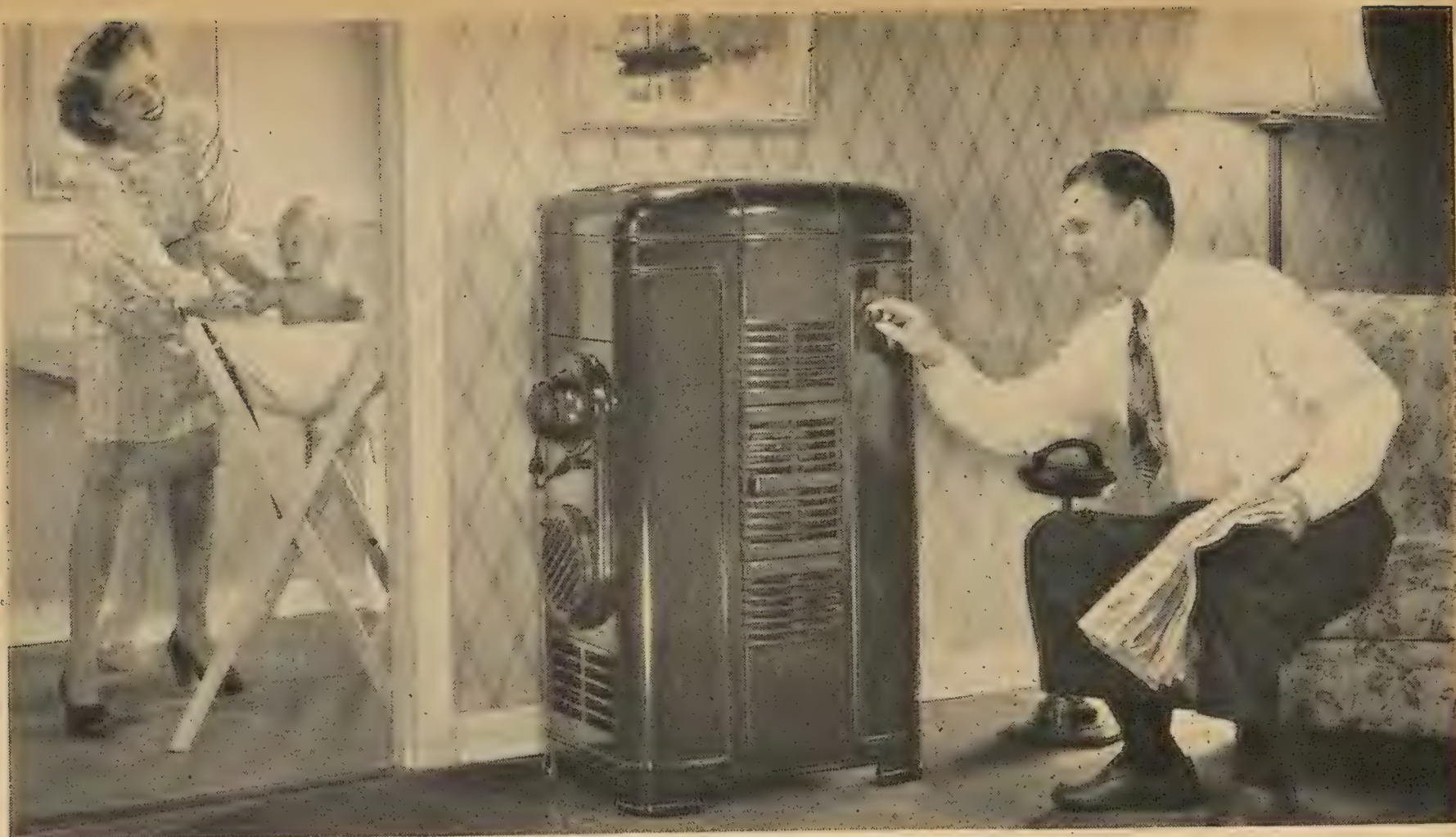
Jack Reisman stood up. He pushed his hand through his thinning hair and then rubbed it slowly across his forehead as though he were suddenly very tired. "Sure,

(Continued on page 70)

THE HOME FRONT



"Don't get scared! I'm minding him for my sister."



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Comes the first crisp day of fall, you light a match and start your Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Space Heater. Light one match—that's the sole, single, solitary piece of manual labor you do all winter long (except see that there's oil in the tank) because from then on *you tend the fire by turning a dial!*

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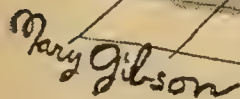
ADDRESS

CITY

P. O. ZONE

COUNTY

STATE



(Continued from page 68)

darling," he said. "Why, sure. I talk to Avery tomorrow."

He leaned forward and patted Carol's hand and chuckled quietly. "Maybe it'll

Mr. Stringer nodded agreement. "Sure

Carol Lake took a deep breath. She finished her drink, and as she lowered her glass her hand somehow touched Mr. Stringer's hand and stayed there. "Why, yes," she said in a low voice. "I could phone."

MR. AVERY'S living room in the hotel was crowded the next day at noon and the air was heavy with smoke. The authors were there, and the dance and stage directors, and the composer and

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lyricist. And of course Jack Reisman, who had cast the show, was there. Lastly there was Alex Stringer, whose money had brought the show into being.

They talked for an hour about rewriting and restaging, about tightening up the dull spots and speeding up the laughs. And finally they came to the matter of cutting.

"We all agree," I suppose," said Mr. Avery, "that the police-court skit is out. But that's not enough. One of the specialties has to go. I think we could get along without the Lake girl."

Mr. Stringer, who had seemed a trifle bored until now, became suddenly alert. He leaned forward and shook his head protestingly. "You crazy, Vic?" he cried. "The Lake kid's one of the bright spots of the show. Cut the Gardiner kid, if you want. She hasn't got a thing."

Mr. Avery frowned. "I don't agree. I like the Gardiner girl. She has charm and looks, and there's plenty of originality in her routine." He turned to Jack Reisman. "What do you think, Reisman?" he asked.

Jack Reisman rubbed his hand three times across his forehead before he answered. Then he drew in his breath and said, "Cut Gardiner. I was wrong about her. She's not Broadway material."

Mr. Stringer nodded his head in happy agreement. "Of course cut Gardiner!" he said. "Carol Lake you got to keep. They like her. I heard them talking in the lobby after the show. One man said she was terrific. Another one said—"

Mr. Avery interrupted. "Never mind," he said. "You want her to stay, do you, Alex? Is that it?"

Mr. Stringer leaned back in his chair. "I want her to stay," he said.

Mr. Avery shrugged. "That's the way it is, then. I'll see the Gardiner girl at rehearsal and tell her she's cut. She can stay in the chorus if she wants. If she doesn't, she can tear up her contract."

THE leaves were in bud on the tree beside the lake. It was still too chilly to sit on the ground for a picnic lunch, but she and Bill had driven out and now they stood hand in hand.

"I don't care what you say," Bill told her. "They were wrong. I'll bet you were the best thing in the show."

She shook her head. "I couldn't have been. Those men know. I just wasn't good."

"And now you're through with it?"

"For good, Bill. I found out what I wanted to know about myself."

"Any regrets? Will you miss it?"

She was silent a moment. "Some of it I'll miss, perhaps," she said. "Some of it's exciting. Some of it's dull and tiresome. But do you know what I'll miss most?"

"What?"

"I'll miss a couple of friends I made. A man named Jack Reisman and a girl named Carol. They were two such good friends. Why, they'd do anything for me!"

She rested in Bill Waldron's arms and was content. More than she knew, more than she'd ever realize, Carol Lake and Jack Reisman had done everything for her.

THE END

*****★*****

Down in Birmingham, Alabama, a Negro church group tendering a fish dinner to their congregation discovered a serious omission in the printing of their admission tickets. They had left off the very necessary stipulation: "Not transferable."

The oversight was repaired by a large sign posted at the entrance to the banquet hall, reading:

"Nobody admitted unless he comes himself."

—Christian Science Monitor.

OCTOBER 20, 1945

The best brushes have DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES



... and now THEY'RE BACK!

Here they are in time for Christmas giving! Bristles of Du Pont nylon will soon be found in brushes on the counters of your favorite store. For Christmas, drop a hint that for the first time since war began "he" can give you the nylon-bristled hairbrush you want.

Nylon-bristled hairbrushes are beautiful to look at, and a joy to use. These crisp, clean bristles give your hair the shimmering lustre it deserves. And keep on giving it... for years longer.

Just look at the gleaming back and handle of this brush! That's Du Pont "Lucite"*. . . sparkling, crystal-clear, sturdy and always pleasant to the touch. Look for the word—nylon—stamped on the

handle of the brush.

The better toothbrushes, too, have nylon bristles... quick-drying, lively and long-lived. (Du Pont does not make hairbrushes; we supply the nylon bristles and "Lucite" to brush manufacturers.)

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, New Jersey.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

SHARE IN THE VICTORY—BUY BONDS

*Du Pont's trademark for its methyl methacrylate resin

A Product of Du Pont Plastics

For Men who Really Know Pipes

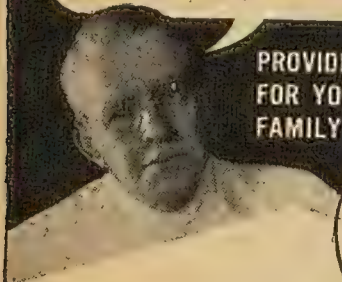


Royalton CROWN

ROYALTON CROWN EMANCIPATES SMOKERS from the annoyance of bitter juices and stray tobacco slugs. These nuisances are imprisoned by the condensing well and other patented safeguards found only in a Royalton Crown... This pipe never lets you down—always smokes cool and dry—no matter how often you light up.
HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC. · OZONE PARK, N. Y.

1.50
Selected
Briar

Don't let
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT
rob you of your savings



PROVIDE HOSPITAL CARE
FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR
FAMILY

Costs
only 3¢
A DAY · EACH ADULT
1½¢ A DAY
Each Child

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

Hospital Expenses paid, up to . . . \$540.00
(beginning with the first day)

FOR ACCIDENT

Doctor Expense paid, up to . . . \$135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed up to . . . \$300.00
Loss of Life by Accident . . . \$1000.00

WAR COVERAGE and EXTRA BENEFITS

Childbirth Expense paid, up to . . . \$62.00

Sickness or accident can easily wipe out, in a few weeks, savings it may have taken years to accumulate. Don't let this happen to you. With a Family Mutual Hospitalization policy, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills. In case of accident, you will be reimbursed for your doctor expenses and for loss of time from work. You may choose any hospital in the United States and your own family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., WILMINGTON 99, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co.
601 Shipley St., Wilmington 99, Del.

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Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

NAME _____

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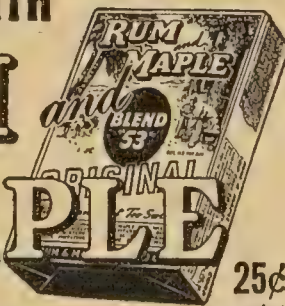
CITY _____ STATE _____

PIPE SMOKERS
ENJOY LIFE
MORE



when they
light-up with

RUM
and
MAPLE



25¢
a packet

PIPE MIXTURE

The ORIGINAL—Blend #53

A "friendly mixer" with other tobaccos

DOWN TO THE SEA
IN SLACKS

Continued from Page 23

crowd—by which I refer to men and women aboard?" These questions come up a dozen times in every mail. "Do you have dancing or is it mostly for the fishing?" "Do we sleep in beds or bunks? I think the latter would be more exciting."

Every week's mail during the summer brings offers from youngsters eager to serve as cabin boys without pay. One hopeful applicant promised to produce an authentic pirate treasure map and suggested a co-partnership in the search for the booty.

A New Yorker, Betty Miller, who sailed on one of the cruises four years ago and found Maine so delightful that she stayed, is the indispensable Girl Friday of the venture. She lives with the Swifts in their century-old elm-shaded Cape Cod cottage and, with the help of a stenographic assistant who handles the correspondence, acts as Camden's unofficial greeter when the deck-hand dudes begin arriving in June. It's her job to make up the passenger lists and see that only congenial people are booked together. She is the one who makes sure that nondrinkers are not put with a drinking crowd. By now she's an expert judge of character and can tell from a scribbled postal card and the signature on a check whether a passenger belongs in the deck-chair contingent or among a gay young group.

SOMETIMES the Sunday sailors show up with luggage that's amusingly inappropriate. Cruise folders recommend old clothing and a couple of heavy woolen blankets, but one girl insisted on bringing an electric iron and a silk umbrella. A few Camden outfitters even stay open a few hours on Sundays to accommodate cruise passengers. They do a brisk trade in blue denim suits, yellow oilskins, wide-brimmed sou'westers, canvas gloves, and plug smoking tobacco to be whittled into the slow-burning flakes which authentic sailormen can smoke in a gale.

Getting acquainted with the Windjammer's paid hands is an adventure itself. Most of the grizzled skippers have been forty years or more in the coasting trade and know the bays and shoals of Maine's ragged coast in every mood of tide or weather. A few of them, like Captain



"That settles it—I'm next!"

Manley Grant and Captain Alonzo Smith, have even made the West Injii run. The yarn-spinning resources of these men are apparently inexhaustible, and Swift, who is a showman as well as a sailor, knows the value of well-placed touches of local color.

The schooners follow no set itinerary, but make use of tides and winds to make the cruise most interesting. Every night they anchor in a different harbor, usually a quaint island village where the passengers can row ashore and roam about to make purchases and examine and be examined by the inhabitants. During the war, vacation cruising was restricted by the Coast Guard to waters that were considered safe.

Accommodations on the schooners are plain but comfortable. Most of the cabins have two or more berths. The dudes care for their own cabins and furnish their own blankets and linens, which they usually send ahead by express or parcel post. Meals are served in a mess-room adjoining the galley, where the cook invites all to "eat hearty and give the ship a good name."

Converting freight carriers into passenger vessels was no easy task. In most cases the large main hatchway leading into the hold was raised to give headroom. The cabins, bulkheaded from each other by heavy planking, have private companionways. Thus, even in unavoidably cramped quarters, passengers have privacy.

DAY begins when you awaken to the soft cluck of water against the vessel's sides and the scream of sea gulls hungry for the breakfast flotsam. Lashed on deck are two water barrels for washing. Why two?

"One is the hot-water barrel, so mind you don't scald yourself dipping into it," the mate observes wryly. Inevitably some-one bites.

Deck-hand dudes find plenty to occupy themselves. Some enjoy helping aboard the schooners, but this is not obligatory, since the paid hands alone can sail the ship. Life is simple. You lend a hand at making and reefing sail. You spell the helmsman, steering by compass and chart, or you slip a spoke of the wheel into a becket and let her steer herself for hours on end. There's always an assortment of hand lines for fishing for cod, flounder, and haddock. Swimming tempts some rugged souls. There are mud flats for clamming and sandy beaches for lobster suppers. You sail among chalk-white lighthouses and past the summer homes and yacht anchorages of millionaires. Near Eggmoggin Reach is fabled Isle au Haut where Captain Kidd waited for luckless merchantmen. You'll probably see porpoises and maybe a whale. If the weather is right you may even see a mirage with tree-studded islands hanging upside down in the sky, or eerie balls of St. Elmo's fire at night.

High-pressure promotion is not a characteristic of the Swift cruises. There has always been more business than the fleet can handle. One year an energetic travel agent tried to talk Swift into a systematic publicity campaign which would increase turnover and permit him to raise prices. However, he prefers to do business his own way and maintain the slowpoke charm of the old-time wooden vessels. When he began business ten years ago his letters were kept in a shoebox. Correspondence is still filed mostly in shoeboxes, but they fill a small room by now. Carbon copies of letters are unknown in his office. Outside of records kept for tax purposes, his methods would make an efficiency expert scream.

Rely on Riondo

Riondo
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM
86 PROOF
by BARCELO MARQUES & CO INC.

If you want the finest rum drink—make it with RIONDO—the best rum from Puerto Rico

GOLD LABEL OR WHITE LABEL 86 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

GET YOURS Now!



AIRCO —Silent 6

THE LAWN MOWER of TOMORROW, TODAY

SMOOTH, CLOSE CUTTING — Six high tensile carbon steel, precision ground blades for smoother cutting . . . set for extremely close cutting with fractional inch adjustment. Perfect alignment.

SILENT AND LIGHT — Over-size semi-pneumatic rubber tires and smooth rolling precision ball bearings combine to reduce noise. The Airco Silent 6, made from die cast aluminum, weighs only 25 pounds and is the lightest mower giving a full 17" cut. The detachable handle has a convenient cross member for carrying.

BEAUTIFUL — Finish is rust-resisting natural aluminum. Cross bar and blades finished in red baked enamel. Red rubber hand grips . . . natural wood roller.

Ask for Airco Silent "6" at your local hardware or department store, or write.

Write for full information regarding dealership

UNITED AIRCO
LONG BEACH 3, CALIFORNIA

Swift himself is reticent about his schooners' earnings, but competitors estimate that his season's "take" is close to \$40,000. The nine schooners carry up to thirty-four passengers apiece and they operate continuously during the summer months. No wonder one of his skippers philosophized:

"Mister, I seen handsome cargoes in my days—but never a payin' one like haulin' dudes."

With so many landlubbers aboard, the safety factor is particularly important to Swift. At the time of the September hurricane of 1938 he was just winding up his fourth season. The sky looked bad on the morning of the 21st, so Swift, who was skippering the Annie S. Kimball, decided to leave Darkharbor's unfavorable anchorage and run up to Belfast at the head of Penobscot Bay. The gale was uneventful except that the wharf to which the Annie was moored was entirely submerged. Swift's other skippers also read the storm warnings in the sky and anchored their vessels in sheltered harbors.

Sometimes on the trips boy meets girl and romances develop. The cap'n claims that all of his skippers are empowered to perform marriages at sea, but no one has taken this seriously—so far. During the war the passenger list was predominantly feminine, although occasionally a soldier would spend his furlough afloat.

Some folks make up their own cruise parties, but most of them count on finding congenial shipmates during the trip—and generally do. The dudes who come aboard on Sunday as strangers depart a week later exchanging telephone numbers and arguing the merits of gaff and Marconi rigs. One young woman with the rolling gait of an honest-to-Davy foremast hand signed up immediately for next year's cruise, to be sure of her reservation.

"I guess they like my schooners," Swift admits. "Sometimes it seems as though I'll have to drive them away."

Windjammer advertising, composed on envelope backs during spare moments, has a refreshing down-East twang. "Flying east'rd under a cloud of canvas," one folder reads, "you become our shipmate and learn the ways of the old days of sail on the heeling deck of a Yankee schooner." Copy like this has aroused the envy of professional advertising men. And desk-bound stenographers and subway strap-hangers can vouch that Swift had the right idea for a vacation.

THE END



"You're the only one in the world for me, too, Hugo!"

PAINT OVER WALLPAPER!



ONE GALLON \$2.98*
DOES AVERAGE ROOM

*Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. area

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION

Ritepoint

The Easy Pencil Writing

Perfect Finger Grip for Smooth, Effortless Writing

Smartly Styled

Durable

AVAILABLE SOON

MANUFACTURED BY

Ritepoint Co.

ST. LOUIS 4, MISSOURI

AUCTION FEVER

Continued from Page 41

"Thuh bid wuz made an' Pete's a-mark-in' her down—cash bag's to yer right. Now, gen'lemen, let us turn tuh—"

"You ain't gonna stick me with—" Jake had quit rubbing the seat of his overalls. "That there damn boar jist tooka chunk outa my—"

"Terms is strickly cash," said Colonel Hepworth. "You wouldn't be tryin' tuh back out, would yuh?"

"No, I ain't," said Jake; "I'm jist tryin' tuh tell yuh I—"

"If yuh ain't satisfied, yuh kin put him up fer rebiddin'."

"But I didn't bid in thuh first pl—"

"Yuh want him up ag'in?"

"Hell, no! He ain't even mine!"

"He sure is! Make up yer mind—we ain't got all day—there's a lotta stuff tuh go yet. Thuh steers is next. Yes er no?"

Jake he looked sort of helpless and mad at the same time. He jerked his head up and down. He was too mad to talk.

The Duke of Broomhead sold to Magnus Petersen for five dollars.

Whilst Jake collected five dollars off of Magnus and forked out fifteen fifty to Pete Stover, I thought about my little buckskin colt. I thought about the sunlight on the real fine hairs bearding under his chin and the wind lifting his woolly tail. I didn't feel so good. Ten fifty from twenty is nine fifty. That won't buy any colt.

"Nine fifty isn't enough for any colt, Jake!"

Jake looked down at me and he said, "I'm sorry, kid." That was all he said. Me, I could feel my arm around that colt's neck, and my throat started to get all plugged up.

"But—can't—couldn't—"

"Ain't nothin' we kin do, kid. Yuh heard him say—she's strick'ly cash."

"Couldn't we go downtown an'—"

"Ain't no time fer that," Jake said. He looked down at the nine fifty he had in his hand.

"Could we trade around a little, Jake, and—like that there cotter—"

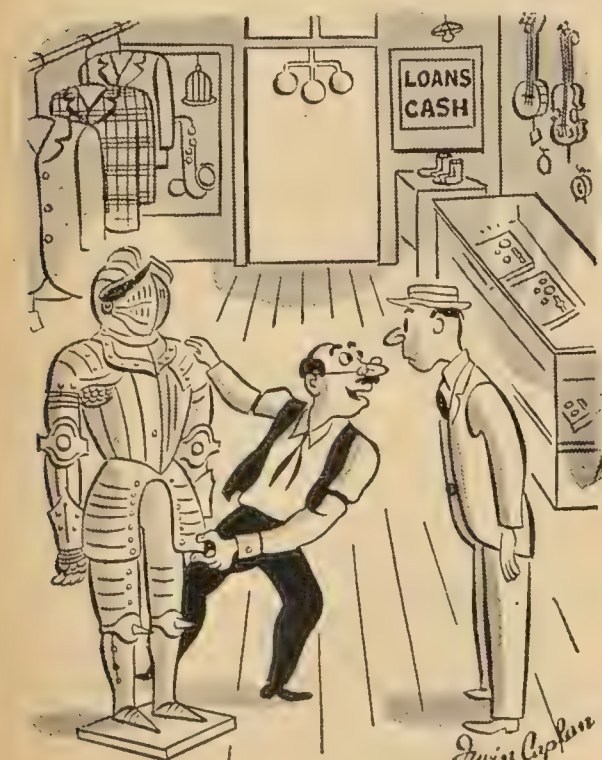
"He's startin' on them cows an' steers—"

"Couldn't we trade around—"

"Huh?"

"I said—couldn't we trade around, the way you did when you ended up with the—"

Jake stared at me. "We might," he said.



"It'll wear like iron!"

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IGNITION ENGINEERED



"Reckon Oncle Rafe's jes' found out what meat is!"

NOW YOU CAN BUY AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

Like many products you preferred, the bulk of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs made these war years have been going to the armed forces—for trucks, jeeps, half-tracs, combat vehicles of all types.

Now comes the good news! Auto-Lite Spark Plugs are again available. So, next time faulty

plugs in your car need replacing, you can get ignition engineered Auto-Lite Spark Plugs to help restore power and economy. In actual tests by the American Automobile Association, when faulty plugs were replaced by new Auto-Lites, mileage was increased as much as 12%. See your dealer today!

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, 1, OHIO Merchandising Division TORONTO, ONT.
BUY MORE BONDS

NOW! CBS EVERY SATURDAY
8:00 P.M. . . E. T.
THE AUTO-LITE RADIO SHOW
starring **DICK HAYMES**
with HELEN FORREST • GORDON JENKINS' ORCHESTRA

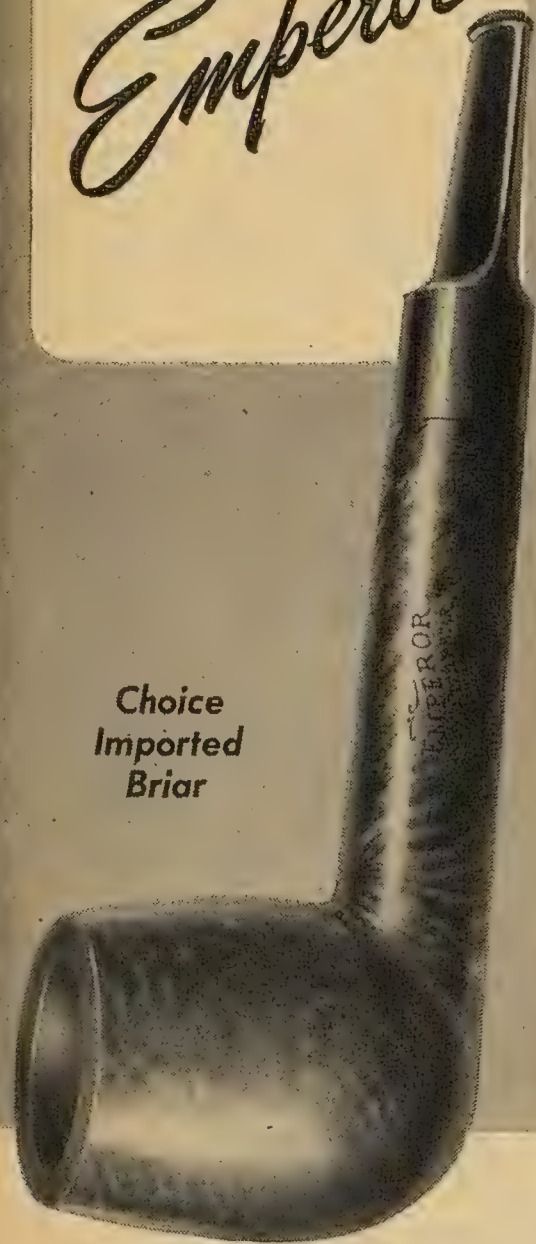


EMPEROR

The Pipe that Knows No Peer

Emperor

Choice
Imported
Briar



FOR symmetry, for rugged strength,
for rare beauty of costly imported
briar—here is true perfection.

For every Emperor Pipe is a no-
table work of art, a masterpiece
created in the custom tradition. These
are pipes you can confidently dis-
cuss with any pipe-lover.

Truly you who own an Emperor
possess a pipe that is second to none
in America!

The shape illustrated above can be had at
\$3.50 \$5.00 \$7.50

EMPEROR PIPES

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

"Nine fifty—that there colt might go at
twen'y. Kid, we're gonna haftuh work fast.
We— Hey, Johnny!"

That was Johnny Totcoal, and he was
carrying a big moose's head.

"You got papers fer him, Johnny?"

Johnny was looking kind of disgusted.
"Missus is gonna snatch me bald-headed
when she sees this here critter."

"Why did yuh buy him for?"

"I dunno—jist seemed like a real good
buy at eight fifty."

"Was yuh wantin' tuh sell him—"

"I sure was."

"Whatta yuh want?"

"I'd kinda like tuh git what I paid fer
him, Jake."

"He's missin' one eye, ain't he, Johnny?"

"I'd let him go fer seven fifty."

"Moths bin tuh work on that left ear."

"Seven dollars'd be a real good price on
him," Johnny said.

"I might give yuh five."

"Make her six, Jake."

"Ain't that there stuffin' comin' outa his
neck?"

"I'd be takin' a two-fifty loss."

"Give yuh five."

"Make her six, Jake."

"Five fifty."

"He's yores."

When Johnny had left, Jake turned to
me. "Up fifty—down three—that's thuh
way tuh do her, kid."

It was Old Man Gatenby we ran into
next, and Jake said to him, "When did yuh
git thuh power line intuh yore place,
Gate?"

"We ain't got her," Old Man Gatenby
said.

"Looks like that there 'lectric lamp's
gonna come in real handy," Jake said.

"Gonna put in wind ee-lectric, are you?"

"Can't till after thuh war," Gate said.

"Well," Jake said, "she'll look nice any-
ways—even if yuh can't light her up."

"You wouldn't be int'rested, would
yuh?"

"Hell, no—we ain't got ee-lectricity
neither. Fella's gotta be real careful round
a auction, Gate. Take me—I come here fer
one thing—jist one thing—this here gen-
you-wine moose's head—I got him."

Gate set his lamp down on the ground
and he stared at the moose's head, and
he scratched his jaw slow like your nail
on sandpaper. "Wut thuh hell fer?"

"Why, deckeration," Jake said. "He's
gonna look real nice up on thuh wall—
over thuh fireplace Go real nice over a
fella's fireplace, wouldn't he?"

"He might," Old Man Gatenby said.

"Kinda keep a fella comp'ny, I figger."

"Ummm," said Old Man Gatenby.

"Too bad about that there lamp, Gate."

"Yeah—uh—don't wanta make a trade,
do yuh?"

"Nope," Jake said. "We ain't got ee—"

"Give yuh two dollars tuh boot," said
Gate.

Jake didn't even say yes. He dropped
the moose's head and he grabbed that
lamp. Gate gave him two dollars, and we
started off.

"Hey!" yelled Gate. "I jist remembered
—I ain't got no fireplace neither!"

We kept right on going.

MRS. BIGGS was standing beside a
washtub, two slop pails, a bed spring,
and a brass bedstead.

"Nice day," Jake said with his eye on
the bed.

"Cer'n'y is," Mrs. Biggs said. She lives
in town.

"Nice crowd," Jake said.

"Cer'n'y is," Mrs. Biggs said.

"Nice lamp here," Jake said.

"Cer'n'y is," Mrs. Biggs said.

"Go real nice with alla that lovely fur-
niture—a yores," Jake said.

"T might," said Mrs. Biggs.

"Nice bedstead yuh got there, Mrs.
Biggs."

"T ain't what I told Charlie tuh git,"
she said. "I told him a Winnipeg couch fer
when Florence come tuh stay with us, an'
he went an'—"

"P'r'aps yuh could use this here lamp
better," said Jake. "She's double-lined
silk, yuh know—quit makin' 'em sence thuh
war."

I looked at the lamp, and I was wonder-
ing did Jake mean the last war or the
Boer war. And then I wasn't caring about
any lamp, because I could hear Colonel
Hepworth yelling, "Hup—an' this's thuh
lasta thuh cows—" I started in thinking
how that colt's nose would be real velvet
against a person's neck, and I was think-
ing how I always was fussy about a horse
with a white blaze in the middle of his
forehead.

"C'm'on, kid," Jake had one end of the
bedstead, and he wanted for me to help
him haul her off a ways. Over by our
wagon box, Jake counted up our money.
He'd given two dollars to boot for the
bed; that left four dollars.

"She's worth about fifteen bucks," Jake
said. "We're gittin' within strikin' dis-
tance—a that colt."



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)

LAWNDRESS: She washes grass skirts.

SVIM: To float with vigor.

TACKTICS: Generalship in laying rugs.

FASILLYTATE: Inanity made easy.

CELLIBACY: Unmarried and in jail.

NA-EVE: Unaffected First Lady.

NOAH'S ARC: Part of his private circle.

DEW-WET: Two people singing on the
grass.

SOBRIERTY: Smokes a pipe but doesn't
drink.

PINDEMONIUM: A strike in bowling.



"I always take him with me; he tells me when I've had too much to drink."

"But, Jake, he's finishin' up the cows already!"

"I know it. All we gotta do is find some-buddy wants a bed an'—"

"Just whut I'm lookin' fer."

Jake and me turned. It was Mr. Ricky. Nobody gets the best of Mr. Ricky.

"Yuh wanta buy a bed?" Jake said.

"Shore do," said Mr. Ricky. "Not buy exacly—figgered tuh trade."

"Yuh kin have her fer sixteen dollars," Jake said.

Mr. Ricky shook his head. "Give yuh six dollars an' a dye-van."

"A whut!"

"A dye-van—high-class piece-a furniture. Mind yuh, she ain't A-one."

"Whut is it?"

"A sorta chesterfield—ain't new—kinda scuffed up some—"

"Jake! He's startin' in on the colt—he's sellin'—"

"Springs is all there. I paid twelve dollars fer her."

"Where is she?"

—high-oh-huppy-eye-dow—the nicest little colt you ever did see—a blocky little fella—"

"I ain't got tuh time ner tuh energy tuh take yuh over—I tell yuh she's a good trade—six dollars tuh boot."

"I'd like tuh see her first," Jake said.

"We haven't got time, Jake!"

"—five I am bid an' that don't nearly pay tuh stud fee alone on this here colt—hup—look at him, gen'lemen—right next door tuh a Palomino—five an' a five an' a five. Who'll gimme ten?"

"Hurry, Jake."

"O. K.," Jake said.

Mr. Ricky handed him six dollars.

We ran for the other corner of the lot where Mr. Ricky said the thing was. And then we saw it.

Jake had traded us right into the gosh-hawk couch.

I felt kind of sick. Jake didn't look so good either. He said:

"Jist goes tuh show, kid. When yuh trade, take yer time. Take—yer—damn—time!"

"But—what can we—"

"Here." Jake handed me our ten dollars.

"You git over there an' start biddin' on that there colt. I'll see what I kin do about this here couch. Day, Mrs. Fotheringham."

That was Mrs. Fotheringham. She is married to Dr. Fotheringham. Her chest sticks out like on some pigeons.

"You haven't seen the doctor, have you?" she said to Jake. Her face was kind of

red, like she was mad about something.

"No, I ain't, Mrs. Fotheringham," Jake said.

"I told him I—"

"Go on, kid," Jake said. "Git!"

I got.

"Hup—an' I got six fifty—six fifty bid for the colt—hup—gimme eight—an' eight an' eight—"

"Seven!" I yelled and I hadn't reached the edge of the crowd.

"Huppy-oh-seven I got—seven an' I asked fer eight—eight ain't enuff fer that blocky little colt. Who'll gimme eight? Who'll gimme eight? Eight I got—eight fer thuh colt."

"Eight an' twen'y-five cents!" I yelled.

"Two bits from thuh kid that wants that colt—two bits from the boy with the freckles on his nose—eight twen'y-five!"

"Nine!"

It was Mr. Ricky bidding against me. He knows a good thing when he sees it. It was Mr. Ricky sold us the gosh-hawk couch.

"Nine an' a quarter!" I shouted.

"An' a quarter from thuh two-bit kid—hup another bid—hup—gimme ten—"

Mr. Ricky nodded.

"Ten I got. Ten is all I got, an' thuh colt's worth thirty. If she goes fer a cent under thirty, I'll never sell another horse as long as I—"

"Twelve!" That was me did that, and I didn't care if I didn't have the money to pay. Mr. Ricky wasn't going to get my buckskin colt. That is the way auction fever gets a person.

"Fifteen!"

"Now we're comin' fine, gen'lemen—fifteen—five an' a ten an' a ten an' a five—five more fer thuh colt—five more fer—"

"Twenty!" That was me again with ten dollars in my pocket and no brains in my head.

"Twen'y-one." Mr. Ricky didn't sound so

anxious. Like Jake said, that colt would go for near twenty.

I didn't know what to do. All I knew was I didn't want to live any more if I didn't get my colt. But I couldn't say it; I couldn't say twenty-two.

"Twenty-two!"

"Another bidder—twen'y-two he's give me—twen'y-two dollars—huppy-eye-oh-diddle - riddle - eee - hum—who'll gimme twen'y-five—five an' a twen'y!"

It sure was a new bidder. It was Jake; I could tell his voice anywhere. Jake has sold the gosh-hawk couch. Jake is smart. Jake is the smartest there is!

"Twen'y-two once—twen'y-two twice—twen'y- two fer thuh third an' last time! Sold! Sold tuh Jake Trumper, owner—a thuh Duke-a Broomhead an'—"

"Not no more I ain't!"

He was standing over beside Pete Stover and the cash bag. I headed for Jake.

He was counting out the money for my colt, and when he was through counting he still had a handful of bills.

"Jake, where did you—what—"

"Thuh gosh-hawk couch, kid. Gen-you-wine Eyetalyun carvin—Renny-sauce—Eyetalyun walnut. Mrs. Fotheringham's bin waitin' forty years tuh git her han's on that there couch. Doc wuz supposed tuh git it fer her whilst she was at Aux-ill'ary. Reel valuable that there stuff, she said—seventy-five dollars' valuable."

"You mean we got—"

"Yore Maw's stove an' thuh colt an' thuh fifty dollars we come with an' thirteen dollars tuh boot."

I didn't say anything. I just looked at my colt.

"Pretty fussy about that there colt, kid?"

"Oh, Jake! I—he—I got a name for him."

"Have you now?"

"Fever, Jake—Auction Fever."

THE END

Advertisement



"Wow! I've been asleep 20 years. Bring me 7,300 bowls of Wheaties."

Wheaties every morning. That's Mr. Winkle's program, and he's going to stick to it. Bring on lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of

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— that's for sure! Mighty
fine leathers — you bet!
Foot-soothing comfort —
oh, boy! Everything
you want in a shoe —
good looking, swell
walking, long lasting.
Make your next pair
Holland-Racines!

H-R Shoes are sold by
independent dealers who
are professional hands
at shoe fitting; your
double assurance of
foot happiness.

HOLLAND-RACINE
SHOES, INC.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
Quality first, since 1895

SGT. RALPH BARTHOLOMEW, A. A. F., Santa Ana, Calif. The last inductees released by the Army after World War I got out on September 10, 1919. The only inductees still "in" after that were either hospitalized or in the guardhouse finishing out sentences. All Army personnel engaged in the occupation of Germany after the Kaiser's defeat were Regular Army men.

* * *

Sgt. S. E. G., APO 408, New York, N. Y. If you have been receiving mail which you would not care to have forwarded to your



Male problem?

home after you leave for the States, your best bet is to request that all such mail be returned to the sender. The Army Postal Service will take care of this for you. At ease, sergeant!

* * *

Pfc. George Coleman, Germany. Yes, it's true that the Germans built the world's largest flying boat. Designed by Dr. Richard Vogt, it was powered by six 2,000-horsepower engines. It was not used because (a) it consumed too much fuel and (b) by the time Vogt was ready to go into production, the Germans needed fighter planes, not flying boats. Vogt's ship was hidden in an inlet in Lake Schaal for over a year and was almost perfectly camouflaged. It was destroyed when six Mustang pilots flying over Lake Schaal discovered it accidentally.

* * *

Lt. H. F. L., Luzon. No, you cannot make your old employer hold your job for you for a full year after your discharge while you go to school under the G. I. Bill of Rights. You must apply for your old job within ninety days of discharge, and I suggest that you take the old day-time job and get in your schooling under the G. I. Bill at night.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Fleming, Omaha, Neb. No, Old Sarge thinks it's a terrible idea for you to go to San Francisco to wait for your husband to return to this country. For one thing, housing is at a premium in San Francisco. For another, you will not be allowed anywhere near the Port facilities.

The Transportation Corps is doing a magnificent job in dispatching soldiers home as quickly as possible after they arrive in the United States. Don't complicate their already very involved job.

* * *

Cpl. Harry Katz, Germany. Yes, there once was a time when the winter uniform of the U. S. Army was blue. Olive drab was adopted by the Army a few years prior to World War I.

* * *

Mrs. P. R., Atlanta, Ga. No, you would not be entitled to your late husband's mustering-out pay if he was killed while still in service. The only time mustering-out pay is given to next of kin is after a serviceman has been discharged and has died before collecting the sum due him.

* * *

Bill Reynolds, Tulsa, Okla. Yes, I would certainly join one of the veterans' organizations if I were you. Make your own choice, but I think it's wise to join one because it is going to be the responsibility of the vets as well as the non-vets to protect the peace, and you can do more protecting through an organization than you can individually.

* * *

Mrs. J. E. P., Monessen, Pa. The family-allowance payment which you have just received covers the final month of your husband's service in the armed forces. You will not receive any further checks.

* * *

Pfc. Donald Bennett, Gardiner General Hospital, Chicago, Ill. Time and boundary qualifications for the Central Europe battle star are as follows: "The areas occupied by troops assigned to the European Theater which lie beyond a line ten miles west of the Rhine River between Switzerland and the Waal River until 28 March 1945 (inclusive) and thereafter beyond the east bank of the Rhine. From 22 March 1945 to a final date to be announced." Ask your nurse to check these boundaries for you on a detailed map. The star is good for five points!

* * *

Cpl. Robert Moss, Camp Crowder, Mo. The additional two months' delay in the due date of federal income-tax payments pertains only to soldiers returned from overseas. The rule formerly read that overseas returnees had to pay by the fifteenth day of the fourth month after return. Now the deadline is the fifteenth day of the sixth month after return. This leeway applies to those men who arrive in this country on or after January 1, 1945. Earlier returnees will have to hold to the original line.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Good Taste easily recognized

*Fast Becoming
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*Take a cool, frosty bottle of Blatz. Pour it into
a tall glass. Admire that rich, creamy collar. Enjoy
the delicate bouquet. Taste its full-bodied flavor.
You'll easily recognize the Good Taste of Blatz!*



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JOHN SNYDER ON THE RE-CONVERSION HOT SEAT

Continued from Page 19

warm friendship when they both served in the reserve after the war. Truman, Snyder, and Harry Vaughan (now a brigadier general and the President's military aide) were colonels in the artillery brigade of Missouri's 102d Division. Mrs. Snyder and Mrs. Truman see a lot of each other, as do their daughters, both students at George Washington University.

Last year, when Senator Truman telephoned John Snyder for advice before he accepted the Vice-Presidential nomination, and got an affirmative answer, neither suspected that the decision would bring them together in the White House in 1945.

The job Snyder faces today means a lot more than merely a return to prewar production levels. We have set out, he announced, to reach "a standard of living for our people as a whole that will be 50 per cent higher than we or any other people have ever had." It is easily the biggest economic assignment that any government administrator has ever undertaken.

One incidental duty will be particularly congenial for Snyder. He has a passion for pruning the bureaucratic tree, and Congress specifically instructed him to plan to simplify, consolidate, or eliminate the emergency war agencies. As he himself put it in somewhat ponderous government language to University of Arkansas students last June, "At seasons most conducive to growth, many governmental branches sprout rapidly. At other periods, political developments and economy drives cause administrative bureaus to wither—but not to die! Any good farmer knows the theory . . . he carefully trims and

prunes his plants to increase their strength and productivity."

Snyder's first real chance at political pruning came last spring, when he was appointed federal loan administrator—his first top-flight government job. This appointment, which entailed supervision over the vast Reconstruction Finance Corporation, came on April 30. On May 10 he announced plans—which he had cherished for a year or so—to have RFC absorb four of its subsidiaries. By June 30 the merger was complete. Significantly, Snyder said then the consolidation "may reasonably be expected to result in some economy."



"Corn on large toe."

By the merger Snyder abolished one of his previous jobs, for he had been executive vice-president and director of the Defense Plant Corporation—one of the merged subsidiaries—while it was at its busiest. Now he is looking forward to abolishing his present job and clearing the government's organization chart of the whole clutter of wartime agencies.

He had been at his new desk in the east wing of the White House only three weeks when the war ended. President Truman, who had nominated him by radio, was still in Potsdam when, on July 23, Snyder succeeded Fred M. Vinson, who

The low-priced blade that rates sky-high
Is Thin Gillette—a super buy
Because its tops for speed and ease
Plus slick, long-lasting shaves that please!



Protect your skin
from irritation caused
by misfit blades

Produced by the
Maker of the
Famous
Gillette Blue
Blade

became Secretary of the Treasury that same day. An earlier predecessor, and the first to hold the job, was James F. Byrnes, now Secretary of State. Snyder had to tackle his new work without his predecessors' wide acquaintance on Capitol Hill, nor, indeed, was he widely known in Washington generally. When he took over, there were mutterings that President Truman would have to do the actual job of reconversion, but Snyder proved to have a mind and capacity of his own.

A pleasant and competent St. Louis banker, he wants to go back to banking when his White House job is over. In addition to being Middle Western, he is middle-aged (forty-nine), of medium height, and upon occasion can be at least medium hard-boiled. If you meet Harry Trumans wherever you go in America, so you meet John Snyders. He looks like a thousand other bank vice-presidents. Which is not to imply mediocrity.

He can handle men, and can get along with people as diverse in their ideas as Jesse Jones and Henry Wallace. He has been a small-town banker, counselor to the grocer and the widow. He has been a bank receiver. As a government official he has argued loan contracts with business men big and little.

Nowadays the OWMR director takes life as placidly as the turmoil permits, handling it with an easy gait acquired during a pleasant boyhood in Jonesboro, Arkansas, a town of some 10,000, in which he was born on June 21, 1896. Snyder père, also a native Arkansan, manufactured patent medicines and basic remedies for the local market, and made himself a pal of his four sons. One of John's brothers, asked how many boys there were in the family, replied, "Five when dad's home."

BUT the tempo of postwar Washington is much faster than was Jonesboro's forty years ago. John Snyder's life—evenings included—is systematically planned, but is mostly work. The Snyders have an apartment in the sprawling Wardman Park Hotel in the northwest section of the city. Here he rises at six thirty each weekday morning, and takes twenty minutes of setting-up exercises before breakfast, as he has done for years.

He arrives at his White House office by eight thirty each morning, and puts in long days of conferences with the President, the heads of the war agencies, executives of the regular departments, and members of his own staff.

For recreation, he reads or mildly rides his collecting hobbies. For several years in St. Louis he left a standing order with a library for four books a week: two biographies, one history, and one novel. In Washington he has had to drop this ambitious schedule, but he does collect: a complete set of all the U. S. dimes ever minted, foreign coins, and pictures and models of military airplanes. A non-smoker and a moderate drinker, he plays good, quiet poker for low stakes.

He doesn't engage regularly in sports, either as player or spectator. An aviation enthusiast since 1917, he has occasionally piloted planes himself, and is quick to recognize military types in the air. Commuting 40,000 air-line miles a year between Washington and St. Louis gave him plenty of opportunity to study them.

The Snyders celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last January. Mrs. Snyder, like her husband, is pretty much a home body. Their only child, Edith, an attractive girl of twenty who prefers to be known by her nickname of "Drucie," is studying public speaking. She has been active in tennis, lacrosse, and swimming, and, surpassing her father, not only flies a plane but has a pilot's license.

OCTOBER 20, 1945

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LEAKPROOF
FLASHLIGHT
BATTERIES!

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FOR WHEN YOU NEED THEM
EVEN FOR YEARS AND YEARS



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"We will give you
FREE a new com-
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if yours is ever
damaged by cor-
rosion, leakage, or
swelling of this
LEAKPROOF cell."

John Snyder was first brought to Washington in 1940 as one of Jesse Jones' bright young men, and spent most of three years there. Actually it was the same Jesse Jones who nominated him federal loan administrator—a job from which Jones himself had recently been fired. Last January, President Roosevelt asked Jones to step aside to give Henry Wallace the Commerce plum. But Congress, afraid of giving Henry Wallace a free hand with the vast lending power of the government, divided the two jobs—those of Secretary of Commerce and federal loan administrator—and gave Commerce to Wallace. Early in April, when Fred M. Vinson left the federal loan agency for another government job, the ousted Jones suggested to Vice-President Truman that he urge President Roosevelt to bring Snyder back to Washington from his desk at the First National Bank in St. Louis.

Harry S. Truman became President a few days afterward, and later telephoned Jesse Jones. "I have consulted the President," he said, "and he agrees with you that John Snyder would be an excellent federal loan administrator."

Snyder took the job purely because of his long friendship for the President. "I wouldn't have done it for anybody else," he remarked the other day. He was slated to become head of his bank in June, at a salary far above the \$15,000 the government pays him now.

Both men are graduates of the clothing business. About the time Harry S. Truman was making an unsuccessful try at haberdashery in Kansas City, Snyder owned an interest in a dry-goods and clothing store at Forest City, Arkansas. However, he spent most of his day perched on a stool in his uncle's bank, and soon sold his interest in the store.

At the cashier's windows of several small-town banks in Arkansas and Mis-



"Where's mother?"

souri during the next ten years he got an intimate acquaintance with plain Americans and their problems. In 1931 the cotton deflation closed the doors of a Blytheville, Arkansas, bank of which he was cashier.

He helped to work out its problems and repay the depositors in full.

The incident started him on a six-year career of nursing sick national banks, some of which he cured completely. In December, 1931, he became assistant receiver of two banks in Sedalia, Missouri. Two years later he was named conservator, and

eventually receiver, of the Grand National, a \$4,000,000 bank in St. Louis.

This, his first real federal appointment, came from the Comptroller of the Currency entirely on a merit basis. He had shown diplomacy in handling depositors and stockholders, and skill at liquidating the "slow" assets. Indeed, his steady climb up the federal ladder has always been on a career, rather than a political, basis. He is a Democrat by accident of birth, but has never helped to man the machine.

To the Grand National he added five other national banks in and near St. Louis which he served as receiver or assistant receiver. Their total assets were about \$10,000,000. At least two of them returned 100 cents on the dollar and the others made a creditable recovery.

By 1937, with the country's banking system out of the doldrums, Snyder found a bigger job managing the St. Louis loan agency of the RFC. The man he succeeded there is also at the White House today: James K. Vardaman, Jr., now President Truman's naval aide.

Reports from St. Louis convinced Jones that John Snyder was a good organizer, a good credit man, and a good negotiator, and that he was needed in Washington. Brought to RFC headquarters and made an executive of the Defense Plant Corporation when that was formed, he financed and got into operation the thousand war plants that the RFC owns today.

Once the United States entered the war, the pressure for expansion became enormous, and Snyder carried the brunt of negotiating with the private management of DPC plants. As no two contracts were alike, each had to be worked out separately. In all, there were nearly 1,900.

Within a year after Pearl Harbor, DPC had committed itself to pay or had actually paid out eight billion dollars. This great

HI and HATT "highball through" for Kessler's



It strikes me there's a reason why you wanna go so fast

A tavern down the line just got some Kessler's what won't last!

KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKY
True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

sum went to produce or fabricate ships, planes, tanks, guns, ordnance, magnesium, aluminum, steel, tin, copper, synthetic rubber, high-octane gasoline, machine tools, and pipe lines (including the Big Inch and the Little Big Inch). More than 800 plants built or expanded were already operating by October 31, 1942.

A few months later John Snyder felt that the program was far enough along so that he could take a vice-presidency offered him by the First National Bank in St. Louis. Theoretically, this connection was effective January 1, but Jesse Jones kept him commuting by plane until November, 1943.

In his DPC work, Snyder helped to build up the enormous plant capacity with which the government now hopes to see private industry set off a civilian boom matching or even surpassing the war effort.

When the Japanese war ended, munitions were being poured out—despite cut-backs—at the rate of fifty billion dollars a year. There were still about 8,000,000 war workers in munitions plants. Snyder estimated that about half of them would be laid off by October, while the others could make civilian goods for the same employers. He estimated unemployment at 5,000,000 by November and 8,000,000 by spring. He believed that an enormous civilian production would answer the problem, but admitted that a year or eighteen months might be needed to take up the slack.

As OWMR director, Snyder must hew close to the line set by Congress and the administration. His first call for legislation to help soften the blow of reconversion asked for increased unemployment compensation, higher minimum wages, a tax program "to stimulate production and to maintain markets," appropriations for pub-

*****★*****

Personality: The ability to make the other fellow think he's important, too.

lic works, and appropriations for the U. S. Employment Service, to be continued under federal control. His early postwar statements said nothing about the full employment bill, to which the administration was committed, but in an interview he expressed approval of "full employment in a free economy."

Snyder himself is no New Dealer, and his appointment caused no shivers in the ranks of business. The staff that he recruited was regarded as mixed but conservative on balance. He inherited Robert R. Nathan, energetic young New Dealer and former head of WPB's planning division, as his assistant on reconversion. As his deputy director, Snyder brought to the White House Hans Alexander Klagsbrunn, Yale and Harvard-educated lawyer and erstwhile director of RFC's surplus property office. Klagsbrunn was regarded as an able administrator, politically a little to Snyder's left. As chairman of the Surplus Property Board, Snyder had W. Stuart Symington, young St. Louis business man.

The matter of government streamlining was pushed into the background by the immediate job of reconversion, but Snyder believes the regular agencies, as well as the war bureaus, need attention. He thinks the many offices dealing with labor should be consolidated under Secretary Schwel-lenbach in the Labor Department, and that the government's financial activities should be brought under one head. When John Snyder gets time, he is sure to be found busily applying his pruning shears to the lush thicket of Washington bureaucracy.

THE END

OCTOBER 20, 1945

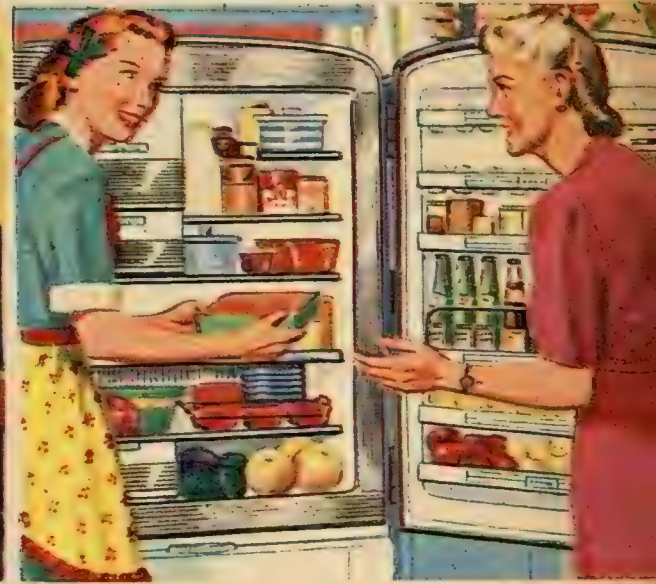
Marriage or Career?

(I opened the door to both)

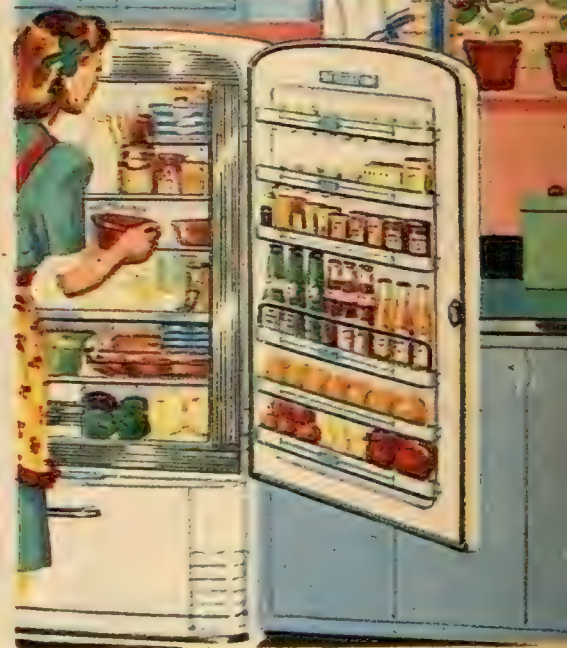
Fred was bringing his Mother to dinner. I was anxious to prove to her that a career girl (I'm an illustrator) can be a good housewife, too.



I liked her the minute I met her. We got along wonderfully. And when I finally asked her to excuse me while I served dinner, she insisted on helping. I was sure she'd like my kitchen.



She did and was quite pleased when I told her I'd designed it myself. But it was the Shelvador* that bowled her over. "My dear," she exclaimed, "how convenient! All that extra front-row space!"



"Fred, you're very lucky. Your fiancée is as practical as she is pretty. She's taught me a lesson in housekeeping. Take that Shelvador*—like owning two refrigerators. I'll buy one as soon as they're made again!"



THE CROSLEY REFRIGERATOR is not designed as a match-maker. But it *is* designed to give you everything you will want in a refrigerator. It incorporates every modern improvement and development in home refrigeration—plus the Shelvador*—the patented door, exclusive with Crosley. It doubles your front-row storage space—gives you two-refrigerator convenience. Now is the time to start saving for *your* Crosley.

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WHISKY RUN

Continued from Page 21

"It's all the same to me, but Wallace said I was to deadhead, first trip."

"You don't expect me to rattle the wheel when I got somebody to do it for me, do you?"

It was said in a friendly way, and Tom saw no reason to argue. He got into the driver's seat. Novack climbed up beside him.

"Sully goes first," he said.

Tom started his motor. He saw Frances watching him from the platform, and he raised his clasped hands and shook them. She smiled, lifting her own hand with the fingers crossed. Then Sully's truck was leaving the dock, and Tom turned his attention to business.

"This is just like driving a streetcar," he said.

Novack laughed.

"Wait until you hit the climb. You'll earn your dough before you get to Riverview."

"What sort of a place is it?"

"Riverview? Big resort on top of the mountain, full of joints. Not a bad town."

They discussed Riverview for the next several miles. Novack was easy to get along with, and he didn't seem to mind answering questions.

Tom said, "What are we packing?"

Novack took the waybills out of his pocket and read from them. "Soap, potatoes, eggs, oatmeal, beans. The usual stuff."

"Is that all we ever haul?"

"You haul what they tell you to haul," Novack said shortly. "Better not crowd Sully too close, now. You'll hit the grade in a minute, and he'll have to shift down."

Tom eased his foot on the gas pedal and shut up.



"I don't think Kelly's the man to break up these crap games!"

His first two trips to Riverview got him nothing in the way of useful information. During the first trip Novack explained that although only one road connected the city with the resort, the traffic all bunched up on the week-ends, and Tom would not be hauling freight on Saturdays and Sundays. Novack was friendly and informative enough when it came to matters of general interest. Tom learned that he liked blondes, that he had been working for Associated for three years, and that he hauled mostly at night when he wasn't driving relief. But he shut up tight whenever Tom tried to head the

conversation toward hijackings or looked too intently at the scar over Novack's eye.

During the first night in Riverview Tom got Sully and Novack to take him to a joint, where he bought a lot of drinks. They both loosened up enough to be friendly, but they would not discuss his job. It was not until the next trip, after Novack had gone back to his regular night-hawk run and Tom had Sully alone, that he got down to business.

Sully turned out to be a good little guy in a gloomy way. Tom got him really drunk during their second evening in Riverview, and this time Sully almost let his hair down. He didn't like to see a good man like Tom stick his nose into trouble without knowing what to expect. Sully himself understood the ropes; Wallace knew that Sully would tell him where to go any time Wallace tried any funny business. But Tom didn't know nothing, and Wallace was a company man from way back. He'd make a sucker out of Tom, sure as shooting.

Tom kept ordering drinks. Sully obligingly lapped them up and continued to hint darkly at things that Tom ought to know. But he never quite came to the point. When Tom was finally teased into asking him what he was talking about, the little truck driver clammed up immediately. The rest of the evening was a complete loss.

By the end of his fourth day on the job Tom knew no more than when he started, either about hijackers or in regard to Frances Carroll's appearance outside of working hours. He saw no reason why he should waste any more time on Sully if Frances could be persuaded to spend some time with him during a few of his spare evenings. He reported at the warehouse on the morning of his third trip determined to speak to her about it.

It was after eight o'clock when he arrived at the loading dock. All of the trucks were gone except his and Sully's. Sully and Frances waited on the freight platform with Wallace and a very tall man Tom had not seen before. The tall man was Burt Howell, one of the night-hawk drivers. He gave Tom a friendly grin when they were introduced, and Sully grunted his usual hello. Wallace and Frances acted as though Tom had just robbed the baby's bank.

Tom didn't get it. He knew he was late, but not enough to account for his cold reception. Frances met his eyes for a moment, started to say something, looked sideways at Wallace, and remained silent.

"Girls! Girls! Please! I'll let you know the minute ~~KM~~ appliances are back."

It's going to be quite a trick to supply all the people with all the ~~KM~~ appliances they want...when ~~KM~~ irons, toasters and other electrical servants come back. But if it's ~~KM~~, it's quality worth waiting for. These high-quality appliances will be back soon if you keep buying War Bonds.

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Don't forget Sparklets...

Turns plain tap water into zestful peppy club soda...
Makes delicious mixed drinks, sodas and sparkling wine.
SPARKLET DEVICES, INC. . . Division KNAPP-MONARCH Co.



Wallace said, "Get rolling, Rodgers. We operate on a schedule here."

During the first part of the run Tom took his irritation out on the accelerator. Twice Sully's running lights came on and blinked at him before he saw that he was crowding the leading truck up past their safe speed limit, but his frame of mind was better when the trucks hit the grade. The sun was high by then, and the steel cab of the truck began to warm up. He struggled out of his coat, buttoned his shirt so the gun would not show, and settled down to nursing his load up the mountain.

THE truck droned on and up. Tom began to yawn with the heat and the altitude.

There was a short stretch where the road came out on a shoulder of the mountain and curved through a level park of trees before the grade began again. Sully's truck was already out of sight around the first curve when Tom reached the flat. As he gunned his motor to build up speed before shifting, a light sedan plunged out of the screen of trees and skidded broadside across the road. Tom's reflexes carried his foot to the brake pedal, and the sharp grip of the air brakes threw him forward, helplessly off balance. A masked man had stepped into the road and was on the running board covering him with a gun before he could straighten up.

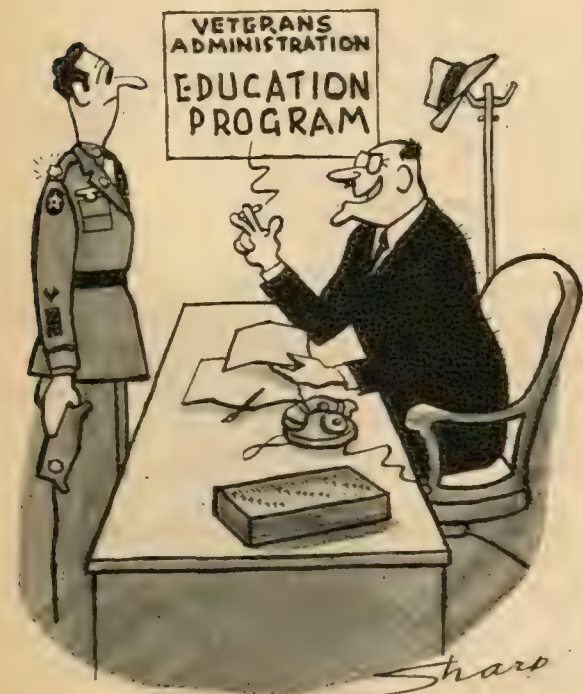
Tom's shirt was buttoned to the throat. He sat still, weighing his chances, as a second masked figure came forward from the stalled sedan and yanked the door open at Tom's side, gesturing silently with his gun.

Tom hitched himself slowly out from behind the wheel, taking a quick inventory of everything that was visible of the bandits. Both wore gloves and shapeless coveralls, and their flour-sack masks concealed everything above the coveralls except the narrow eye slits. It was impossible even to tell whether the men were fat or thin.

He put one foot down on the running board. There was a chance, if he wanted to take it. The truck would block the man on the far side for a moment if Tom could pull the man on his side off into the road and get the gun away from him. If it were done fast—

A blaze of glory burst inside Tom's skull. He toppled limply off the running board.

He was out for only a minute or two, but the crack from the masked man's pistol butt left him sick and weak after



"So you would like to learn a trade, major?"

OCTOBER 20, 1945

Twelve beautiful roses SENT BY WIRE

FOR "MA" PERKINS' 12 YEARS ON THE AIR!

— "Ma" Perkins' sponsors were in another town, but they remembered her 12th radio anniversary — with flowers-by-telegraph!



In any event—wire Flowers

As an example, you can send a \$5⁰⁰ bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE	Price of FLOWERS	+	Av. Cost of WIRE
Cincinnati for \$5 ⁰⁰		+	35¢
Tampa	"	"	63¢
Hollywood	"	"	63¢
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NOTE: These are just a few examples of how inexpensive it is to send flowers by wire.

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484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

he woke up. He was sitting in the dust, dizzily pawing at his torn scalp, when Sully's truck came roaring back around the bend and ground to a stop where the sedan blocked the road. Sully jumped out and ran forward.

"Are you O. K.?" he said anxiously. "I turned around as soon as I saw you weren't following me. What happened?"

"Hijackers." Tom looked at the blood on his fingers.

Sully swore. He ran to the sedan in the middle of the road and was back immediately.

"They took the keys. They must have gone down the hill, Tom. Help me push that car into the ditch and we'll go after them!"

"They had guns."

"I've got a gun, too. Come on!" Sully hauled at Tom's arm.

"It's too late. Let me alone for a minute until my head stops buzzing, Sully."

Blood was trickling down Tom's forehead. He put his handkerchief over the wound and held it there. With his free hand he fumbled the waybills out of his pocket.

"Canned beans," he said bitterly. "No wonder that damn dispatcher wouldn't look me in the eye."

Sully suddenly turned and trotted around to the back of his own truck. He heaved the big rear doors open, examined his load, and came back.

"Mine's O. K. Get in the truck and we'll go back to town."

"No." Tom got shakily to his feet. "Go ahead and deliver it. I'll get back all right."

There was an argument, but Sully finally got into his truck and drove away toward Riverview. Tom sat down on the running board of the sedan, holding the sodden handkerchief to his bleeding scalp, and relieved himself of all the dirty words he knew.

CLOTHING



The first car did not come along for almost an hour, but it was going in the right direction and Sully had stopped the driver on the road to ask him to take Tom into town. Tom got back to the warehouse at three o'clock. Frances was alone in the warehouse, checking over her stock sheets. When he came into the light by her desk, and she saw the streaks of dried blood on his face, she said, "Oh!" and dropped her pencil.

"Surprise," he said savagely. "You've lost another load of whisky."

"Tom, they hurt you." She was on her

CLOTHING



feet immediately, her hand on his arm. "You look sick."

He shook his arm free.

"I look sick because I've been thinking about the way you and Wallace suckered me with your fake waybills. You were real smart to get me to haul a load of whisky without knowing it."

"Please don't, Tom. I wanted to tell you."

He made a sound in his throat.

"I did! I did!" She was holding desperately to his sleeve. Her eyes were full of tears. "I didn't want to have anything to do with it. That's why Mr. Wallace was on the platform with me this morning—because he knew I'd warn you if I could."

"So you kept your mouth shut." Tom disengaged his arm again. "You and Wallace make a nice pair. You both ought to like your jobs a lot."

He turned on his heel and walked away.

TOM'S anger had cooled by morning. But the doctor who patched his head suggested that he take it easy, and he had no need to return to the job before his truck was recovered. He spent part of the day checking the license number of the sedan the hijackers had used, and found, as he had expected, that it was a stolen car. Late in the afternoon, when it was about time for Sully to pull in from Riverview, Tom showed up at the warehouse wearing an air of surly bitterness and a patch of gauze on his skull.

Sully was already there. The grapevine had carried news of the hijacking to the others. Tom found Burt Howell, Novack, Moose Henshaw, and the two sprouts eager to hear the story at first hand.

He let them look at his wound and told them what had happened. Moose nodded several times while Tom was describing the stick-up.

"The same guys got me," he said. "I could of told you just how they'd do it."

"If it happened before, why didn't somebody tip me off?" Tom asked angrily.

"We didn't like it, but we had our orders," Novack answered apologetically. "Take it out on Wallace."

"I will. How many times has it happened?"

"I got it first," Novack touched the ugly scar over his eye. "I was in the hospital for a week. Burt made the run next and they got him. Then they had guards for a while, but nothing happened, so they took them off and put on a driver Wallace sucked in the way he did you. He got

(Continued on page 88)

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(Continued from page 86)
through a couple of times, but then they knocked him over and he quit. That was when Moose took it."

Moose said, "They put the guards back on when I started. I made three-four whisky hauls with a guard and nothing happened, so the damn fools took him off. I got one load through after that, and lost the next one, just the way you did. That was enough for me."

Tom said, "What about you, Sully?"
"I wouldn't haul liquor from here to the corner," Sully answered gloomily. "Wallace knows it."

One of the sprouts said, "They never should of took them guards off. If the company wasn't too chinchy to pay for them, nobody would of had any trouble."

"They don't need guards," Sully said. "Anybody could take a load through without getting hijacked if he used his head."

The other men looked at him. Tom said, "How?"

"I'm not saying."

"Wallace would sure like to know," Burt said. "This hijacking will drive him screwy if it keeps up."

"I wouldn't tell Wallace the time."

Burt said good-naturedly to Tom, "Aw, he's nuts. What I want to know is, how come there's only two of them? When I was hijacked—"

"Shut up!" Novack said. "Here's Wallace."

The manager had come out of his office

with Harry Dempsey and Frances. He cleared his throat as he approached and said loudly, "Rodgers, I'm sorry about what happened yesterday. I made a bad mistake."

Tom did not reply. Frances' eyes met his for a moment. She looked away.

Wallace said, "We've got to send another shipment of liquor to Riverview tomorrow to make up the one we lost. We haven't recovered your truck yet, but we'll load Sully's. Will you drive it?"

"No. Find yourself another sucker."

Wallace flushed. He looked at Novack.

"Charley?"

Novack said, "Sure—with a guard."

"I haven't any authority to hire guards. My orders are to have the truck ready at eight A. M."

Novack shook his head. "Count me out, then. I don't like to gamble."

"Neither does the company," Wallace said angrily. "You know damn well they're doing everything they can to clear this mess up. All they need is one man with guts enough to drive a truck."

No one spoke. The men stared at Wallace, surly and resentful. He said at last, "I'll pay a fifty dollar bonus out of my own pocket."

"Drive it yourself and stick the money in your piggy bank," Moose answered contemptuously.

Wallace's face reddened again. "A hundred dollars. It's got to go."

The silence was so complete that Tom

heard someone swallow. The tension would have to break in a moment. If it broke right, he might get a toe hold on the case at last. If it broke wrong—

"I'll drive it for a hundred bucks," Sully said.

THE other drivers were too startled to jump on Sully immediately. But after Frances had gone back into the warehouse and Wallace and Dempsey returned to the office, they blew up.

Sully let them shout. A hundred bucks was a hundred bucks, and for that money he would take the truck through. He had no more faith in the company than anybody else, but he had his own plans. That was all he would say.

Tom knew that nobody would get any more out of Sully. His own scheme began to take shape immediately. He needed only a little information to make it work, and Frances could tell him what he had to know. He would have to apologize to her first, but he knew he owed her an apology. Anybody except a hothead would have recognized that she had to do what Wallace ordered.

He found her working at her desk.

He said, "I'm sorry I spoke out of turn yesterday."

"Very well." She went on with her work.

"How about talking it over somewhere when you get through work?"

"I won't be through for a long time."

"I can wait."

"You needn't bother."

Tom said patiently, "I made a mistake and I'm sorry. I can't say any more, can I?"

"Now that you've said it, you can go."

The hat-in-hand approach wasn't getting Tom anywhere. He would have to change his tactics. Sometimes you handled them one way and sometimes you handled them another.

He reached over quickly, pinioned both of her wrists with one hand, and tipped her chair back. When he kissed her she struggled for only a minute before she found he was too strong. He put the chair down on its legs and let her go.

"Now," he said. "I'm trying to tell you—"

She slapped him so hard his ears rang. Her eyes were blazing. Tom put his hand to his cheek and stared at her stupidly.

"Excuse me," he said at last. "I guess I made another mistake."

He went away with his shoulders hunched around his ears.

TOM didn't have time to worry for long because he had used the wrong technique on the right girl. His scheme for catching the hijackers was beginning to jell now, and he had to work out the details. He ate a solitary dinner in the nearest beanery while he did some heavy thinking.

The roustabouts would be loading the liquor truck now. They would finish by eight or nine o'clock at the latest. Dempsey would be the only person at the warehouse when the roustabouts left, and he would probably park in Wallace's office except when one of the night-hawk trucks came in. Tom's hope of learning the night-hawk schedule from Frances hadn't panned out, but as far as he knew only Burt and Novack were now working nights. His biggest problem would be finding room to hide in the truck. He might have to sneak a few cases of whisky back into the warehouse to make a cubbyhole for himself, and that would be the trickiest part of his job. Afterward it would be only a question of a cramped wait until morning.

At ten o'clock Tom was casing the warehouse from the shadows across the street. There were lights in the office, but the roustabouts had gone. A single dim bulb burned over the freight platform. Several



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trucks stood in the dock, and the folding gates of metal latticework which shut the dock entrance were pulled back at one side. That might mean that a truck had just come in, or that Dempsey was expecting one. Tom had to know which.

He waited for several minutes. Nothing happened. He crossed the street quickly and faded into the shadow at the corner of the dock entrance. He could hear someone talking inside the office now, and the voice was excited. He slid along the wall until he was standing by the office window. A metal ventilation screen in the bottom of the window let him hear clearly.

The excited voice was Frances Carroll's. Tom risked a quick peek over the ventilator and saw that she was talking into the telephone. He held his breath.

"—about twenty minutes ago," Frances said. "I couldn't stop him."

The telephone receiver rattled. Frances answered angrily, "I don't know. Sully is on the road with the truck, and you haven't any time to waste."

The receiver rattled again. The girl's voice interrupted hotly: "I don't care if you are alone. There are four hundred cases of whisky in that load, and I'm not going to take a chance that it will get away from us. Go after him or I'll—"

Tom didn't hear the rest of her threat. He was already on his way.

One of the trucks in the dock was empty; its body, on uncompressed springs, loomed higher than the others. Tom pushed the folding gate back to clear the truck's nose and jumped into the cab. The motor started immediately. He slammed it into gear and roared out of the dock, not caring who heard him or saw him go.

SULLY had a twenty-minute start. Tom could do nothing but highball and hope that he would be in time. That sweet double-crossing dispatcher had fooled him all right, with her tears and her ladylike anger at being kissed. He should have pinched her right there at the phone, but Sully had a gun and was fool enough to try to use it if he were stopped. Frances, damn her eyes, could wait.

The empty truck rattled and banged and the stiff springs jarred Tom with every bump, but he put his foot down hard as soon as he was on the highway. He made better than sixty-five miles an hour on the flat, and even when the road began to climb he kept in second speed. He would catch Sully sooner or later, unless the hijackers got him first. No cars had overtaken Tom, but he didn't know whom Frances had telephoned or where the guy might be, so it was possible that the hijackers were ahead of him.

He took his gun out of its holster, laid it on the seat beside him.

He never knew how long his banging hairbreadth ride lasted that night. He must have been twenty miles up the grade when his spotlight beam, swinging wide as the truck skidded around a bend, came back to the road to pick up the small figure stumbling down the hill. Tom slammed on the brakes. The truck slid in the dust, slued dangerously, and stopped. Tom sprang from the cab. "Sully!"

As Tom ran forward, Sully gave up. He went down in a heap. Tom did not try to move him after he had seen the bullet hole in Sully's chest. He put his coat under Sully's head and waited.

Sully's eyes opened at last. His hands went to his chest. Tom said gently, "Take it easy. It won't hurt long."

Sully swallowed to clear the blood from his mouth.

"It didn't work," he said apologetically. His hands fell away from his chest, and he was dead.

*The conclusion of this story
will appear next week*

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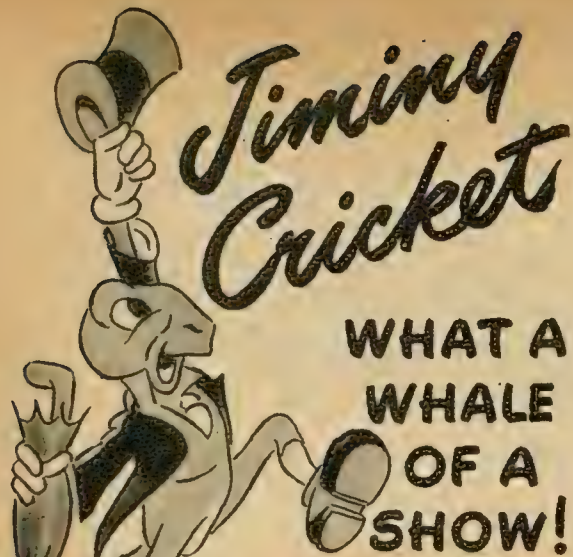
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The map supplier complained, "They went so fast I couldn't keep up with them."

THE TRUE GLORY (Joint Anglo-American Film Planning Committee) Directed by Carol Reed and Captain Garson Kanin

NOW we can all see, hear, and at least partly feel the drama and the scope of the bloody slugging match that lasted from D Day to V-E Day. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, whose own democratic philosophy is beautifully expressed in this extraordinary documentary, speaks the preface to the film. The gist of his introduction is this: "Teamwork wins wars . . . all the way down the line from the G. I. and the Tommy . . . to us brass hats."

From here on, it is the story of the defeat of the Nazis on the western front seen through the eyes of those who took part in it, and told in their words. To the combat cameramen and reporters who filmed and interviewed thousands of soldiers, sailors, and airmen, faithfully recording their reactions and voices—cheers are due. The magnificent spurt of General Patton's Third Army is commented on by a Negro signal corpsman. "Appeared somebody let the rabbit out of the hat," he says. "What a rabbit—with pearl-handled revolvers!"

When Paris is freed, a Frenchwoman tells how she and her husband began to realize how lucky they were to be alive on that August evening. You hear the Maquis remembering their defenseless plight before being joined by the Allies. And a sober, pregnant thought is spoken by an American private who enters Germany, views the mass mental disease of the people, and says, "There's a lot more than towns to be reconstructed."

One of the high spots is the exciting meeting between the American and Russian armies. A G. I. makes friends with a Russki. Neither can speak the other's language, but, says the American, "He taught me how to say *Tovarisch*. I taught him to say 'My achin' back,' an' we drank a lotta vodka toasts." In contrast a spokesman for one company which took a bad beating sums it up this way: "We lost some good men and took a few prisoners. It was a lousy trade."

A map maker complains bitterly at one point because the Allied armies are moving so fast he can't keep them supplied. He says he'll be glad to get back to his job at the Library of Congress where "these things have a more permanent value."

For these and countless other reasons, this record puts forth the strongest case for lasting peace yet made. When, in the end, a soldier looking at a cemetery full of his buddies says, "There wouldn't be any loose talk about the next war if everybody could see this," it is to be hoped that the audience will say fervently, "Amen."

The history of World War II has been more accurately and comprehensively covered by the camera than by any other one medium, and the ten millions of feet of film which went into *The True Glory* has had the finest editing, directing, writing, and, of course, the most realistic acting on any location in any world.



General "Ike": "Teamwork wins wars."



Edward G. Robinson ponders farm life.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Edward G. Robinson, Margaret O'Brien,
Jackie Jenkins

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES is a completely relaxing picture. Waves of contentment sweep over the audience. Butch Jenkins and Margaret O'Brien put the grown-up actors through their paces in this back-to-the-land opus with a "Love thy neighbor" theme.

This theme is demonstrated in one scene where the members of the community gather to give aid to a fellow farmer who has lost his new barn and all his livestock in a fire. The donations are small until Margaret O'Brien rises and gives her only possession, a calf, which inspires the rest of the folks to unbounded generosity.

Beyond the warmth and tenderness of happy people, Our Vines has plenty of action. First, in a vivid fire; and second, in a flood scene with the two child stars being carried away in a tin bathtub.

The cast is superb, with the appealing team of Jenkins and O'Brien lighting the way for fine performers like Edward G. Robinson, Agnes Moorehead, Frances Gifford, and James Craig. Robinson's certainly mellowed a lot since Little Caesar.

Our Vines Have Tender Grapes shows democracy at work in the everyday lives of farm folk in Wisconsin. But it could be anywhere that people work and live co-operatively, and should have a wide audience.



Two tender grapes caught in a storm.

OCTOBER 20, 1945



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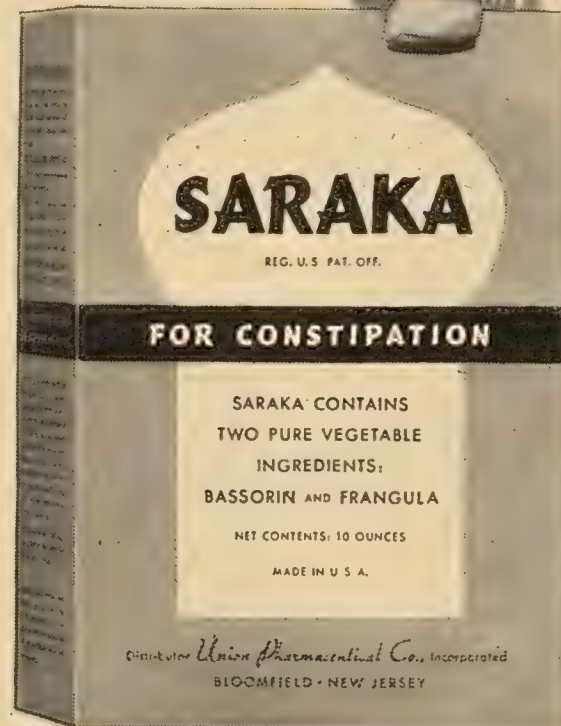
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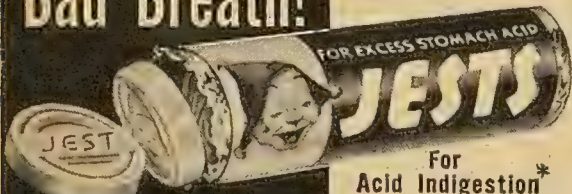
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COUNT TEN HARRIGAN!

Continued from Page 29

The next thing I know, Lester and I are installed at the shoved-together tables. It develops that most of this crowd are old friends of Lester's. Particularly a little guy on my right, Delehanty.

"Come on, Les," I hear Clara say. "Let's swing it for auld lang syne."

"You don't mind, Kate?" Lester says.

"Not at all," says Kate (Good Sport) Harrigan. "Help yourself to any and all passing blondes."

I mean it sincerely. I am not, I hope, the possessive type.

Lester and Clara dart off. Without exhibiting the faintest tinge of green, I watch them abandon themselves to the dance like an old adagio team happily reunited.

Then, finally, the orchestra stops. But Lester and Clara do not return to the combined tables. In fact, they appear to have spirited each other out of the hot spot altogether.

Well, *tempus fugit*, as the Romans have it. And underneath my best party manner I begin to fidget. Fun's fun, but I am getting somewhat embarrassed.

At this point Delehanty—noticing I'm ill at ease perhaps—comes up with, "How's for you and me dancing, Kate Harrigan?"

Nothing loath, since it's better than surreptitious foot-tapping, I deploy with him. But I do not know what I am in for.

THE Charleston, shag, Suzy Q, Big Apple, Trumba, conga, samba—Mr. Delehanty retains the finer acrobatic points of these while throwing in a few of his own.

"Delehanty," I says, noting that Lester and Clara are still conspicuous by absence, "the S. S. Harrigan is steaming to to the powder room for repairs. You are a vigorous man, Mr. D."

"I give of myself," declares Mr. Delehanty.

So I collect my bag and invade the powder room. I am gone some time, since the damage is extensive. But when I come out—still no Potts and blonde.

Kate, I says to myself, face it! Your boy friend has wolfed that packet of gorgeousness out of here and left you flat. What does a dame in your spot do now?

What this dame, the seethingest one in Brooklyn, does is walk out of the Crystal Club, head high and also red. So the gang at those tables lifts eyebrows! I should care. I don't know a one of them. All I know is that L. Botts makes a fool and a patsy out of me, and this is the end.

I take a taxi home, arriving to a wildly ringing telephone. I let it ring. Which concludes my remarks about The Night.

"Lester," I says, this Saturday a year later, "get going, or I call the superintendent!"

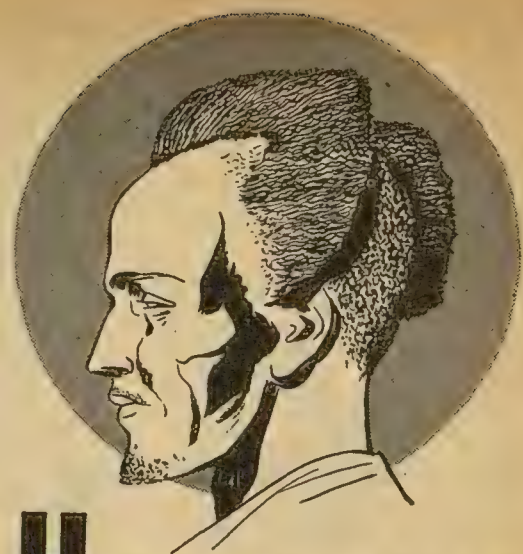
He relaxes. "Out in Jamaica we eat superintendents."

"O.K., I shrugs. "But we still have the police."

"That," says Lester, "is different. Even in Jamaica we do not eat police. However, I came today for two reasons—A, to explain that business; B, because I cannot get you out of my mind."

"Well, Mr. Potts," I says, "I do not care to hear A, though B, simply transports me. What a thrill to split a mind with every blonde from here to Montauk!"

That last just slips out, and it is a mistake. Lester smirks contentedly. "You did like me all right, didn't you, Kate? Half a buck says you still do. It's a cinch," he adds, "that if you and me was to spend the day at—at—well, Jones Beach, we'd be going steady again by tonight."



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"Is that so?" I gaze at him open-mouthed. "You despise Mrs. Potts' boy, don't you? And, by the way, it's 'you and I' plus a 'were.' Your English is worse this season, if possible."

I chuck this in to gain time. Right then I need it. For—darn him, anyway—I've spent a solid year damming up my enthusiasm for Lester Potts. But now something suspiciously like wings is fluttering inside me.

"Listen, Kate," Lester goes on. "I have my jalopy outside. I also have the gas allotment they allow us heroes on leave. So if you'll just throw on a thing or two, I'll show you how right I am."

Unquestionably Mr. Potts considers me a pushover he can ditch in a night club and then move in on again any old time. Plainly his mind needs disabusing.

BUT there is a more cogent reason why I go with Lester. The man has issued a challenge which I am afraid to ignore. Despite his obvious shortcomings, I could still be potty about Potts, unless I prove to myself, once and for all, that I can take him or leave him alone.

"O.K., Mr. Potts," I says suddenly. "Don't get ideas, though, about your fatal fascination. It's merely a gorgeous day and—well, you're better off squandering your gasoline on me than on one of your more peroxidized numbers."

I assume a summery affair of green-and-white print and a floppy hat. Outside, Lester says, "I don't think I like that hat, Kate."

"A period after that 'think,' Lester," I says, "would have settled everything."

For a few miles through Brooklyn I sit shrouded in haughty silence. I aim to let him know I'm here just for the ride.

"Con conversationally, Miss Harrigan," he says at last, "I would as soon carry a cargo of clams."

"In that case, my love," I says, "you should have stretched full length in the Fulton Fish Market this morning, not in my living room. However, let us force small talk. Where have you been since last seen?"

"Oh, round and about."

"Very informative," I says. "Is that the whole story?"

"On that subject," he says kind of grimly. I move closer to him, mockingly provocative. "Dar-r-ling," I says, "do break down and disclose your military secrets. I fain would be the Mata Hari of World War Two."



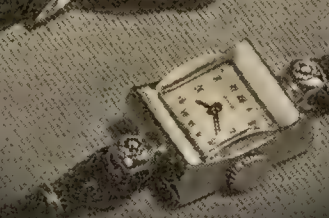
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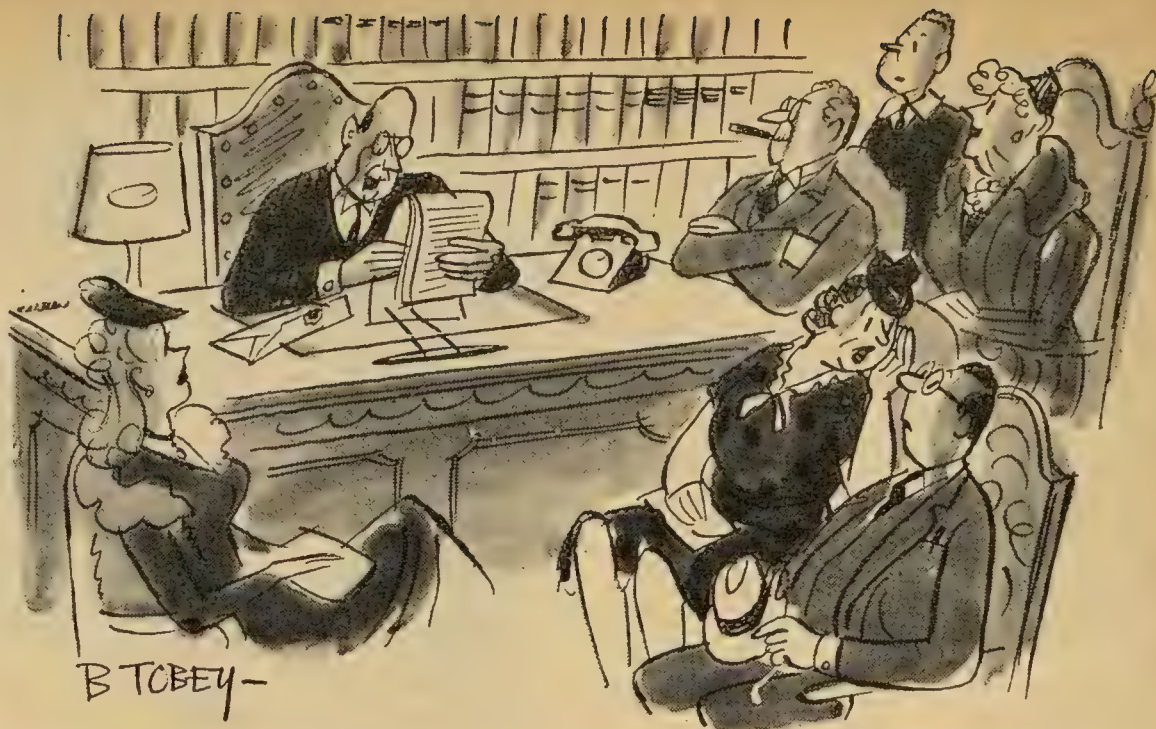
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TRUE PRAYER STUDY GROUP

BOX 2014-C

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA



"Now, for heaven's sake, don't act like you've never been left a million dollars before!"

"You fain give me a pain in the neck," Lester says, with the suspicion of a growl.

Inwardly I chortle. Maybe, under that confident sleepily grinning pose, I am itching him like the crumbs in the rhinoceros' skin. I hope so, anyway. And I persevere. Let Lester but open his mouth and I jump down his throat with a load of sarcasm and waspishness.

Well, we arrive and Jones Beach is as usual. Boardwalk, kiosks, minny golf, hot dogs, popcorn, kiddies, beach umbrellas, et cetera—all present and accounted for. It is a swell day and I have the feeling that I am not making the most of it. But I am committed to a course.

So I climb into a canary yellow bathing suit and infest the beach. I find Lester recumbent in the sand. He wears a light beach robe over his swimming trunks.

"It seems to me," Mr. P., I says, "that you hit the canvas at every opportunity. You act like the prone party to a fixed fight."

"Kate," Lester passes this pleasantry, "you could be wondering why I don't insist on explaining that mess we got into last year. Well, I have now decided not to explain."

I nod. "A wise decision, seeing that I told you I wouldn't listen anyhow. Besides, I'm going swimming. Coming?"

He surprises me. "Nope," he says. "I'll just stay here and sun."

"O.K., darling," I says. "Maybe you would like a pail and shovel?"

"Harrigan," says Lester, "you've got me laying in the aisle."

"Lying," I corrects.

OF course, I don't know why he won't swim, but I consider it good technique to appear highly disinterested. I enter the water alone. I crawl, overhand, side stroke, dog paddle. I turn a few decorous somersaults. Then I am so ill-advised as to see how far I can swim under water.

All proceeds in good order until suddenly—wham!

I connect with what could be the island of Iwo Jima. Firecrackers explode in my head as I surface.

I find myself confronting a mustached guy who has the wind temporarily knocked out of him. "Oh, Lord!" I exclaims. "I'm so sorry."

"Er—ehue," says the mustache, coughing. "It's—it's all right. One should expect depth charges nowadays."

"Nice of you to take it so nicely," I says, about to swim off.

"Just a minute, miss," says Iwo Jima. "A respectable submarine would stand by its victim."

"This one doesn't—" I check it. Iwo seems handmade for my purpose today. If you remember, I wish Lester Potts to realize that he no longer rates with me. I may as well burn him up a little, even though I fall momentarily into the pick-up classification.

So for some time I stand by Mr. Casual Mustache in full view of the beach. We keep the conversation on a high and impersonal plane, but I chuckle to think that L. Potts cannot know this. I am sure that Lester notes my new and beautiful friendship. Still, I am driven to wonder why he does not come churning seaward to protect me from what, to him, must seem an aquatic wolf.

He doesn't, though. Nor does he appear when Mr. Haverhill (that is the name behind the mustache) and I drift in and stroll down the shore line, looking for cockles and mussels and stuff. Then, after a while, I take leave of Mr. Haverhill.

And Lester is not where last left. Oh-oh, I think! Maybe I have overbaked him a trifle and he has left me flat.

Such, however, is not the case. I come upon him presently. He is upping the sales of an emporium dispensing hot dogs, soft drinks, and the like.

"Well, Private Potts," I says, assuring myself that the little flutter of relief within is a spurious thing, "digging your grave with your teeth, eh?"

Lester spreads mustard. "P. F. C. Potts, please," he says. "I am promoted since last year."

"Sol!" I says. "I thought Eisenhower looked kind of strained lately. You've got the man worried."

Lester fails to reply. His expression is thoughtful and he does not comment on my long sojourn in the briny. I begin to feel slightly ashamed.

Lay off, Harrigan, I says. You're messing up the guy's day. And he's probably got just a short furlough.

"It's clouding over," Lester remarks after a moment.

He has something. On the way home the rains come.

Then, with the spires of Brooklyn in sight, a front tire goes suddenly phut.

"Well, I sit and watch while Lester bumbles around changing the wheel. And I do mean bumbles. He seems dead on his feet. It crosses my mind that, Army or no Army, he's grown bone-lazy."

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Consider! From somewhere he musters the energy to break into my apartment, but the effort sends him to sleep. Next, at the beach, he's too languid to swim. All he does is lie on his back and nothing short of frankfurters can bring him vertical.

So, ignoring a couple of conscience twinges, I inform myself that I'm satisfied with the day's work. It is clear that Lester has lost his power to charm me. I prepare to put him out of my mind for keeps, once he delivers me F. O. B. Brooklyn.

And then, of course, this wretched dog has to come along.

He is a small bedraggled canine, one part Cairn terrier and two pure guesswork. He is wandering dejectedly and wetly down the roadside. In a bewildered way, he pauses to oversee the tire-changing.

"Hiya, pooch," Lester says.

His Mongrelship wags an affable and dripping tail and ambles out into the road, apparently unsure of where he wants to go. And a truck is careening from one direction and a car from the other.

All would be O. K. if the mutt just keeps going. But he doesn't. Three quarters of the way across he reverses his field. He starts back toward us, with truck and car close. Then, doubtless upset by the onrushing tumult, the pup stops dazedly in the middle of the road.

"Lester!" I screams. "He'll be killed!"

With which I clap hands over eyes. The next instant brakes screech like banshees. But it's seconds before I dare to look.

When I do, there is Lester Potts strategically located athwart the road, a very moist dog under one arm. Lester is grinning at a truck driver and a car driver who shake fists out of respective windows.

THE charioteers seem to have something to say anent fools who cause near accidents. They say it with feeling.

Lester listens politely. He balances himself on the balls of his feet and looks more alert than he has all day.

"Why don't you guys take a running jump?" he inquires finally.

That touches off more profanity.

"I'll take this pooch home," Lester says, when the orators depart. "He's got no collar or anything to identify him. But I'll put an ad in the paper. If nobody claims him, Mom'll keep him. Mom loves dogs."

I'm kind of silent. Potts, I am thinking, could be you and Kismet complete a desperation pass in the last minute of play.

Eventually we impinge on Brooklyn. Lester leaves the pup at an animal store he knows. He'll call for him on his way back to Jamaica. Then we stalk down my apartment house.

"Well, it's been quite a day," he says.

"You enjoyed it?" I says.

"No," says Lester unexpectedly. "I guess it was a dopey idea."

Well, I think, hitting ground, you can't blame him. All day I've been a Grade-A insect. But now, heck! With his foot nudging the starter I'm suddenly scared.

"Lester," I says—it's a wrench, too, for a Harrigan—"we might have dinner, though, D-Dutch, of course."

"That's funny, Kate," Lester says. "Just what I wanted to suggest myself. Only—who are these Dutch?"

The long and short is, Lester waits in the living room while I make myself fetching. During the process I hear him running up my phone bill no end, but I do not hear what he says. I appear in slinky black and little black hat.

"I hate to say it, Kate," Lester says, when I burst upon him, "but I don't like that hat either."



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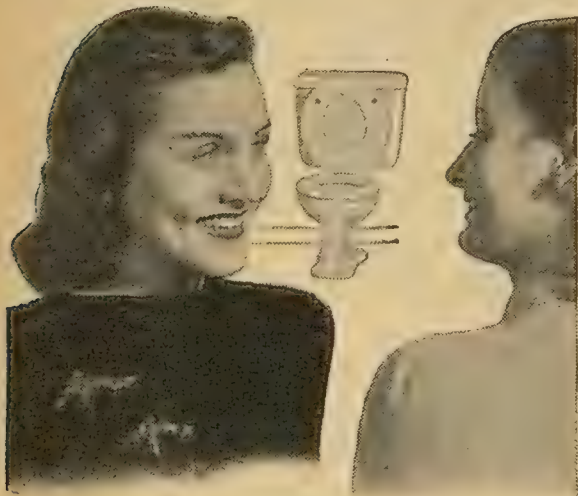


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I half close my eyes. I am myself again. "Listen, Potts," I says. "As a scooper-upper of dogs from under oncoming vehicles, you're top of the bottle. But as a millinery critic, you leave much to be desired."

This holds Lester and I wear the hat. "Not to presume on the privileges of an invited guest," I says, "but whither art we going?"

"To a place I know."

Well, it turns out to be a very unique place to have dinner. Lester swings into a shady side street littered with respectable brownstones. He parks in front of an alleyway that runs between two of the brownstones into the street in back. And there we sit for fifteen solid minutes.

"Lester," I says at last, "I don't know when I've enjoyed a meal so much. This alleyway is simply delicious."

"Keep that terrible hat of yours on, Kate," Lester says. "We'll eat directly."

I gaze at the sky. "It could pour manna any minute—" I begins.

I stop. Manna fails signally to pour in upon us, but something else does.

There is a sudden clatter of footsteps. I get a confused impression of light hair under a perky red hat; a blue traveling ensemble; a jaunty little guy; and a suitcase. All this wafts itself into the back of the car to the accompaniment of small shrieks and suppressed giggles.

"Lester, you angel!" cries the blonde under the hat. With which she projects herself halfway over into the front seat and kisses L. Potts in a manner to cause Bogart and Bacall to draw up chairs and learn some of the finer points.

I start, not so much at this enthusiastic exhibition, but because the blonde resolves herself into Clara, the female who contributes to my downfall a twelve-month ago.

I WRENCH the door of the car open. I can't imagine what this is all about, but one thing's sure. Lester Potts puts in the golden hours dreaming up ways to use this gal to humiliate me. And what his big idea in throwing us potential Kilkenny cats together again is, I wouldn't know. But if it's to pay me off in some devious fashion for needling him this day, it isn't going to work. For Miss Harrigan is blowing before she loses her head and smears Lester Potts, plus blonde, all over Brooklyn.

Gently but firmly I am grabbed from behind and held in place.

"Take it easy, Harrigan!" says a voice.

I whirl. For the first time the jaunty lad in back takes on identity. It is Mr. Delehanty, the hot-shot hooper of Crystal Club memory.

As I gape at him, Clara lets Lester up for air.

"Hello, Kate Harrigan," she says. "We always seem to run into each other at wedding parties."

"Wedding parties?" I says stupidly.

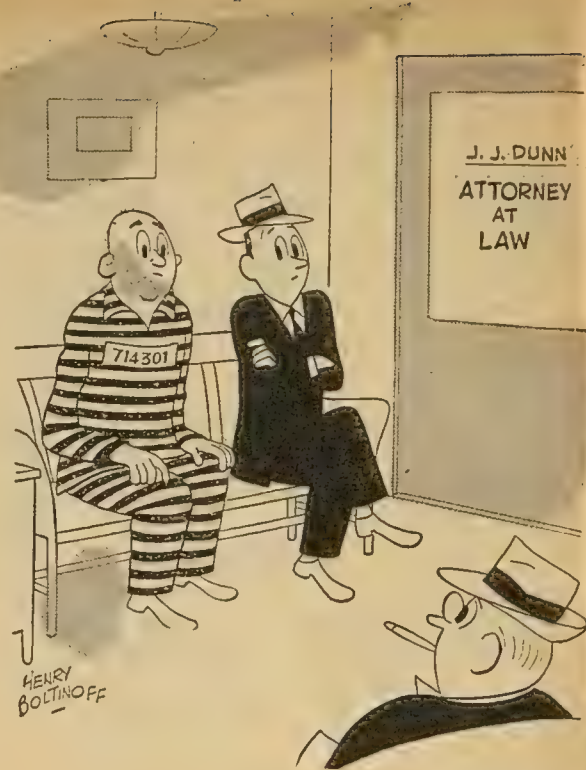
"Uh-huh," says Clara. "There's been a wedding and we are the parties. Me and"—she indicates Mr. Delehanty—"that. Ridiculous, isn't it? But what with the manpower shortage and all, a girl's got to lower her standards."

"Keep a civil tongue in your empty head, Mrs. Delehanty," grins Delehanty.

"Lester," says Clara, "pull this hack away from here before the rice-and-old-shoe brigade find out we've ducked."

Which Lester does. And I am still trying to figure why he drags me into this when we arrive at Grand Central. Lester and Delehanty go off to see about luggage. I am left alone with Clara.

"Now listen, Kate Harrigan, you little cluck," says Clara. "If I wasn't all dressed up and going places, I'd hand you one. Why shouldn't I play around with Les



Potts when I meet him in a night club and give him a friendly kiss once in a while? I am like a sister to Lester."

"Sister?" I says dopily.

"Sure. Les lived next door to me in Brooklyn before his folks moved to Jamaica. We used to play hopscotch together. Honest, you ought to be shot for handing Les a deal like this. And him in Germany these last few months, risking his life for the whole bunch of us."

"Germany?" I almost shrieks.

"But yes, Germany. Which you'd know if you'd accept the letters he tells me he writes you."

"But," I says slowly. "he didn't say a word about this today."

"Certainly he didn't. Because he won't take advantage of being a returned soldier. And a convalescent one, at that. He just wants a break on account he's—well, himself."

One word of this hits me smack—"convalescent." "Y-you mean Lester was wounded?" I falters.

"No, thank goodness," says Clara. "But he was sick over there. Really sick."

So that's why Lester lounges around, doesn't swim, and changes tires like he's got two left hands. Doctor's orders against exertion, I'm guessing.

"But why wasn't Lester at your wedding?" I asks.

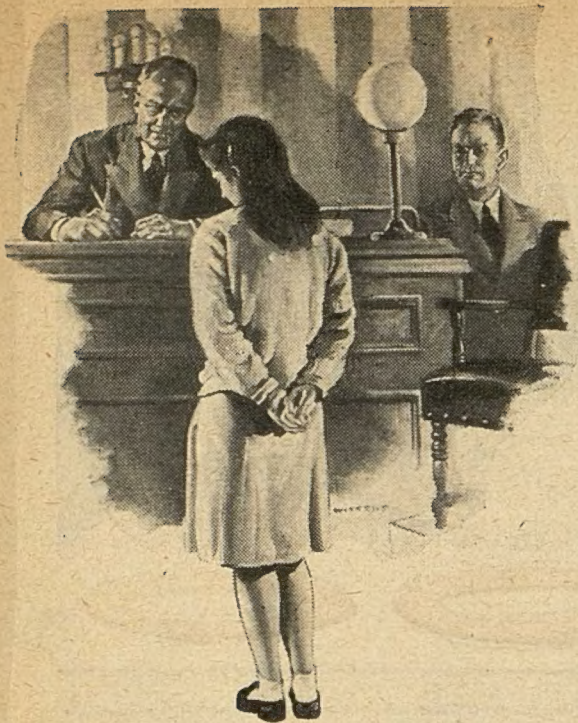
"Sweetie-pie," Clara says, "he didn't know a thing about it. He only got home yesterday. You should feel flattered that about the first thing he does is try and square up with you. He was floored this afternoon when he phoned and caught me in the middle of my own wedding reception, celebrating my cleverness in catching Delehanty off base."

"I still don't see—" I begins.

"Oh, it's easy," Clara scoffs. "Les just said I'd have to help him, wedding or no wedding. He told me everything, and said he wasn't getting anywhere with you. He said he didn't think you'd believe him. But he figured you would me, particularly now I'm an old married woman."

I am feeling slightly ashamed. Her own wedding day. This Clara doesn't have to strain to be a swell gal.

"As if," Clara goes on, "I haven't enough to do, what with getting married, and kissing half of Brooklyn, and fishing Delehanty out of the punch bowl. Well, Joe—that's the bridegroom—and I are looking for a way to give the slip to a bunch of clowns who want to hang 'Just Married' signs on us, and right on the phone I get a brain wave. Les and you and his jalopy



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Some Marys land on the street when their parents break up. No money, no food, no home to go home to . . . so life starts for them with a capital L.

It ends with a capital H if the good people of the country don't give with their hearts. Your Community War Fund helps the Marys at home as well as the GI Joes abroad.

When you give your dollar . . . or your dozens of dollars . . . it's a gift that sees the world. Here at home, it pays the way for hospitals and welfare agencies, for supervised playgrounds for our "dead-end" kids, for foster homes for the homeless. Abroad—for the U.S.O., China Relief, War Prisoners' Aid—help for the helpless regardless of race, creed, or color.

Giving makes you feel good. When you're asked for a contribution to your Community War Fund, give with your head . . . then double it with your heart.

Give Generously to

Your Community War Fund



Representing the National War Fund

could be the answer to the honeymooners' prayer. So I tell Les to park at the old familiar alley on the street back of my house and—heck, you know the rest. Only I figure I'll get a minute to talk for Les. And this is it. And if you let a swell guy like Les wiggle through your fingers, Kate Harrigan, you are a dope!"

My head is just about hanging. All the charm and understanding of a sulky, spoiled schoolgirl, that's me.

"And," Clara winds up, "if you've got to know where Les and I went that night, it was up Flatbush Avenue to look at a ring Les had seen in a jeweler's window. He said he didn't trust his own judgment, but if I'd give it my O.K., he—well, he'd like to build plans around it. He thought we could just slip out of that club and you'd be all right there with the gang. But we fooled around too long, and when we got back you'd checked. Need I explain, you little Irish donkey, who that ring was going to be for?"

I draw a breath. I am feeling about ten bucks south of a nickel. "Clara," I says, "why don't you crown me?"

"Coming up," says Clara, "unless you sign up to join the Potts family the minute Les gets back from helping my old man smash baggage."

A LONG time later Lester and I, starry-eyed, encroach on a familiar subway entrance in Brooklyn. Outside it sits the old woman who sells flowers. Lester stops the car, hauls me out.

Well, the world's swellest guy buys a bunch of pansies. And while I bury the tiptilted Harrigan nose in same and think what a bum a pansy from Lester makes out of the pride of any hothouse, you know what he does? Twitches the hat off my head—using thumb and forefinger, mind you, like it's a rattlesnake!—and scales it into the flower woman's lap. "Take that home, mother," he says. "Your grandchildren can collect birds' eggs in it."

"Lester P—" I commences. But what's the use? Who am I to argue with the lord and master?

"You see, Harrigan, that there hat just ain't got no style."

"That hat just hasn't any style," I says succinctly. He may be the boss but I should have it bruited about that I'm marrying an ignoramus!

THE END

DOG'S-EYE VIEW

I can't size up the human race—
They somehow don't fall into place.
They own their kennels, large and small,

But never stay in them at all.
They're always going out to play,
But do it in the strangest way—
With cards and frozen things that clink,

Making odd noises when they drink;
While steak and chop bones don't excite

That extra-special appetite.
They stroll on lawns, they never run—
A stupid way of having fun.
They don't like hydrants; just can't see

The proper function of a tree.
The human race may feel superior—
I think it couldn't be much drearier!

—Dorothy Quick.

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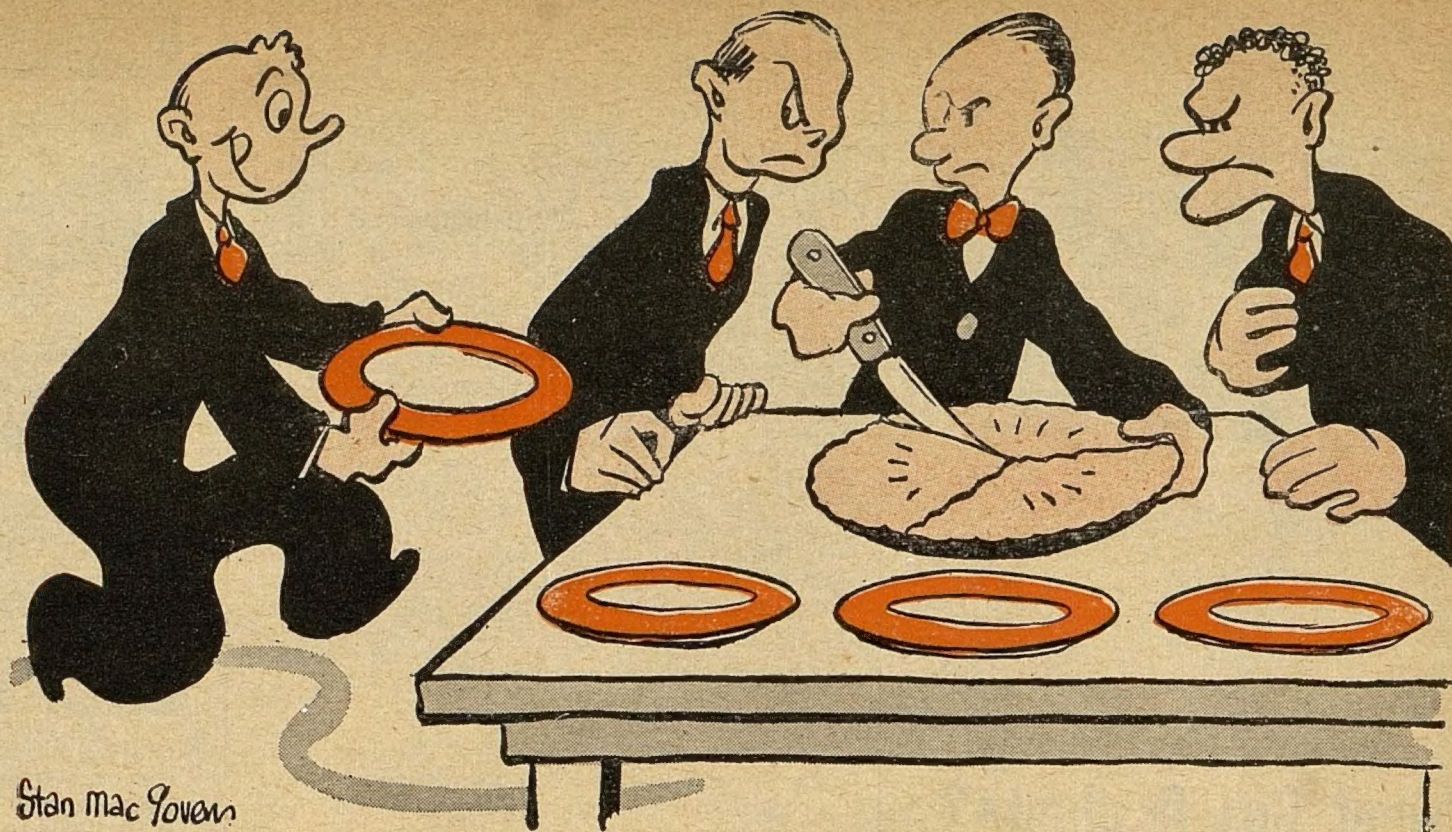


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PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



Stan Mac Gowan

If cut in four, the slices will be smaller.

FALSE ROADS TO THE PROMISED LAND

WE stand today at the threshold of America's golden age. Within our hands are the opportunity and the means to create for ourselves a life of abundance and tranquillity far beyond previous imaginings. Our industries are in splendid shape. We know now how magnificently our people and machines can produce. A fever of production is in the air. Businesses large and small are raring to go. Consumers amply supplied with money eagerly await the products of the assembly line. Should we lose this chance, it will be a shameful thing for all time.

Yet we can do just that if we forgo our opportunity and dissipate our means in the pursuit of ideas that will not and cannot work.

One of the more dangerous and persistent of these false ideas is that the way to keep everybody at work is to lower the work week so that four people will be required to do the work formerly performed by three. We can only share and consume the goods we produce. No speciously reasoned theory can alter this fact. If four people do the work of three, the proceeds of their labor must be divided four ways instead of three ways, as before. The result is a lower standard of living for all of them.

Nor will it remedy the situation to pay people the same wages for thirty hours of work as they formerly received for forty hours. Take-home pay itself is not consumable. It cannot be eaten, worn, or driven around in. It must be exchanged for the necessities and luxuries of life. Unless more of these are produced to compensate for increased take-home pay, what are produced will cost more. It is bound to balance out this way in the long run.

It is true that output per man has increased during the war. So has our standard of living. We already have absorbed the benefit of the increase in higher wages.

No magic wand can effect the immediate one-third increase in over-all output which would be required if the work week were reduced from forty hours to thirty hours. Whenever and wherever such an increase does come about, those who accomplish it will not be satisfied with present-day living standards. They will want the benefit of their increased earning power more than ten extra hours of leisure. The thirty-hour week can only come when living standards generally approach the point of complete satisfaction. The only solution to our job problem is to create more jobs in more businesses, which will produce more wealth to be shared among us.

It will further this objective if industry and every workman in it produce at ever increasing efficiency, equaling and surpassing the war achievements. The sum total of goods to be shared will then constantly increase. Take-home pay will go steadily upward to buy more things at lower prices. New businesses will have markets for their products. More and more people will find employment in the making of them.

Management which holds down production in order to produce limited quantities of goods at high prices impedes this process. Restrictive labor practices, feather-bedding, share-the-work programs and artificial bars to technological progress, which frustrate the planning of management and impair efficient production, defeat their own purpose in the end. Those who seek to better themselves by such means and to hell with everybody else put obstacles in their own way and in the way of an ever increasing standard of living for all of us.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
FOR ALL



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② HOST COMES AROUND THIS END TO MIX DELICIOUS KINSEY HIGHBALLS.

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